NOV 16 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST
November 21, 1959 – 15¢

JERRY GIESLER'S Own Story: The CHARLIE CHAPLIN Case

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A Short Story by JOHN O'HARA

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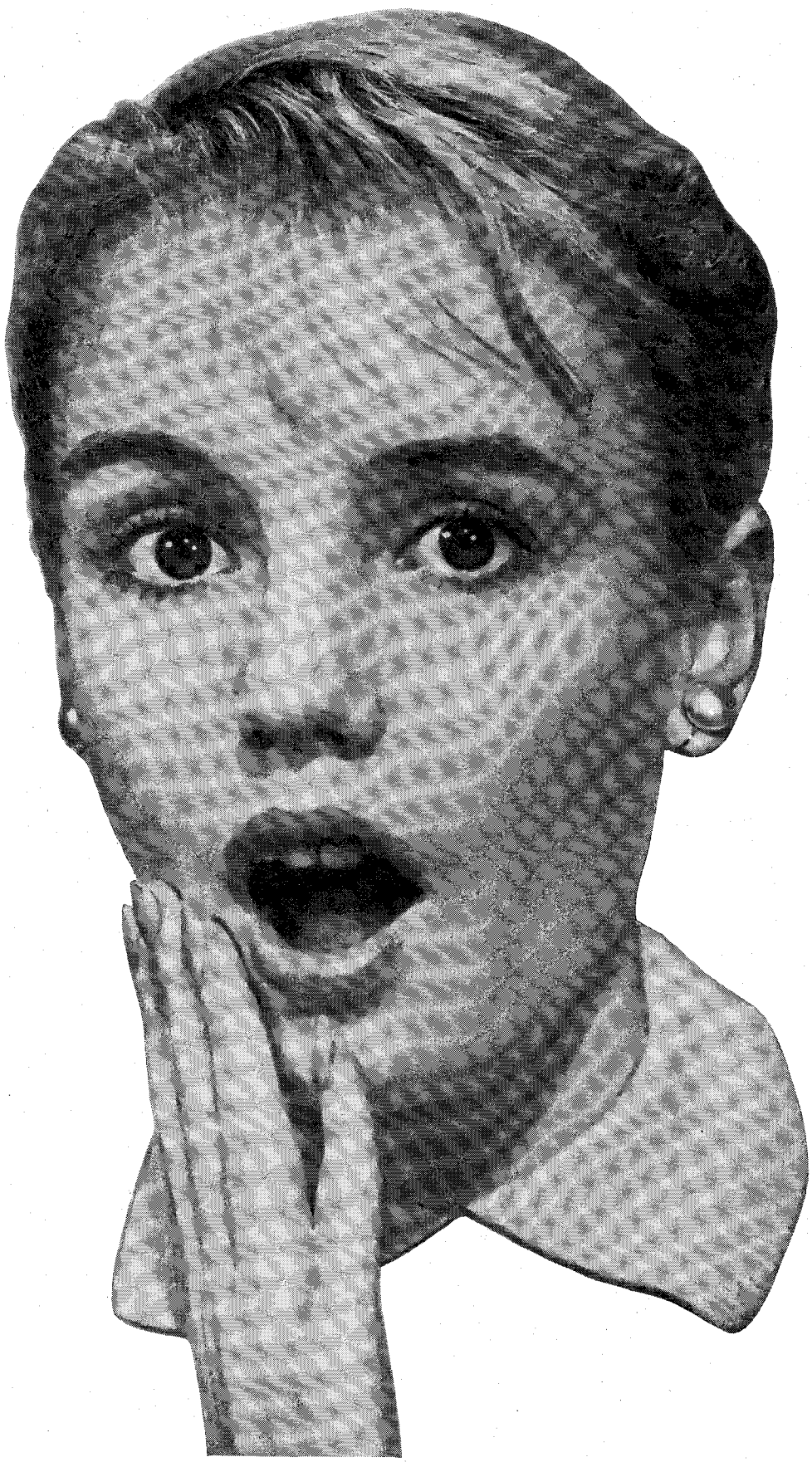

How long has it been since you called Mary?

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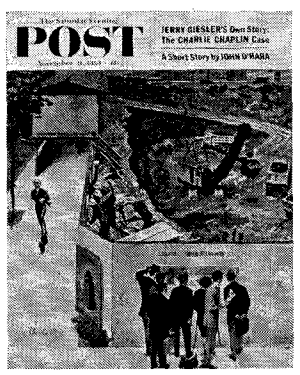

THE COVER

Civilization took a great forward step when builders recognized the need of better working conditions for sidewalk superintendents. In earlier days supers often could just lean on rail fences where visibility and the chance of getting clipped by flying objects were quite good. When safer board fences got so high that not even basketball players could see anything, there was muttering in the streets, and the situation became explosive. So now we have picture windows, sometimes even low ones for junior superintendents. This, as artist Thornton Utz indicates, also enables builders to study construction conditions out on the sidewalk. In a minute those superintendents also will give attention to that admirable example of female architecture.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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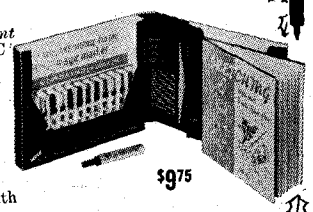

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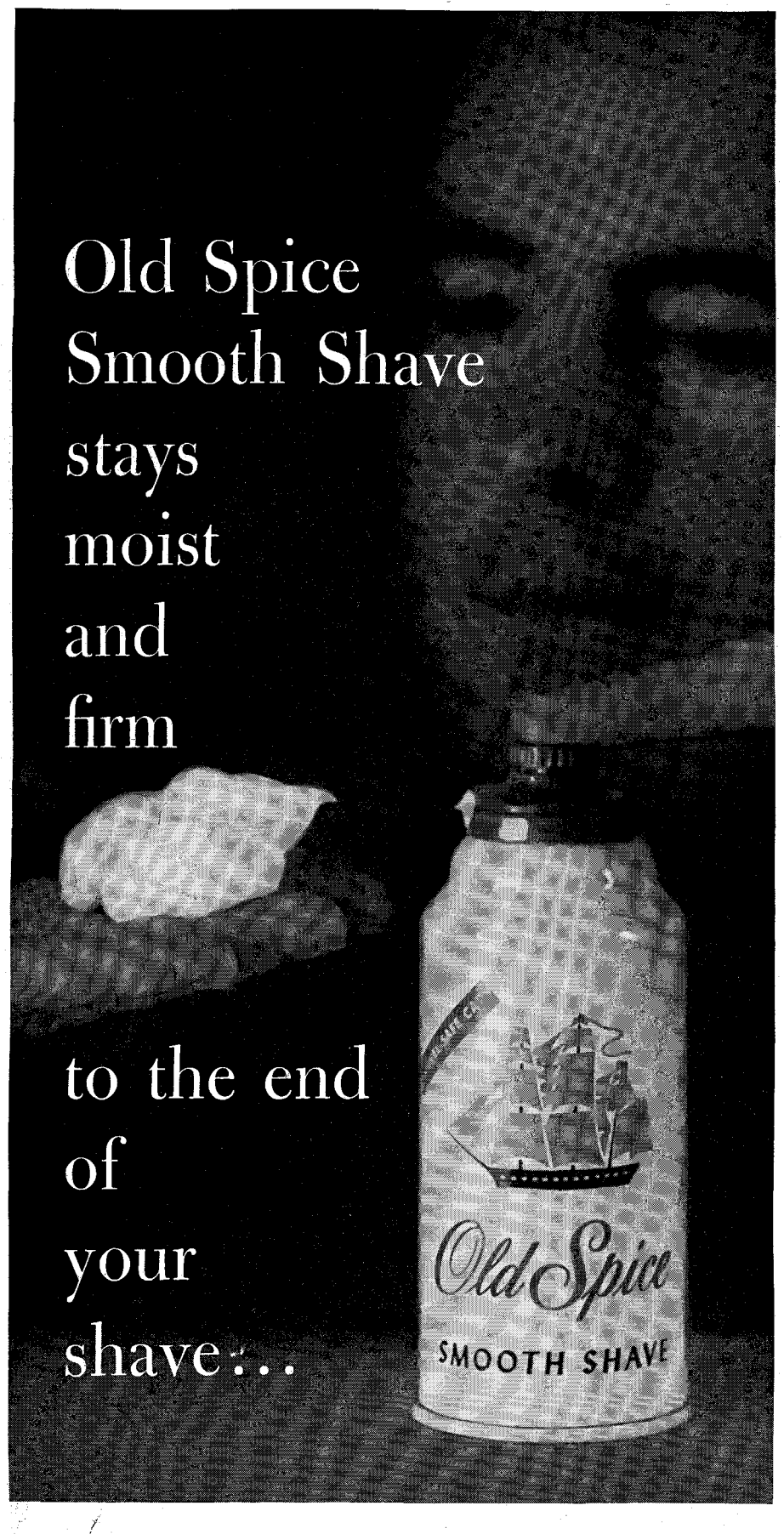

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SHULTON

Letters

The Family Doctor

Dear Sirs:

THE CHANGING ROLE OF THE FAMILY DOCTOR [by Alan E. Nourse, M.D., Oct. 17] was a very comprehensive article. I, being a general practitioner (solo) for the past forty years, especially appreciated it.

RICHARD J. MILLER, M.D.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I know from personal experience that Doctor Nourse does an exceptionally good job of being both family doctor and family friend. He himself comes very close to "the traditional image of the American family doctor."

DOROTHY L. KRIGBAUM
Issaquah, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

One of your pictures [of Doctor

Nourse] . . . reminded me of a Mother Goose rhyme:

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle,
Right up to his middle,
And never went there again.

JOSIE ISRAEL
Deming, N.M.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Nourse will find, as he matures and the ink on his diploma dries, that being the lackey to a group of specialists will not be adequately compensated by the skiing, hunting and fishing—good as it is in our country.

It takes real dedication to be able to understand the rightly indignant man who wanted "his own" doctor for his wife. Doctor Nourse obviously is not able to choose between this kind of dedication and his own recreation.

I would advise him to finish his training, become a specialist, and then join a group. He will never make a real G.P.

BERNARD P. HARPOLE, M.D.
Editor, Oregon G.P.
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

You cannot learn medicine in a duck blind. Time spent in postgraduate education would possibly make Doctor Nourse a capable solo practitioner so that he would not have to send each slight diagnostic problem to the various specialists down the hall.

Actually, Doctor Nourse's attitude toward medical practice is exactly what causes patient dissatisfaction!

I. PHILLIPS FROHMAN, M.D.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I remember a story about a young doctor who wanted to specialize in diseases of the nose, but could not decide on which nostril.

LYNDON D. MOSES, M.D.
El Paso, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I thought your readers might be interested in these paragraphs from a chapter called "They Knew Their Medicine, Too," that appeared some years ago in a book that I wrote. . . .

"It is Herodotus who tells us about this plague of Egyptian specialists, in Book II of his *Histories*.

"'The practice of medicine,' he says, 'is so divided among them that each physician is a healer of one disease and no more. All the country is full of physicians, some of the eye, some of the teeth, some of what pertains to the belly, and some of the hidden diseases.'"

So you see, they were worrying then about specialists!

WILFRED FUNK
New York, N.Y.

"Swine!"

● *Two weeks ago readers had their say on Stewart Alsop's Oct. 3 article,* LET'S STOP ACTING LIKE SHEEP. *But mail continues to pour in from a multitude of admiring row makers.*
—ED

Dear Sirs:

I well remember an early fall afternoon in Chicago when my Uncle Norman, after treating me, his fifteen-year-old nephew, to lunch at the University Club, strolled into one of the better men's hat stores on Michigan Boulevard. . . . A group of four or five salesmen were grouped together in the rear of the store, idly gossiping or telling stories. They glanced up at us when we entered, but went right on without so much as a "Be with you in a minute." I noticed with some apprehension the crimson tide which, slowly at first, flushed the skin above Uncle Norman's collar line and rose rapidly.

On the glass counter beside which we were standing were stacks and piles of hats. . . . At these my uncle glanced with a speculative eye, cleared his throat loudly several times without causing any flicker of attention from the men in the rear, then turned to leave. Immediately one of the men came hurrying forward, looking rather irritated.

"Yes, sir," he bleated, "is there something I can do for you?" Without so much as a glance in his direction, Uncle Norman took his cane and, walking slowly along the glass case, swept every hat onto the floor.

"Yes," he said, "there is—you can pick up these hats," and we walked

slowly out of the store. Being, like Shelley Berman, a rather devout coward, I expected to be seized from behind and at least jailed; but nothing untoward happened at all, and with Uncle Norman happily breathing "Swine!" not quite under his breath, we went on our way.

(Continued on Page 6)

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THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD! SNACKS GO GREAT WITH THIS

fresh, clean taste!

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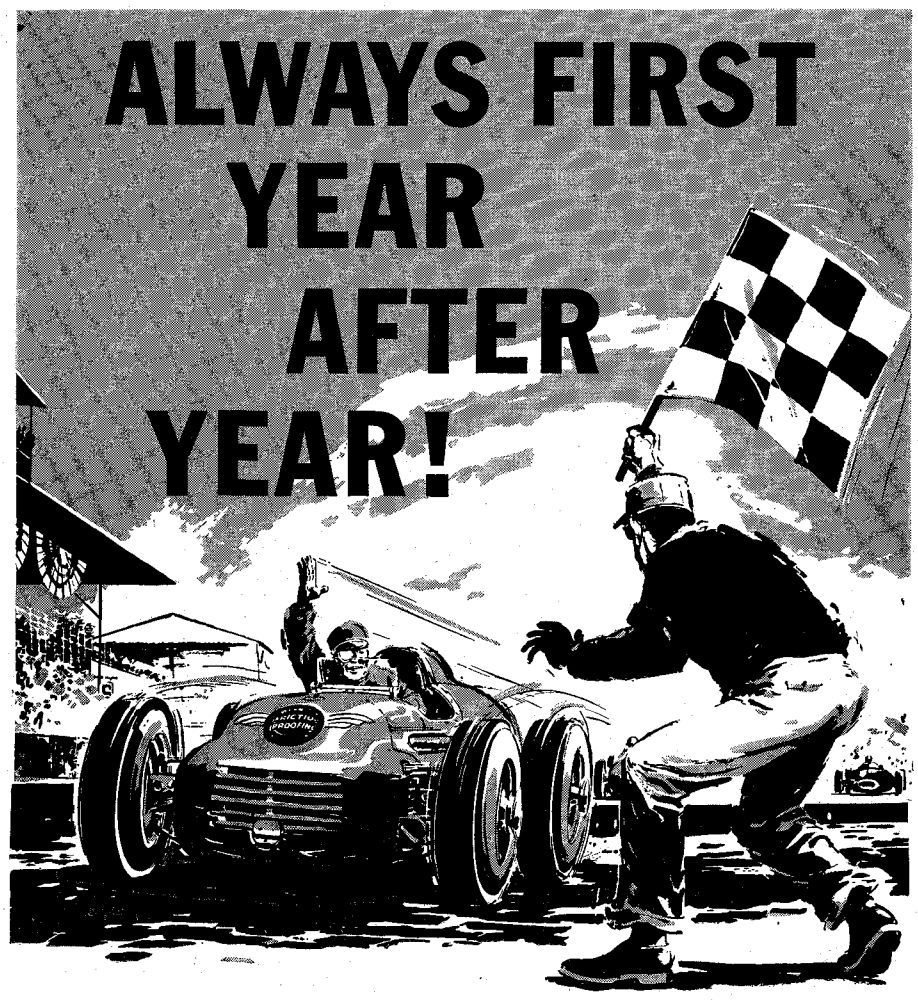
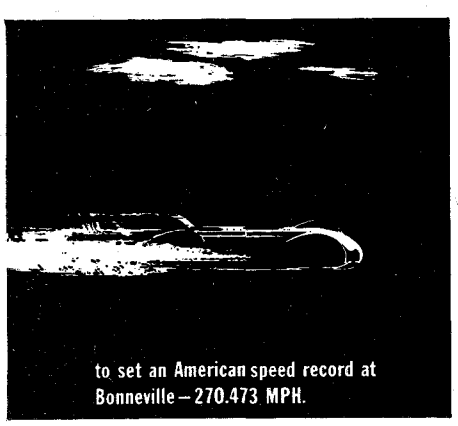
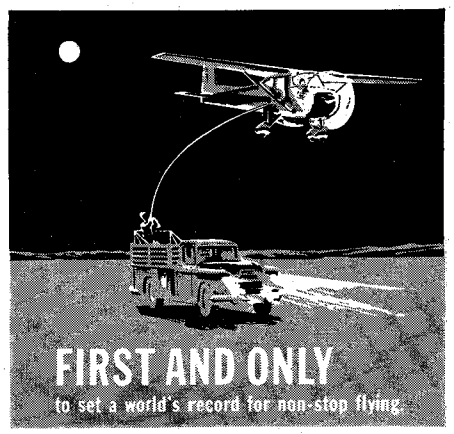


FIRST AND ONLY TO WIN THE INDIANAPOLIS "500"





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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

It was happy incidents like this that made my boyhood the rich and wholesome experience it was.

W. D. HECKLER
Ventura, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I have known a few good row makers. One was a racing-car mechanic whom I will call Karl. Karl happens to like fine food, which is too bad, because a racing mechanic is condemned to long stretches of subsistence on sodden ham sandwiches and coffee fuzzy with cardboard. He was grabbing a miserable ten-minute lunch one day in a short-order joint and proposed to conclude the repast with a piece of pumpkin pie. He took one bite and recoiled as from a blow in the face. He spoke to the ape behind the counter. "Tell me," he said, quietly, "you got any pie here you haven't been saving since last Tuesday?"

The fellow glared. He came closer and peered at the pie. "You don't like that pie?" he said.

"No, I don't like that pie," Karl said. "And don't tell me what I can do with it, because I *know* what I can do with it!" Whereupon he did it—splat!—a genuine W. C. Fields-type, full-arm delivery right in the face. Of course, as you point out, a certain amount of hostility may be demonstrated in these cases, and in this case it was, and what of that?

KEN W. PURDY
Wilton, Conn.

"M" AS IN MYSTERY

Dear Sirs:

Please tell me where Mr. [Dick] Sargent did his [Oct. 17] cover drawing. I could almost swear that it is Campus Walk at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. . . . It looks so familiar (right down to the football hero in the red sweater with the white M) that frankly I'm dying of nostalgic curiosity.

BERTRICE WILLIAMS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Where? Where? I want to transfer there.

MARK L. SHUMAKER
Electrical Engineering Dept.
Ohio University, Athens, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Would like to ask . . . if new steps were added to Isaac Emmett Young High School, New Rochelle, New York? The enclosed photo [above, right] is a 1945 picture.

BEVERLY A. PRICE
Southampton, N.Y.

● *Isaac Young now is a junior high school. In converting it into a college, Sargent remodeled the front steps. That "M" stands for Moline, Ill., Sargent's home town.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If no one else wants that handsome hunk of Homo sapiens, I'll take him!

GLORIA HAHLBROCK
Southgate, Mich.

● *He's from New Rochelle, but you'll find him now at Dartmouth College, where he plays freshman football and is being razzed about that mammoth "M." The name is Frank Finsthwait.* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Jack Fields. • 6–Dick Sargent; anonymous. • 23, 24, 25–Mike Ludlow. • 26–Ollie Atkins; Neal V. Clark, Jr. • 27–U.S. Coast Guard; two by Robert Russell; Neal V. Clark, Jr.; Ollie Atkins. • 28, 29–John Burns. • 30–Mitchell Hooks. • 31–Mike Shea; Gene Lester. • 32, 33–Joern Gerdts. • 34, 35–Fred Otnes. • 36–Bill Shrout. • 37–Bernard D'Andrea. • 38–Los Angeles Times; two from United Press International. 39–United Press International. • 40–Karsh from Pix; Joe Costa from Photo-Library; Duncan Edwards from F.P.G. • 41–Two from Pictorial Parade; Joe Costa from Photo-Library. • 42, 43–Stan Galli. • 44–Arnold Newman. • 49–Ollie Atkins. • 51–Edwin Georgi. • 131–Neal V. Clark, Jr. • 144–Frank Ross; anonymous (snapshot); anonymous (snapshot); Ollie Atkins.

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Pride cometh *after* a fall

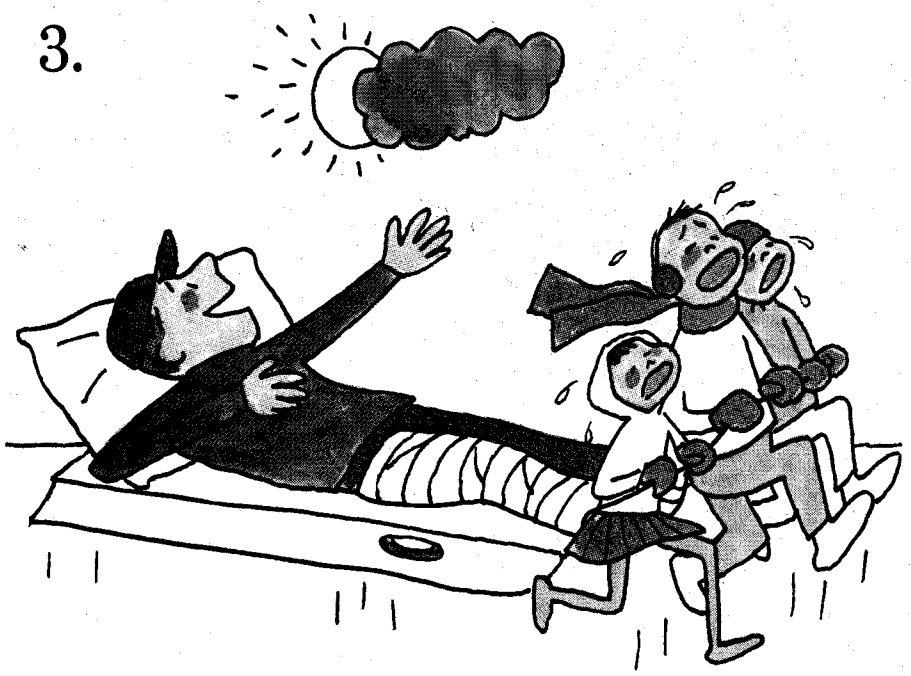
1.

Al Hampel tried a figure eight and landed on his face;
His fibula was fractured, not to mention his disgrace.
His children picked their papa up and packed him on a sled,
"Ah, lucky me with Travelers I can bounce right back," he said.

2.

The kiddies chorused, "Faith, dear Papa, we don't comprehend!"
Said Al, "The Travelers pays an income while I'm on the mend.
They help pay doctors, nurses, semi-private room and pills—
Excepting flowers and candy, Travelers pays most all the bills."

3.



"Suppose you died?" the angels cried. "I am prepared!" said Hampel.
"My Travelers man has given me a plan that's more than ample.
My life insurance pays our mortgage off—no melodrama.
It educates you kids, provides an income to your mama."

4.

His home and car are guarded from fire, damage suit or theft—
American Family Independence—Al won't be bereft.
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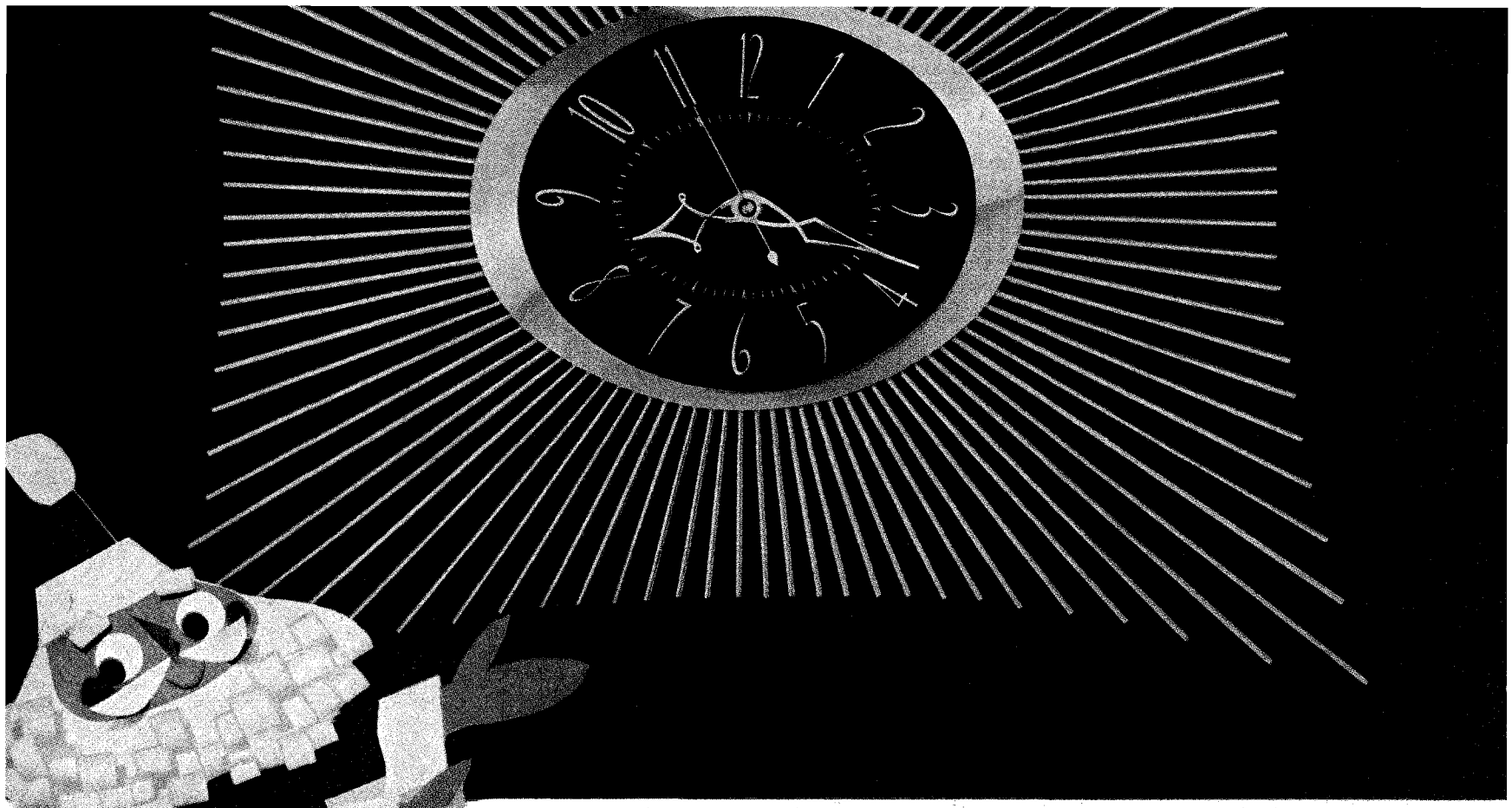

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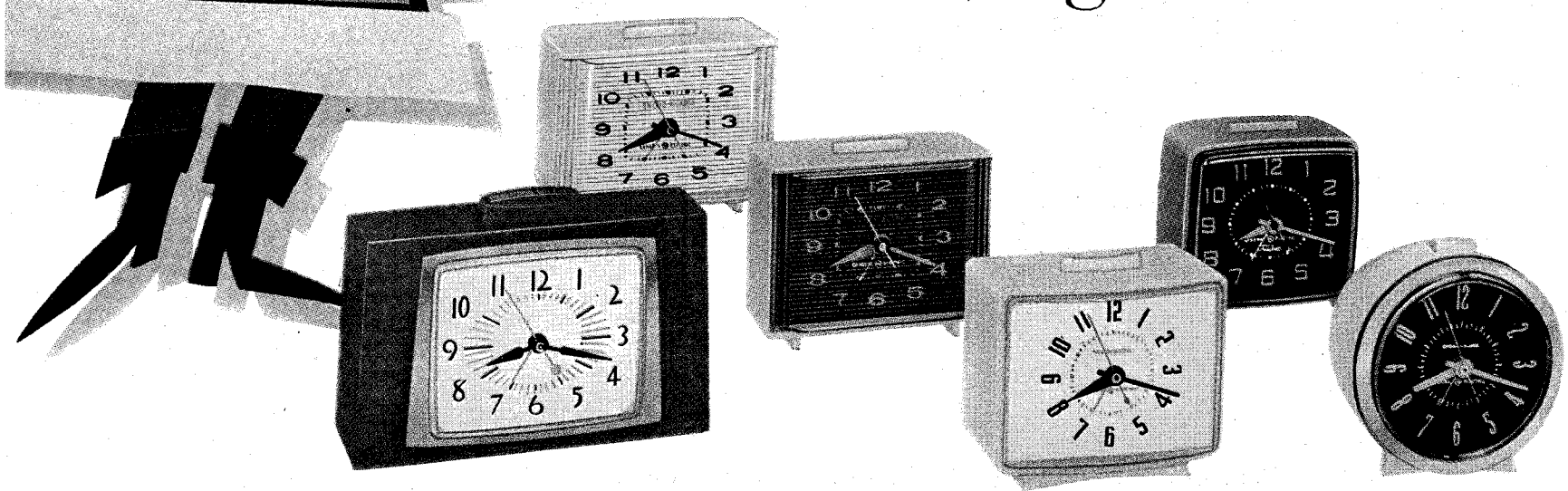
Christmas gifts no one



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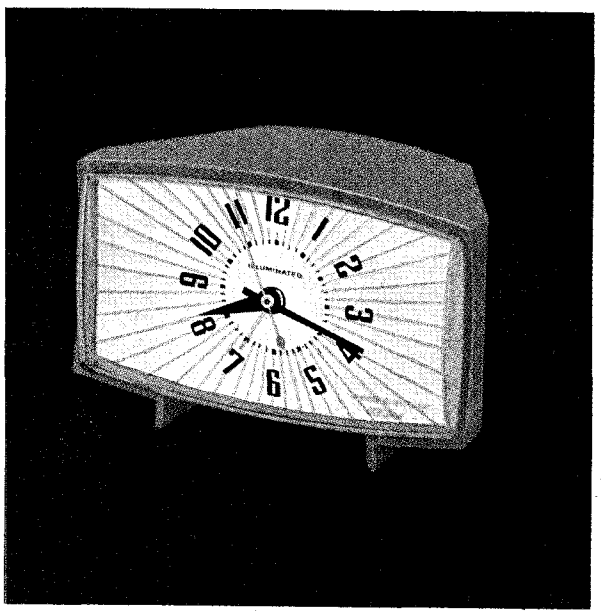
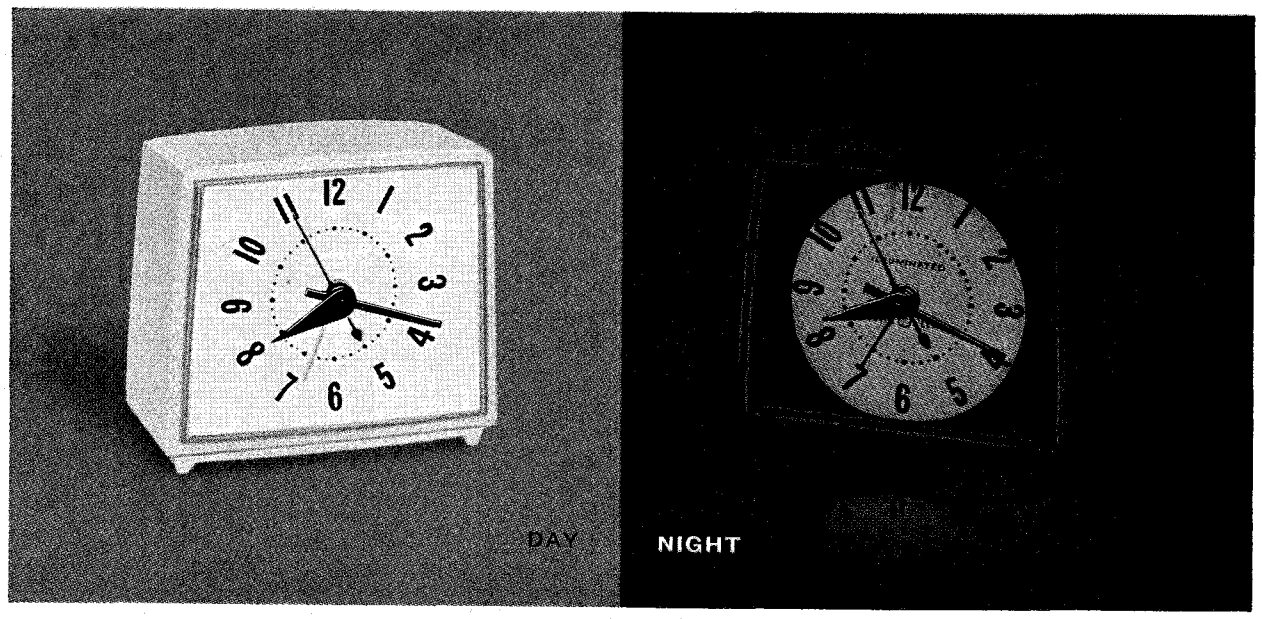
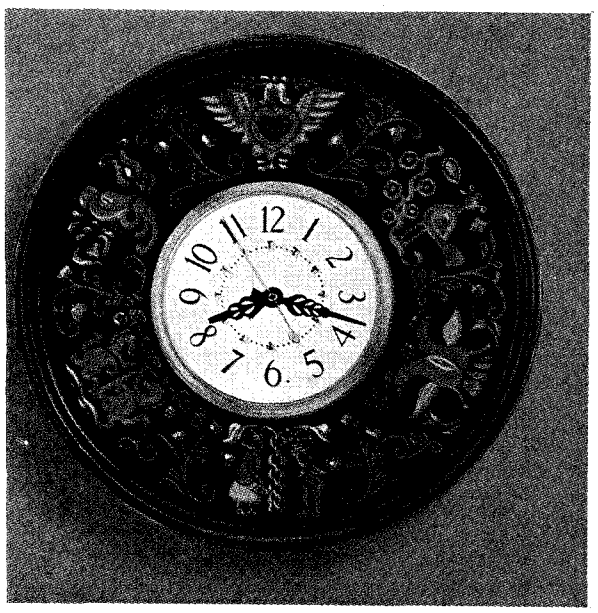


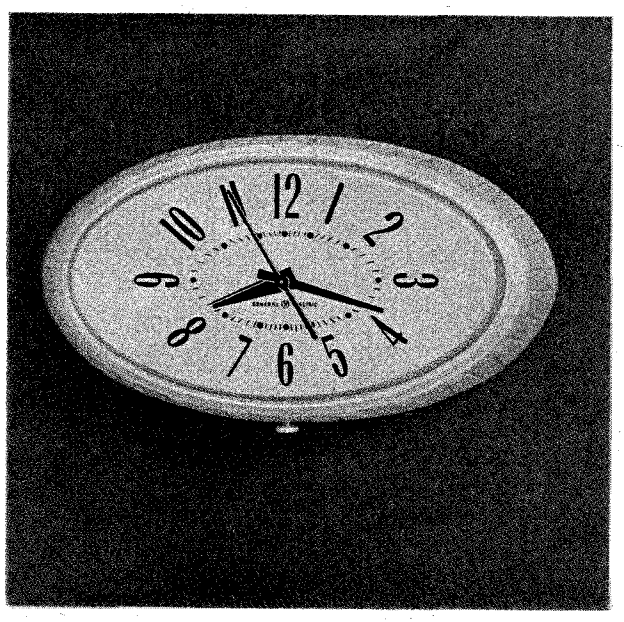
RADIAL. Alarm with crisp, modern lines and *new lighted dial.* Easy to read near or far, even at night, because the dial lights up. Plain dial models too — in pink or turquoise cases.



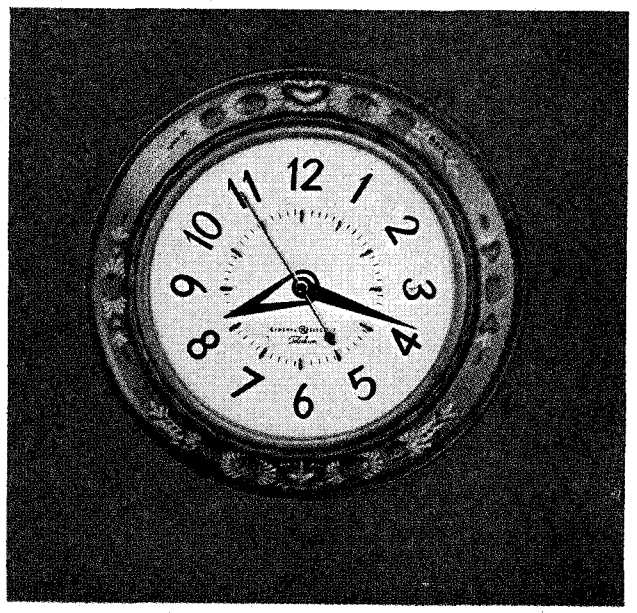
CUE-ETTE MINIATURE LIGHTED ALARM — easy to read day or night, near or far. It's just small enough to fit in crowded places . . . just big enough for easy reading. When the sun goes down, the dial light "comes up." The light lasts for years and years, costs less than a penny a year for current. Antique white case. It's America's smallest, lowest priced lighted dial alarm. Also with plain or luminous dial.



DUTCH TREAT. In the popular Pennsylvania Dutch manner. Hand-painted look. Adds charm to kitchen, dining room, most anywhere. Metal case. Black, white or copper color.



CONTOUR. New and different oval shape for the kitchen. Dial is easy to read even from the side. Fits tight against the wall. Other colors: pink case with pink dial or red with white.



FESTIVAL. Gleaming copper color. Mixes or matches beautifully with kitchen and dining room accessories. Folk-art design. Wall-hugging metal case. Black or white background, too.

received before - they're all new!

MOST ARE PRICED BELOW $10. Christmas gifts mean much more when you give something different. It's easy to do when you select from these General Electric-Telechron clocks . . . for these beautiful clocks are so new they've never brightened anyone's Christmas before! And look, there are more than twelve *different* ways to please. You'll find clocks for any wall or table, upstairs or downstairs, all around a home. You'll find clocks just right for every taste (gay, elegant, modern or traditional). And all offer a happy blend of appealing style, decorator colors and exclusive features. There's a happy ending in it for you, too . . . most of these electric clocks are priced below $10!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Telechron

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Editorials

Laos Is the Key to the Defense of Southeast Asia

By PAUL JONES

This country cannot safely ignore or minimize the importance of our defense position in the Far East. The establishment of the long bulwark of bases and friendly nations that runs from South Korea and Japan through Okinawa and Formosa to the Philippines and South Vietnam cost us the lives of many thousands of Americans, besides billions in treasure.

Confronted by a line that blocks their expansion, the Reds have kept probing for a weak spot. In 1950 they thought they had found one in Korea. They were wrong. But after the Korean armistice they transferred their heaviest pressure to Indochina and its then French colonial regime. This won them North Vietnam; and the Geneva agreements of 1954 imposed a military standstill on all the newly independent states of Southeast Asia.

Now the Reds have launched another test of our will and capacity to resist. Directed against Laos, it is timed, as usual, to coincide with "a possible thaw" and the "easing of tensions" in the West. That the world policies of international Communism are co-ordinated in the Kremlin admits of no serious doubt. Ho Chi Minh, the Soviet quisling in North Vietnam, paid a long visit to Moscow just before his agents and guerrilla fighters stepped up their activities. After some byplay to suggest that he was attempting to soothe Red Chinese fanaticism, Khrushchev flatly stated, when the chips were down, that a Communist attack on Formosa would have Soviet support.

The importance of Laos cannot be measured by its small population—about 3,000,000—its undeveloped territory, its remoteness from America or the type of guerrilla warfare so difficult for United Nations teams to discover. As the only state in Southeast Asia which has common borders with all the other states—Thailand, South Vietnam, Cambodia, North Vietnam, Burma and Red China—it represents a key area in the southern sector of our Far Eastern defense line. Its control by the Communists of Peking and Hanoi would open a dangerous flank on the frontier of South Vietnam, our best friend in that part of the world.

The Red move against a small, struggling nation which has within the past year moved from a neutralist stand to a clearly pro-American policy calls for a strong statement of intent by the United States to stand by its friends in Asia.

Undoubtedly unpleasant episodes will threaten to disrupt the relationship—like the reported resentment among the Laotian police who felt that their pay from the U.S.A. was too slow in arriving. However necessary aid may be in our global strategy, it doesn't make us "liked."

Against Communist opposition, the subcommittee appointed by the U.N. Security Council is not likely to find out more about the situation on the Laotian border than have the observers of the International Control Commission, theoretically free to inspect North Vietnam since 1954. U.N. teams had no luck whatever in North Korea, in Greece or in Lebanon, where direct intervention at an early hour by the United States proved to be a pacifying rather than a provocative action.

Laos is far away, and names like Samneua or Phongsaly mean little to us. Yet there was a time when few Americans knew where Guadalcanal and Bougainville were.

Mr. Jones, editorial columnist of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, has recently returned from a four-month stay in Southeast Asia.
—THE EDITORS

If It's a United Fund Agency, You Know It's One of the Good Ones

When a man gives money to charity, he expects it to go to charity. If he suffers a twinge of pain at parting with his cash, this is assuaged by the belief that his gift will do some good, that it will be spent to help relieve some case of human need or distress.

In many instances this belief has, to put it mildly, been misplaced; for the long history of philanthropy is pockmarked by poorly administered institutions, not to mention some actual frauds committed in the name of charity. This fact gives added significance to one of the advantages—one that perhaps has not been sufficiently emphasized—of concentrating a considerable portion of your charitable contributions into a donation to your local United Fund. The money you give through your United Fund is used to do the work for which it was collected.

This, of course, must not be interpreted as implying that campaigns conducted outside the United Fund should therefore be suspect. Many agencies, both national and local, that still prefer to go it alone are perfectly legitimate and honestly handled. Some are too small or limited in their mission to be included in a community-wide appeal. Others, with adequate sources of revenue, prefer to remain outside.

Five years ago (*The Saturday Evening Post*, June 26, 1954) we published an article entitled, WHO GETS YOUR CHARITY DOLLARS? In that article it was shown that, of $4,000,000,000 we Americans were then contributing annually to charity, $120,000,000 was gathered in by solicitors for out-and-out swindles: for hospitals that didn't even exist, for "help-the-kids" programs that were never launched. We do need more information than we often get on the causes to which we are asked to contribute.

Most people are familiar with certain important virtues of the United Fund concept. It has greatly reduced the old time-wasting duplication of competing appeals. It makes a tremendously valuable use of unpaid volunteer workers, instead of the fee-charging professional fund raisers. As it is a once-a-year, community-wide effort, it has done more than anything else to thin out the old bewildering multiplicity of pleas by phone, letter and in person. Also, in funneling our charity dollars through our local United Fund, we have the assurance that they are not going to swindlers or—which is almost as bad—into the hands of well-meaning do-gooders whose sloppy methods and overlapping administration expenses will leave only a few nickels per collected dollar to trickle through to the cause for which those dollars were given.

Even in the "Space Age" Geography Is an Important Subject

If there is one subject which adults as well as school children should learn and continue to learn it is geography. The six-year-old Peruvian peasant boy who walks to the nearest market town and the pilot who flies over the North Pole have different experiences with time, direction, distance and destination. Yet each has a practical problem in geography to solve.

Dealing as it does with the earth on which we live, with place and time, with the seasons, weather, climate, oceans, rivers and mountains, geography is a necessary bridge between the physical sciences and mathematics on the one hand, and the social sciences on the other. Without it history is vague and shallow. And in this age of air travel, atomic science and space exploration, geographical thinking is essential to international understanding.

Yet geography has been one of the country's neglected subjects, too often relegated to a minor spot in the school curriculum. Some results: The sovereign state of New Mexico is rightly annoyed that so many fellow Americans confuse it with Mexico; long-time residents of Boston cannot direct a stranger to Bunker Hill; a college junior is surprised to find that Scotland is north of England; and only a few hundred miles from the nation's capital, boys of high-school age stare in wonderment at auto-license plates bearing the letters "D.C."

One difficulty is that too often geography has consisted of dry, dull memorizing of names and facts. But there is no need of sterile instruction; geography can be made a fascinating study.

Now that one of the departments of the country's largest organization of teachers and administrators, the National Education Association, has devoted its latest yearbook to the need for more and better teaching of geography, let us hope that this defect in our educational system may be eliminated.

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Don't make a mountain out of a Martini!

Pour right on-the-rocks. (Or stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass.)

You can produce a masterpiece of a Martini . . . with next to no effort at all! A *Heublein* Martini, ready-mixed . . . ready to serve. Made from pot still gin and finest vatted vermouth. No measuring. No waiting. More important still—no embarrassing "flops!" Any cocktail by Heublein hallmarks you the perfect host. No wonder more than 20,000,000 Heublein Cocktails were proudly served last year!

JUST HOME FROM WORK? Two's company . . . relax! Now's the time for a frosty Heublein Manhattan. Ready-mixed from choice private stock whiskey and finest vatted vermouth.

A "BAR" WHEREVER YOU ARE. Enjoy your favorite cocktail—miles from anywhere! Take along a bottle of Heublein's and a cooler of ice . . . and you're in business as a barman.

AND AFTER DINNER—ENJOY HEUBLEIN CORDIALS.
Marvelously minty Creme de Menthe (54 proof) and 19 other favorite kinds. All are full-flavored, delicious. And at modest domestic prices.

You've got it made with HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

(PRONOUNCED HUGH-BLINE)

EXTRA DRY MARTINIS 75 proof—MANHATTANS 65 proof—DAIQUIRIS 60 proof. And 7 other popular kinds. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

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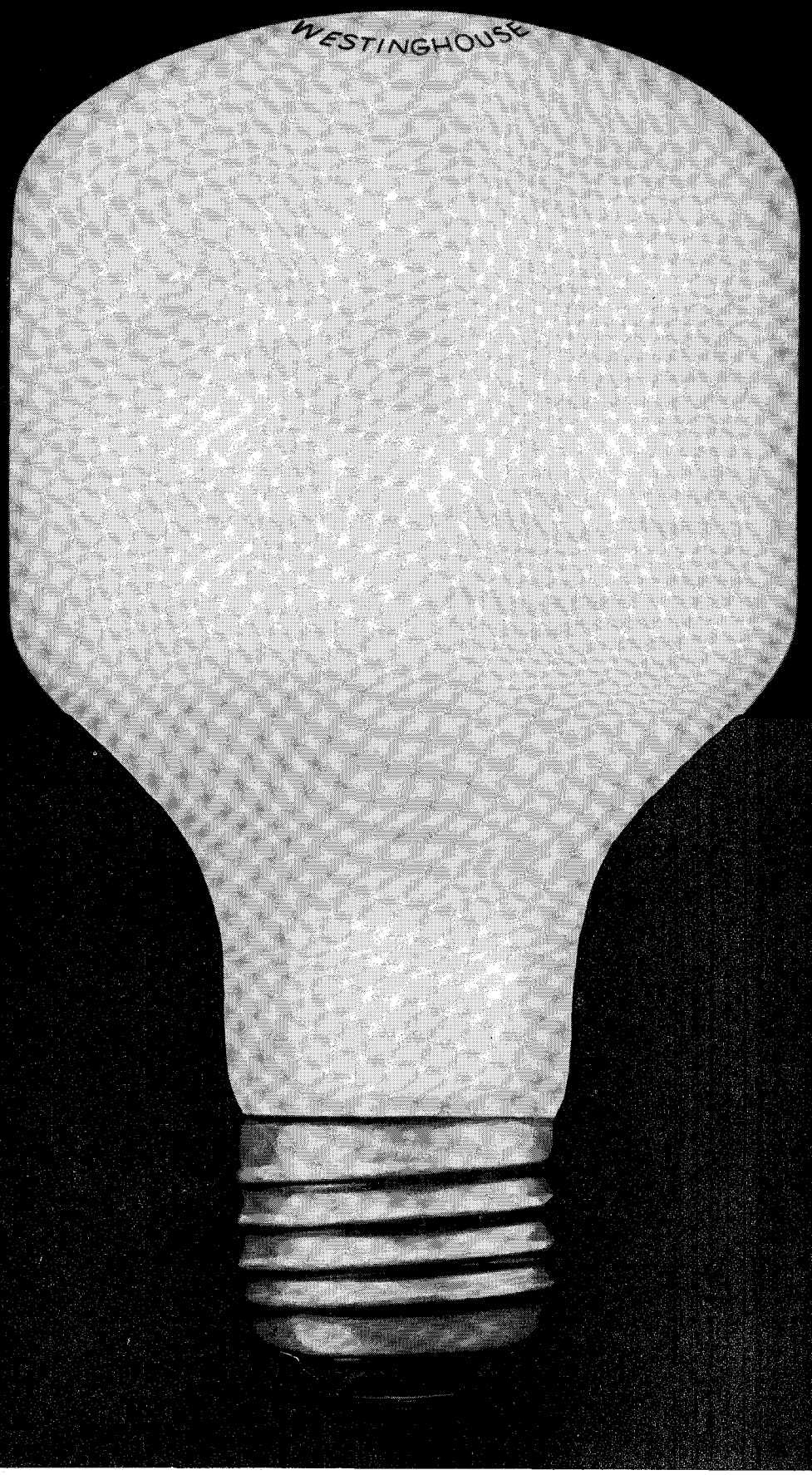
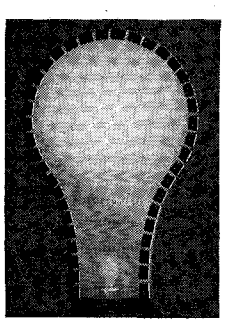
NOW FROM WESTINGHOUSE...THE ONLY NEW, SMALLER 100 WATT BULB

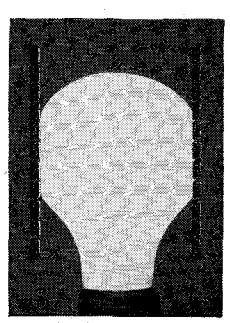
The only

New Shape New Light





Old-fashioned 100 Watt Bulb is too large for many household uses. What's more, it has hot spot in center that causes glare and harsh shadows.



New Shape Westinghouse 100 Watt bulb fits anywhere in the house. It's small as a 60, twice as bright. And it gives even, all-over white light that's much easier on your eyes.

SMALL AS A 60, TWICE AS BRIGHT, AND COSTS NO MORE!

The Westinghouse All New 100 Watt Eye Saving White Bulb. Not just an old-fashioned bulb made smaller, but a completely new idea in light. Exclusive New Shape, plus millions of tiny filter particles inside the bulb, provides the best light for seeing ever developed. Smaller 100 watt size fits all popular sockets and lampshades. This is the light for modern living, and only Westinghouse has it! New Shape Westinghouse Eye Saving White bulbs also available in 60, 75, 150 watt and 3-lite. Ask for them at your neighborhood store today!

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE LAMP DIVISION BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

WATCH "WESTINGHOUSE LUCILLE BALL—DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS-TV FRIDAYS

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There's one born every minute... and I'm it! Could've saved $22 on car insurance with State Farm—even after paying my Lifetime Membership Fees. My renewal saving would now be $39 a year!* ¶ State Farm members save $12—$30—as high as $125 a year compared to what many people pay.** We keep our rates low by aiming to insure careful drivers only. Yet you can't get better protection or faster, fairer claim service. Can you qualify? Four out of five average drivers can. See the friendly, capable State Farm man in your neighborhood. Look under "State Farm Insurance" in the Yellow Pages. **STATE FARM MUTUAL** Automobile Insurance Company...world's largest. Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

STATE FARM Auto Life Fire INSURANCE

*Based on Case No. 18743, details on reques

**In Texas, substantial savings have been returned to eligible members in the form of

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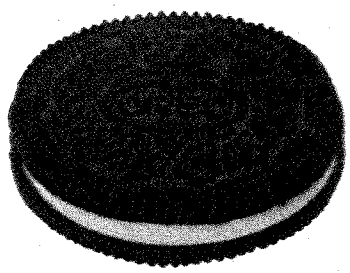
WHATEVER KINDS OF COOKIES YOU

Take one, break one and see

See the lavish filling. Taste the most chocolate-y flavor ... only in NEW OREO

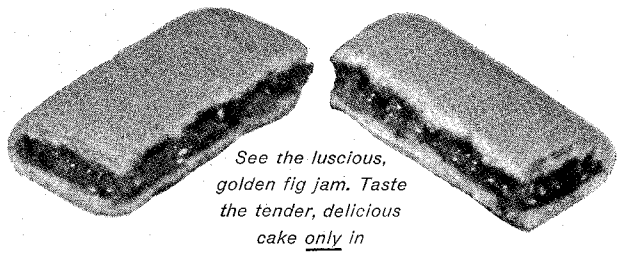


NOW! MORE CREAMY FILLING!

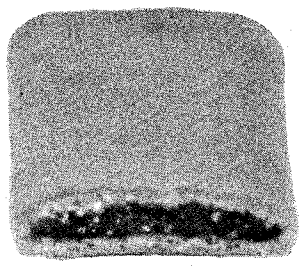
Crumble Oreo between ice-cream layers for a party parfait. The only chocolate sandwich cookie with so much creamy filling between crisp cookies!

NEW OREO CREME SANDWICH

Take one, break one and see



See the luscious, golden fig jam. Taste the tender, delicious cake only in FIG NEWTONS



MOIST, LUSCIOUS FIG JAM!

The cookie that goes so well with milk. The fig bar made with the plumpest, juiciest, top-grade figs exclusively. Be sure you get the original—

FIG NEWTONS

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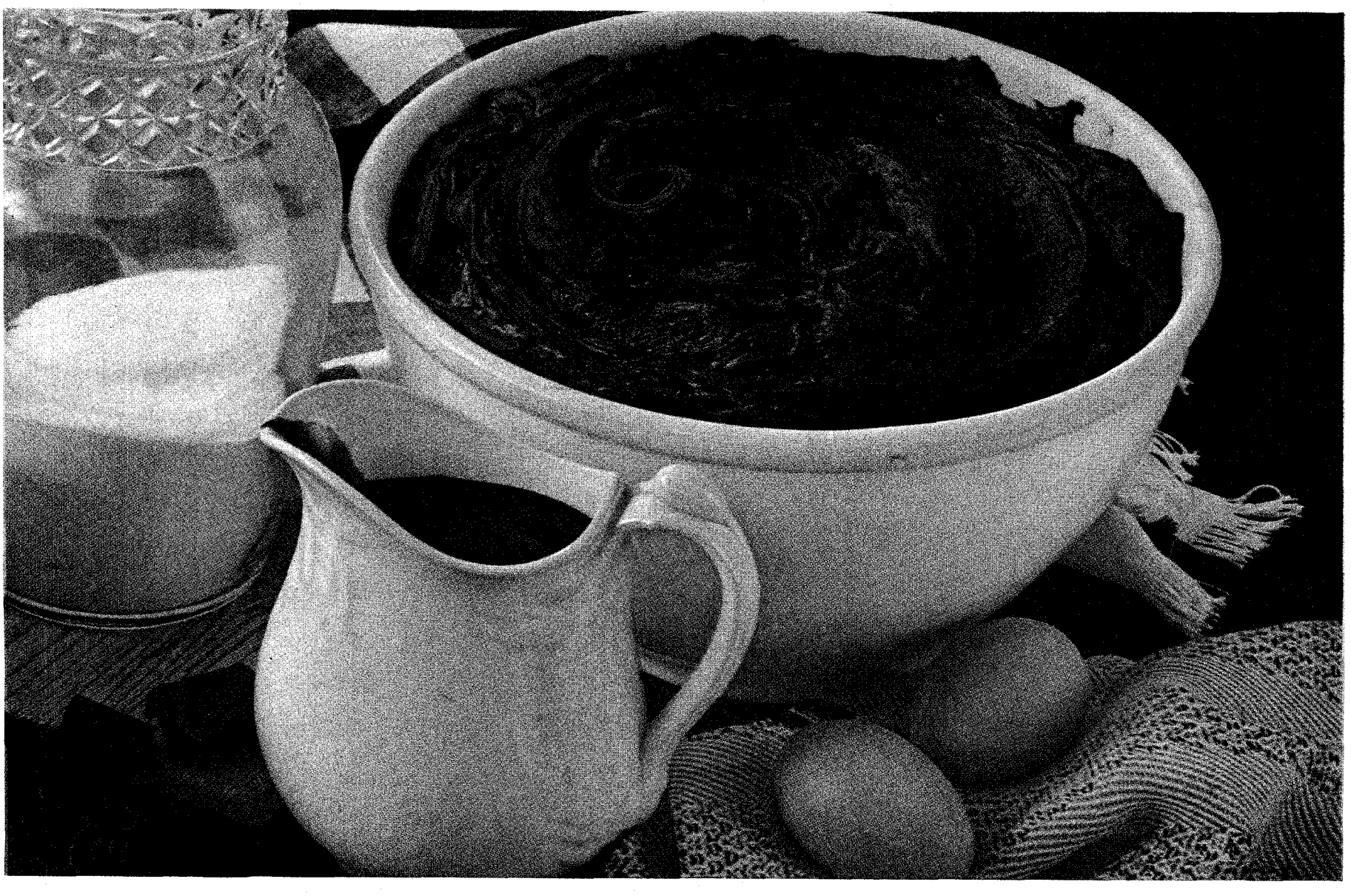
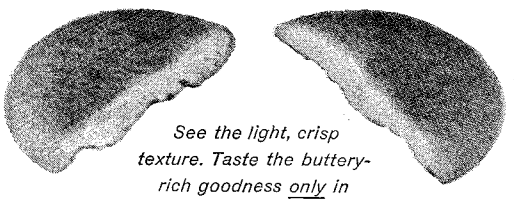
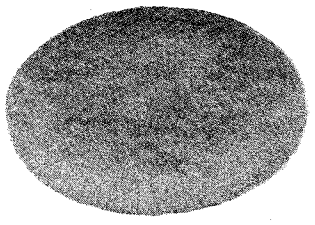


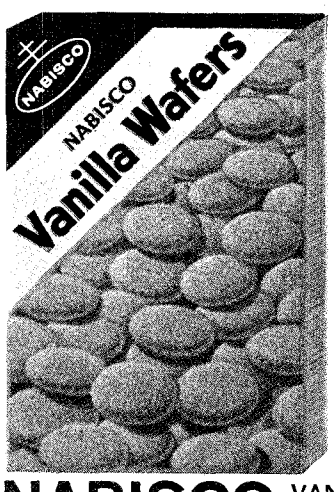
...LIKE...NABISCO BAKES THEM BETTER!

Take one, break one and see



See the light, crisp texture. Taste the buttery-rich goodness only in NABISCO VANILLA WAFERS



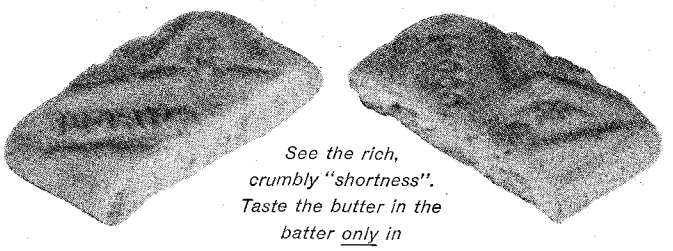


GOLDEN-CRISP!

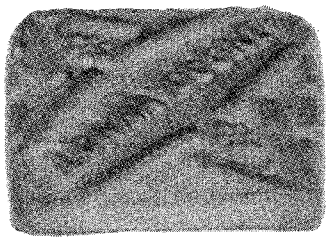
Divine in the special banana pudding. (Recipe on the package.) So crisp and light, baked with butter, you'll love them by the handful, too. If you like the best—

NABISCO VANILLA WAFERS

Take one, break one and see



See the rich, crumbly "shortness". Taste the butter in the batter only in LORNA DOONE



BUTTER IN THE BATTER!

Serve 'em with strawberries and cream for a strawberry "short-cut". Shortbread cookies so rich and tender you'll definitely want only ®

LORNA DOONE

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Why the Wide-Track owner so often says "Let's go in my car"

We design the interior of your Pontiac with two considerations:

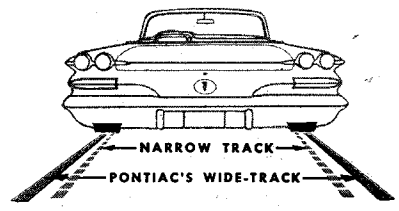
It must be lastingly enjoyable and comfortable for *you.* For in the active, modern life, the time spent in one's car is no small factor.

It must also be immediately appealing to *others*, your "guest" passengers. Everybody from the baby sitter to the boss responds admiringly to fabrics with character, leathers with richness, metals elegantly sculptured.

We make quite a to-do about these materials. They're chosen meticulously, on the basis of beauty and durability. They're blended artfully, harmonized tastefully, then trimmed by Pontiac craftsmen who will not tolerate a raw edge, a crooked seam, a wiggly knob. There's a smart, tailored look to the inside of a Pontiac you simply don't find in other cars costing as much or even more.

This appreciable, and quickly recognizable, superiority of interior design will make your 1960 Pontiac a car of great personal enjoyment. You will find yourself frequently and proudly offering, "Let's go in *my* car," and meaning every word of it.

Wider stance gives you swayless stability, solid comfort. You maneuver with skillful sureness, accurate control. It's the most rewarding driving you've ever felt!



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PONTIAC

THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

Bonneville Convertible for 1960

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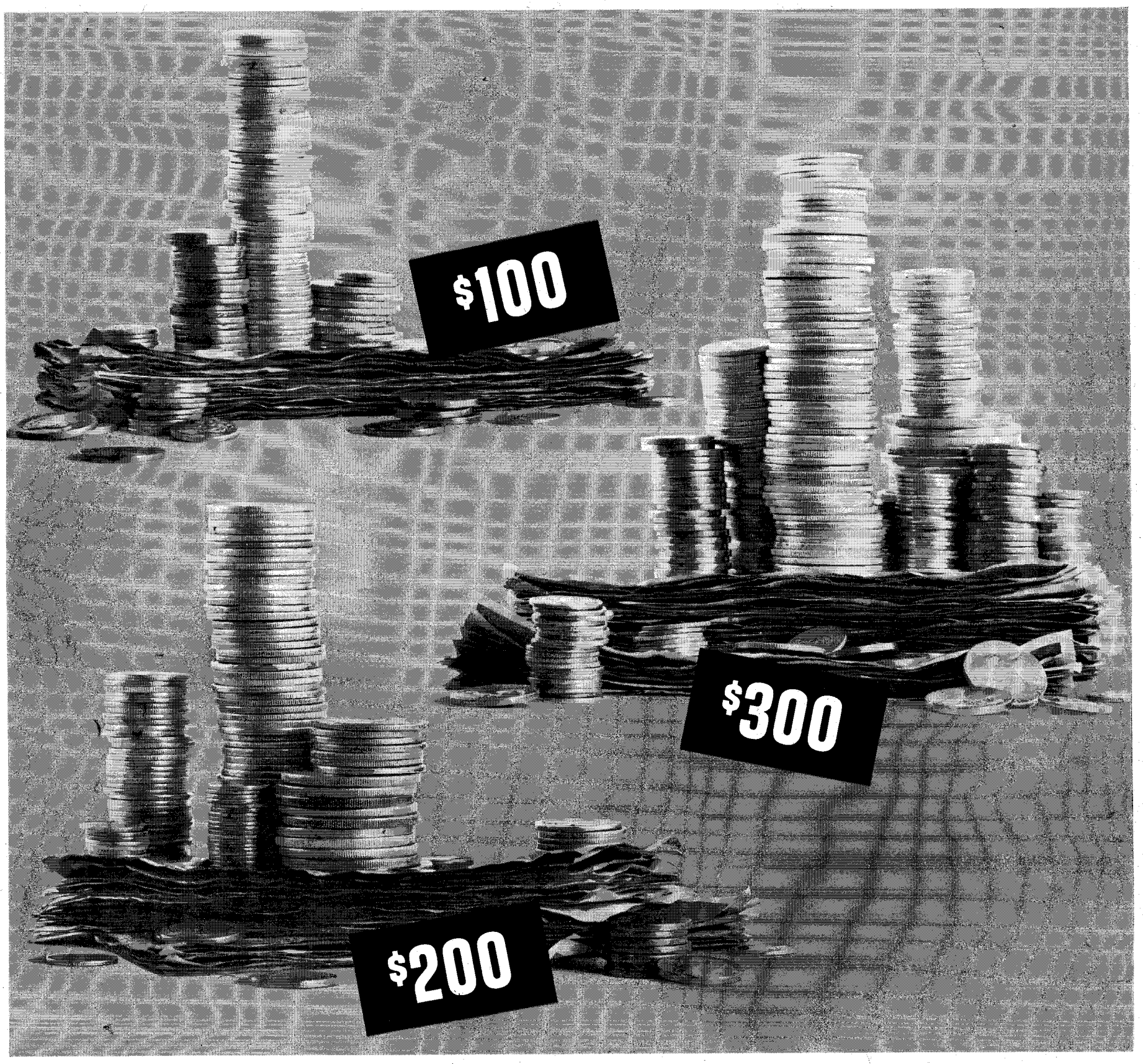

CAN YOU GUESS HOW MUCH YOU ARE TAXED FOR "PUBLIC POWER"?

You and other Americans have already paid about $5,500,000,000 in tax money to put the federal government into the electric business.

That averages about $100 per family. And this federal "public power" threatens to cost each family $200 *more!*

That's exactly what could happen, if the "public power" lobbyists and pressure groups have their way. They're urging Congress to spend $10,000,000,000 *more* tax money to put the federal government still farther into the electric power business.

All this spending of your money for more and more federal "public power" is unnecessary. America's hundreds of independent electric light and power companies are ready and able to supply all the electricity people will need —*without* depending on taxes.

These are the companies that have doubled the supply of electricity in 10 years, and will double the present supply in the next 10.

Unnecessary "public power" spending goes on because most people don't know about it. So spread the word among your friends and neighbors. As soon as enough people know, you can be sure it will be halted.

WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—YOU LOSE!
Every time another federal "public power" proposal goes through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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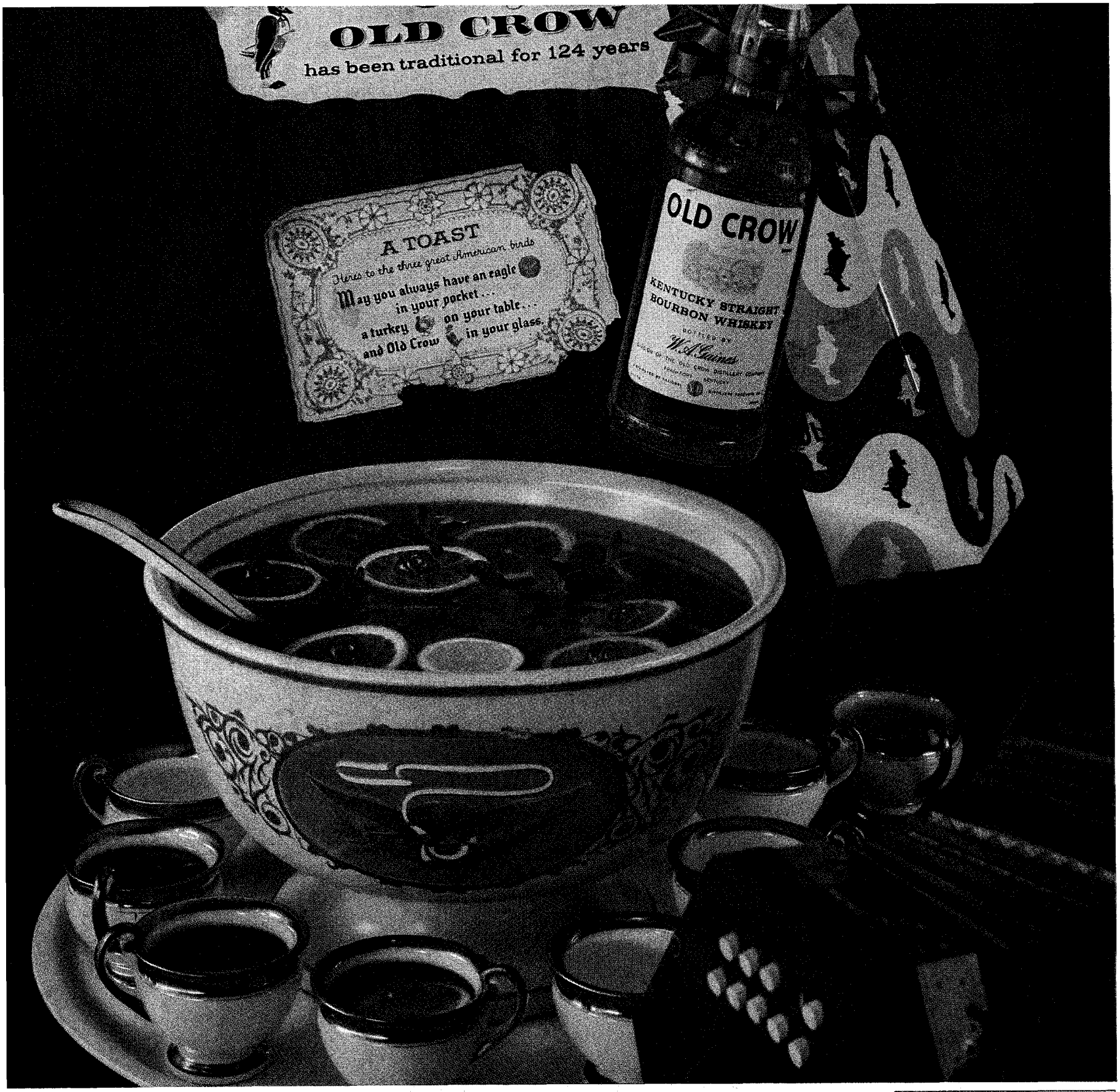

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Old Crow comes beautifully gift wrapped at no extra cost

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

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New 1960 L&M brings you taste...

More taste

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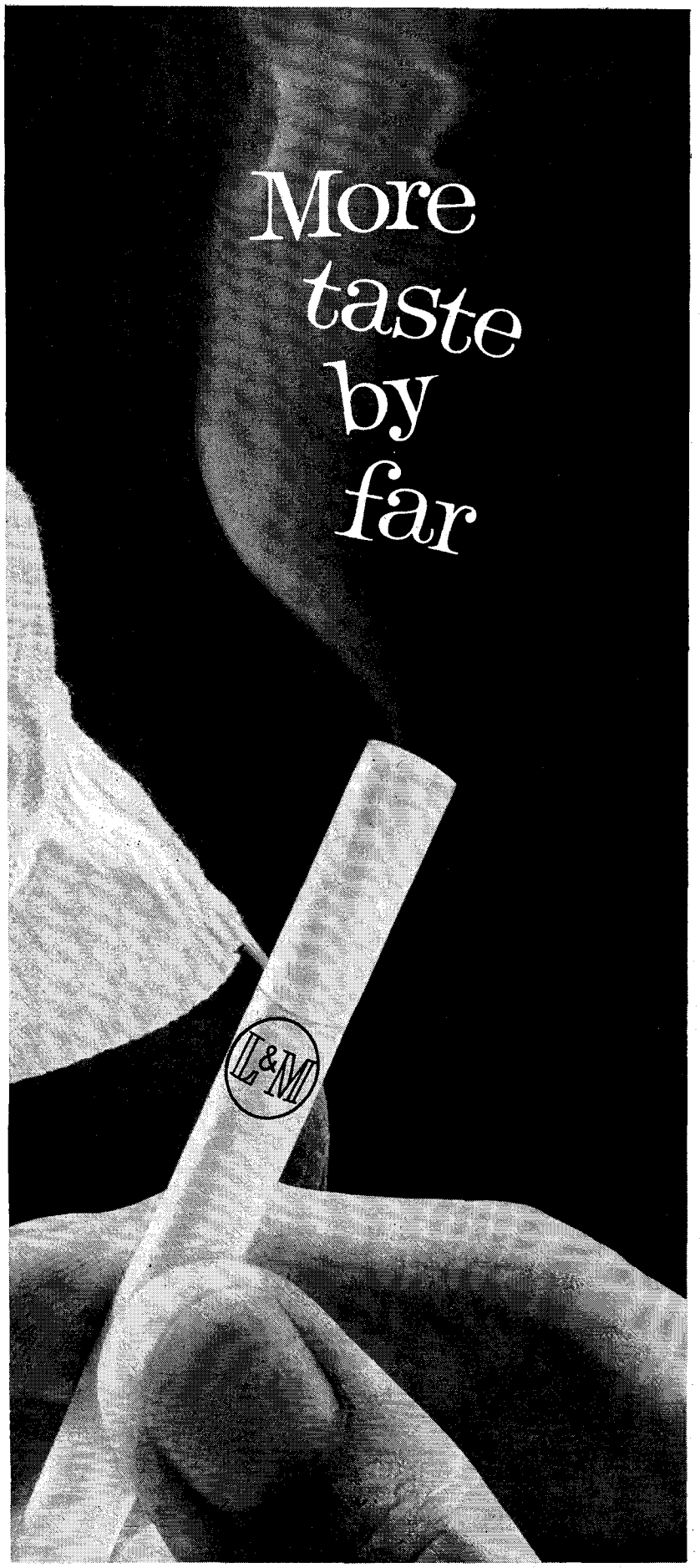
more taste...
by far...yet low in tar



New, free-flowing Miracle Tip unlocks natural tobacco flavor!

That's why **L&M** can blend fine tobaccos not to suit a filter– but to suit your taste!

Only the 1960 L&M–

- **FREES UP FLAVOR** other filters squeeze in!
- **CHECKS TARS** without choking taste!
- **GIVES YOU** the *full*, rich, exciting flavor of the world's finest, naturally mild tobaccos!

More taste by far
yet low in tar...
and they said "IT COULDN'T BE DONE!"

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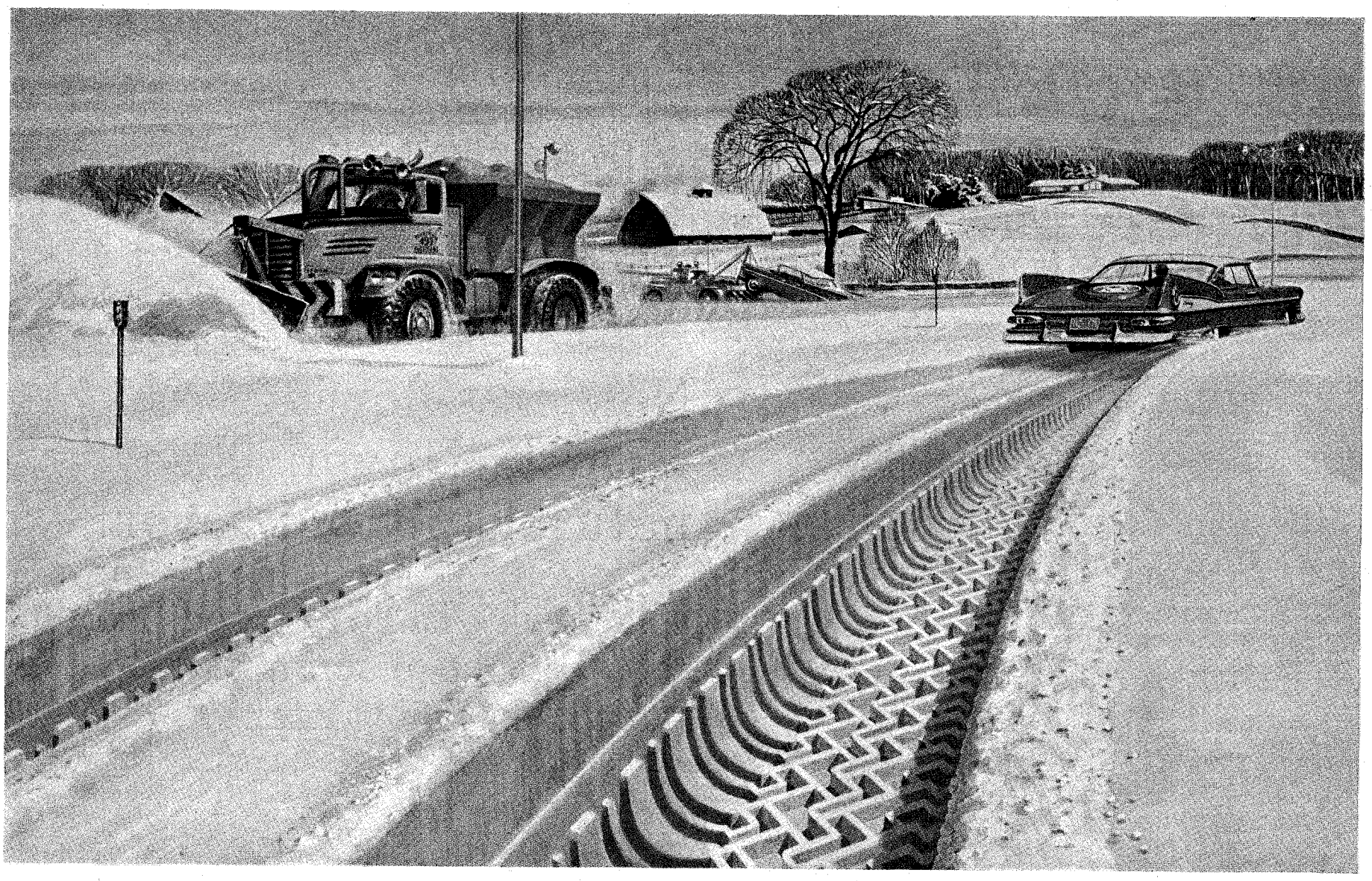

Suburbanites bite through snow that's HUB-CAP DEEP!

● **New! Exclusive Goodyear tread grip**—for 51% more traction in snow, 17% more traction in mud!

● **New! Exclusive Goodyear tread rubber and 3-T cord body** (Rayon or Nylon)—for an extra season of wear for many motorists!

● **New! Exclusive Goodyear silent ride design**—for a quiet ride even on the turnpikes!

SUBURBANITES by Goodyear have been tested way up in Canada's Hudson Bay area. And they've also proved their stuff where *you* drive—from driveway to superhighway.

In snow or mud, Suburbanites give you *dynamic traction* . . . extra grip under power from 3,728 biting edges on 260 massive tread cleats! Suburbanites *go*.

On dry pavements? They're quiet. Even on the turnpikes, this great winter tread design will make you forget Suburbanites are even on your wheels.

And wear? Many motorists will get a whole extra *season* of wear from Suburbanites. Reason: the toughest tread rubber in any winter tire. Plus rugged, triple-tempered 3-T Cord (Rayon or Nylon) made *only* by Goodyear.

Your Goodyear dealer can mount a pair of Suburbanites today. Goodyear, Akron, Ohio.

NEW TURNPIKE-PROVED SUBURBANITE

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Suburbanite, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio.

Watch the award-winning "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

Emily struck Stone with her open hand.

That First Husband

A Short Story by John O'Hara

Every year I promise myself that I am not going to do it again; but every year, on a Saturday morning in November, I get into my car and drive the eighty miles to my old college and have another look at the successes. But I have an idea that next year I will keep my promise to myself; this year, I think, was really my last.

We had breakfast at eight o'clock, and Emily insisted on doing the dishes so that they would not be sitting there when we got home. Emily will never leave anything for the cleaning woman if she can help it, and I have never been sure whether it is because she wants Mrs. Rohrbach to think of her as an efficient housewife or for fear that Mrs. Rohrbach will quit if asked to do more than her contractual chores. Probably a little of both, although I lean toward the second reason. Mrs. Rohrbach, I'm afraid, is almost the last woman left in town who will come to clean for us. We have had a parade of cleaning women in and out of our house.

Almost without exception they have been "jewels" through the first week, but Mrs. Rohrbach is the only one who has lasted more than a year, and the least demanding lapidarist would not appraise her very highly. In one remarkable instance the previous week's jewel did not even come back to collect her pay. However, she had not gone away empty-handed; she had worked for us six days, and exactly six bottles of a special bourbon that I got from a friend in Virginia were missing.

We always try to get to the club at about eleven o'clock, and an eight-thirty departure would allow us to make it without pushing. But this year we were unable to leave much before nine. I was sitting on the porch steps, gloves on, muffler in place under my old camel's-hair coat, and smoking a cigarette, when I heard Emily's voice from the second-story window. "Dutch?"

"Yes, dear?" I said.

"Would you mind terribly?"

"What?"

"Just a quick polish? My brogues?" she called down.

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I went into the house and she tossed me her shoes from the second-story landing. "Good catch," she said.

"Nothing, really. Old Hill School end. Although I never had to catch two at a time."

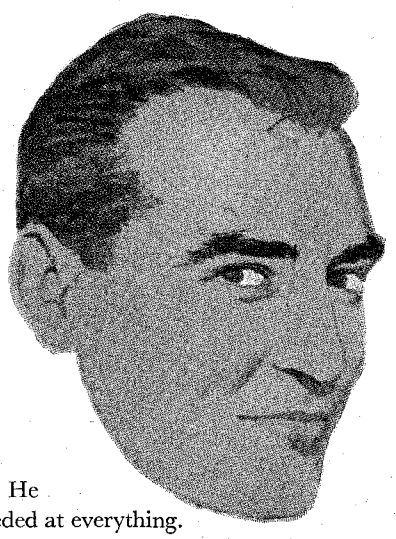
"You never had to what, dear?"

I gave her shoes the quickest polish I knew how—a brisk rub with the brush was all they needed, or all we had time for, as it usually takes me a half hour to polish one pair of her shoes. I had a glass of water and another cigarette. "Dutch?"

"Yes?"

Emily. She knew the real Stone.

Dutch. Emily was his now.



Stone. He succeeded at everything.

"They ready yet? Don't give them the full treatment. We haven't time."

"Just finishing," I said. I took the shoes out to the hall and handed them to Emily, who was sitting on one of the bottom steps. "They're beautiful," she said.

"And so are you, but let's get going now, shall we?"

I have made that trip so many times in the forty years that I have been going to games that I know old short cuts that are once again main highways. Forty years, and a few to spare. My father took me to at least one game a year before I went to prep school. In school—where I was not a varsity regular—I missed a few years, but I saw nearly every game while I was in college. And when I got out of college I sometimes sneaked off to see a baseball game as well as the practically compulsory big football game against Harvard or Yale. But my interest in football—not my partisanship, but my interest in the game itself—has taken quite a beating through the years, what with the changes that the rules committee seems to make every time it gets together. Consequently, I do not mind so much being late for the kickoff, but I don't like to miss those two hours at the club.

I have not made much of myself. I know that my judgeship came about through politics. My father had been on the bench, and I have no doubt that some of the votes that came my way were given to me by innocent people who thought they were voting for my father. Obviously I had been in no scandal that would give me a separate identity, but even if I had been, I almost believe that the party and the people would have given me the benefit of the doubt. My family have lived in the same county for two hundred years, and the Otterbein name must be in the county records a million times. Well, that may be a slight exaggeration, but only a slight one. When you think of it, a million times is only five thousand times a year, and in those two hundred years the family has produced lawyers, doctors, ministers, schoolteachers, bankers and even a couple of undertakers whose names would somehow get into the legal records of the county; and when you realize that in any given year there were likely to be four or five Otterbeins signing legal documents, a million may not be an exaggeration at all. And so, while I have no illusions about myself, I am quietly but thoroughly aware of the substantial contributions my people have made to one small section of the United States. The rascals in our family history have been enormously outnumbered, and they have been punished, sometimes by the family itself. I therefore take no guff from anyone, as we say at home; never have, never will.

Close after my feeling for my family and my county comes my attachment for my alma mater, and specifically to the club. It is a college club, but it has always resisted, usually with success, any kind of interference by the college administrations. We own our clubhouse and the land on which it is built, and we are a separate corporation. There have been several attempts to abolish the club and the others that resemble it, but when that has occurred the college administration and faculty are once again reminded that the alumni members are vigilant and loyal and that the feeling for the club endures long after graduation. A member of The Orchard considers himself a member from the time he first shakes hands to the moment when there is no longer life in his fingers. And, incidentally, we have no secret grip. We have a necktie, a hatband and a watch charm, but our ritual is Robert's Rules of Order, and we have no connection with the Greek-letter fraternity whose members founded The Orchard. Our principal secret is that of any club—the discussions and the vote that decide who shall be invited to join. It is interesting to note that in almost every year of our existence the college as a whole has been able to guess accurately the names of the ten or fifteen men who will be invited. We have standards, and they are known: A good family background, a good prep school, a clear complexion, acceptable behavior when drunk, a responsible attitude toward the educational purpose of the college, and the subtlest one of all—a belief that a man who is being considered for an invitation will not, in college or later life, trade on his membership in The Orchard. We have made many mistakes. We have missed out on men who turned out well; we have taken in men who turned out badly. But one of the reasons why I always try to get to the club before the game is that the mistakes who persist in showing up are so much in the minority. The good men predominate, as I suppose they do in other clubs, and our standards are upheld in the superior court of adult life.

On the trip, to what may have been my last football game, we had good luck in the weather; it was bright, clear and crisp. A sellout and a full attendance were assured, although the one is not always followed by the other. At one point on the road I had taken, the cars from the south joined the procession, and a little later the cars from the north. My own car is inconspicuous to the point of anonymity, but sometimes our line would be halted while the adjoining line proceeded past us, and since all progress was rather slow, we recognized, and were recognized by, people whom we passed or who were passing us. "Hello, Dutch, . . . Hello, Emily," they would cry. "See you at the club?" Almost invariably the other cars contained foursomes, but I am the only living alumnus of my college in our town, and no one from our town ever went to Yale. The exchange of greetings with the friends in the other cars had its usual effect, which was to put Emily and me in the holiday mood while still twice as far away as Sheridan in Thomas Buchanan Read's famous poem. Twenty miles away, ten miles away, we would see some friends and wave to them, and before we had finished chatting about them there would be another foursome. But about a mile or two from our destination a large black limousine, and not a hired one, moved slowly past us, and as I saw the occupants I quickly looked at Emily to see if she had recognized them too. She had.

"Well, I suppose he has as much right to come to the game as I have," I said.

"Since when?" she said.

"Well, he's an alumnus, and I'm sure he pays his alumni dues and all that sort of thing. Anyway, we won't have to see him. There'll be forty thousand people there today, and he won't be sitting with our class."

"Thank heaven," she said. "Did you notice who was with him?"

(Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

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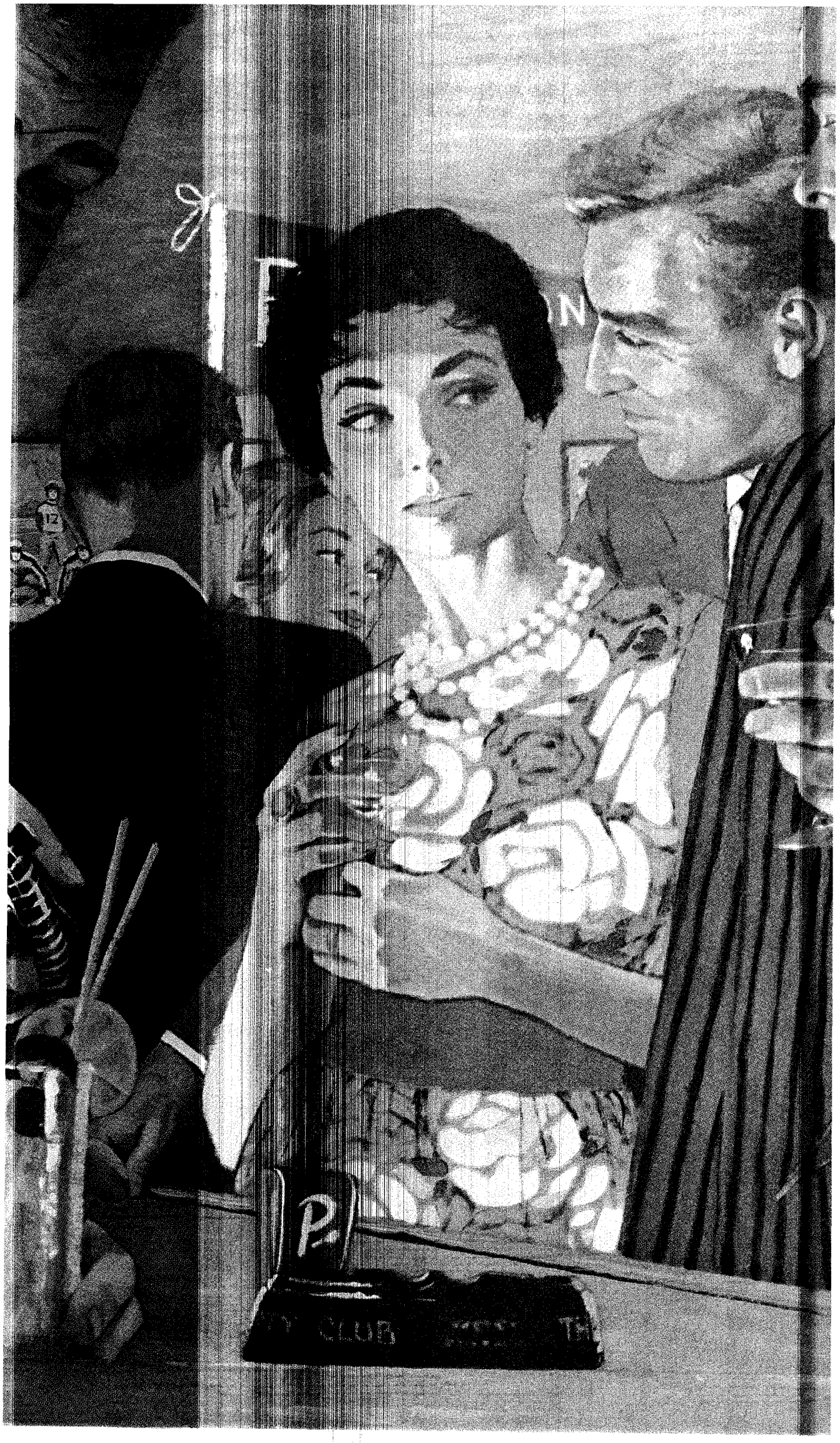

"Hello, Emily," Stone said. "How is the former Mrs. Stone?"

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We Salvaged the African Queen

Nine miles off the Maryland coast lay the wrecked tanker *African Queen,* worth more than $1,000,000 in salvage. Here is the true story of the men who gambled their lives to bring her back.

By LLOYD DEIR as told to Clay Blair Jr.

Below: Tenacious Lloyd Deir, who refused to give up on the "impossible" job.
"I'll never forget the first night on board the *Queen,*" he says. "I'd be lying if I said I wasn't frightened."

In the early morning hours of December 30, 1958, a northeaster, with winds from forty to sixty miles an hour, lashed the cold, gray Atlantic seas off the coast of Maryland and Delaware. Offshore, moving at slow speed, a giant tanker, the Liberian-registered *African Queen,* brimming with 22,000 tons of crude oil from Colombia, rolled and pitched heavily. The *Queen's* captain, Kai Danielsen, forty-three, a Norwegian, was on the bridge guiding the ship's course. His immediate objective was to enter the Delaware Bay, which would lead to his final destination, Paulsboro, New Jersey.

The *African Queen* was an impressive ship—a far cry from her namesake in the Bogart-Hepburn motion picture of the same name, which, incidentally, was based on the novel by C. S. Forester, whose stories about Capt. Horatio Hornblower have appeared many times in *The Saturday Evening Post.* The *Queen* was built in Kiel, Germany, by Kieler Howaldtswerke at a cost of about $6,500,000, she was nearly as long as two football fields laid end to end—590 feet—and had a beam of seventy-four feet. Powered by enormous, precision-made German steam turbines, she could make sixteen knots with a full load. All of her complicated pumping gear connecting the massive cargo tanks was expensive and well-made; her crew's quarters in the afterpeak were roomy and comfortable. The officers' quarters in the towering bridge structure, then bedecked with Christmas trees and other ornaments of the holiday just past, were lavishly finished in mahogany and teak. Shipbuilders estimate that

© 1959 Queen Salvors Enterprises, Inc.

Belden Little of Holland, Virginia, and his family. Believing the *Queen* to be a "chance of a lifetime," he proposed that he and Deir go aboard with shotguns and stake a claim.

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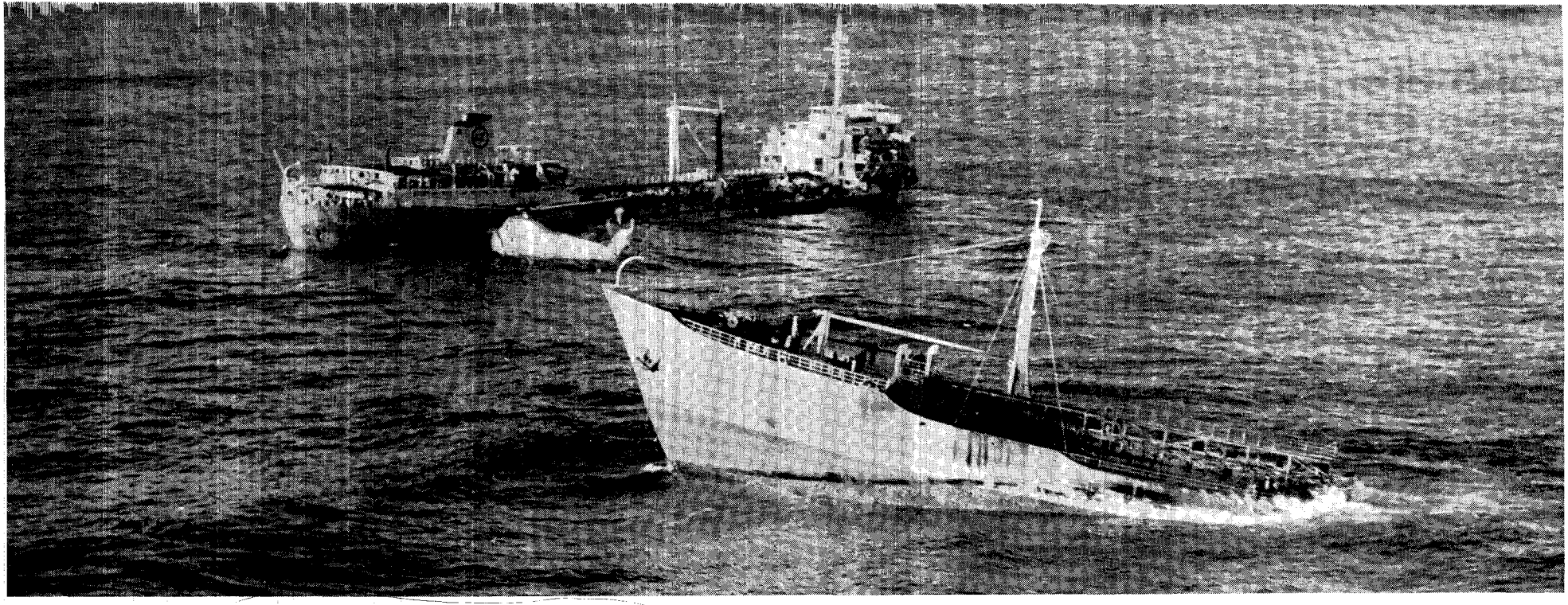
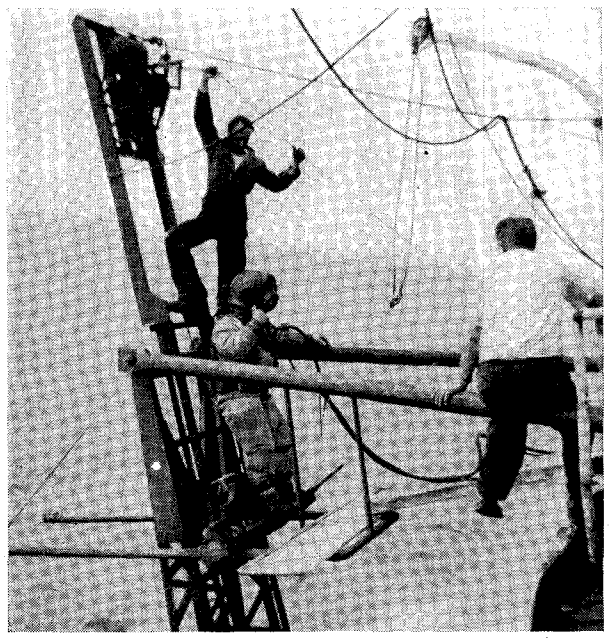


The *Queen*, broken in two, as she looked in early January. A wildcat salvager named Louis Bertrand boarded the bow section, which was carried out to sea in a storm. It capsized, drowning Bertrand.

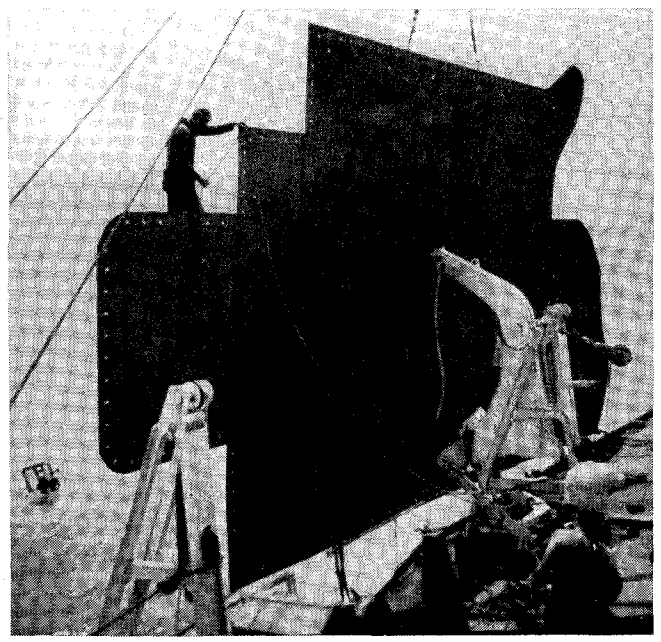
today it would cost about $15,000,000 to duplicate the *Queen* in the United States.

That night there was tension on the bridge. Behind the large, rain-splattered windows, Captain Danielsen brought all his twenty-eight years of seamanship to bear on one single problem: the *Queen's* position. If the ship was to make Delaware Bay without trouble, it had to be precisely known. Captain Danielsen's task was complicated by the fact that the ship's radar was out of commission, and more than ten hours had elapsed since he had obtained an exact visual fix. The winds and currents were uncertain. Lights on shore and at sea were visible from the *Queen's* bridge, but he could not be sure of their identity.

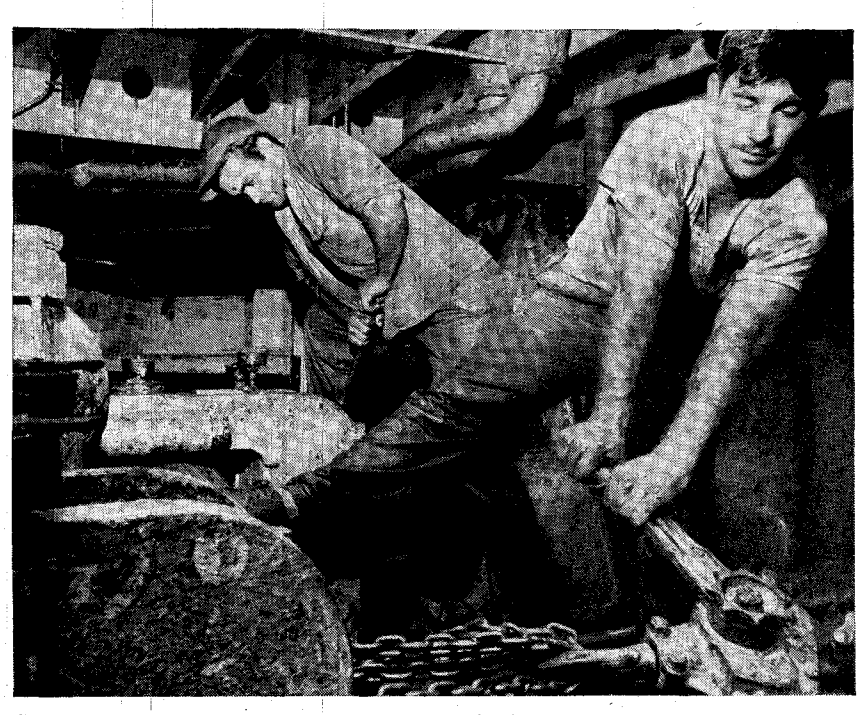
The *Queen* was still many miles south of the Bay and dangerously close to the shoals off the Maryland coast when Captain Danielsen came to a decision. He would move out to sea and wait for daylight. Accordingly, he gave the orders to come right and to increase speed to half ahead. Minutes later, at 0555, a bone-jarring shudder (Continued on Page 131)



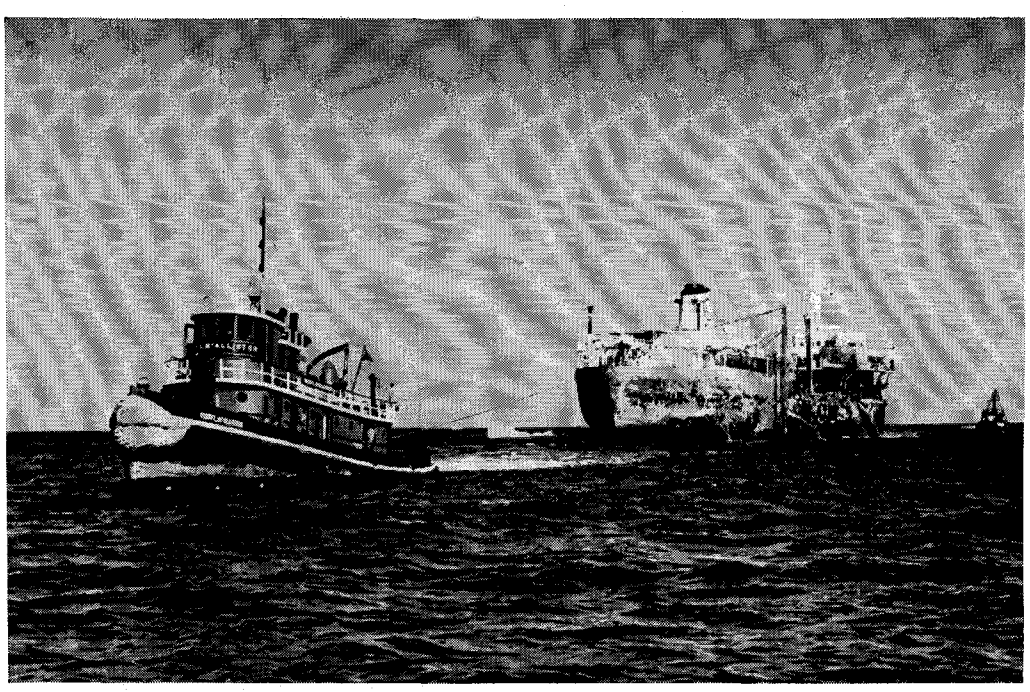
Professional diver Duke Morris preparing to examine the gaping holes in the ship's starboard side. To facilitate his work, Deir designed and built this electrical diving platform.



Above is the ingenious 24,000-pound steel plate which Deir and his crew fabricated as a patch for the submerged hull. It was successfully lowered into place five months after the salvage job began.



Steering-gear room: Salvagers Pearley Strait (left) and Woody Crisp working to move the *Queen's* massive rudder into amidships position by hand. The rudder had been jammed at full left.



September 26. The *Queen* being towed stern first into Hampton Roads, Virginia, nine months after she sank. During the 103-mile trip the *Queen* was in danger of sinking at any moment.

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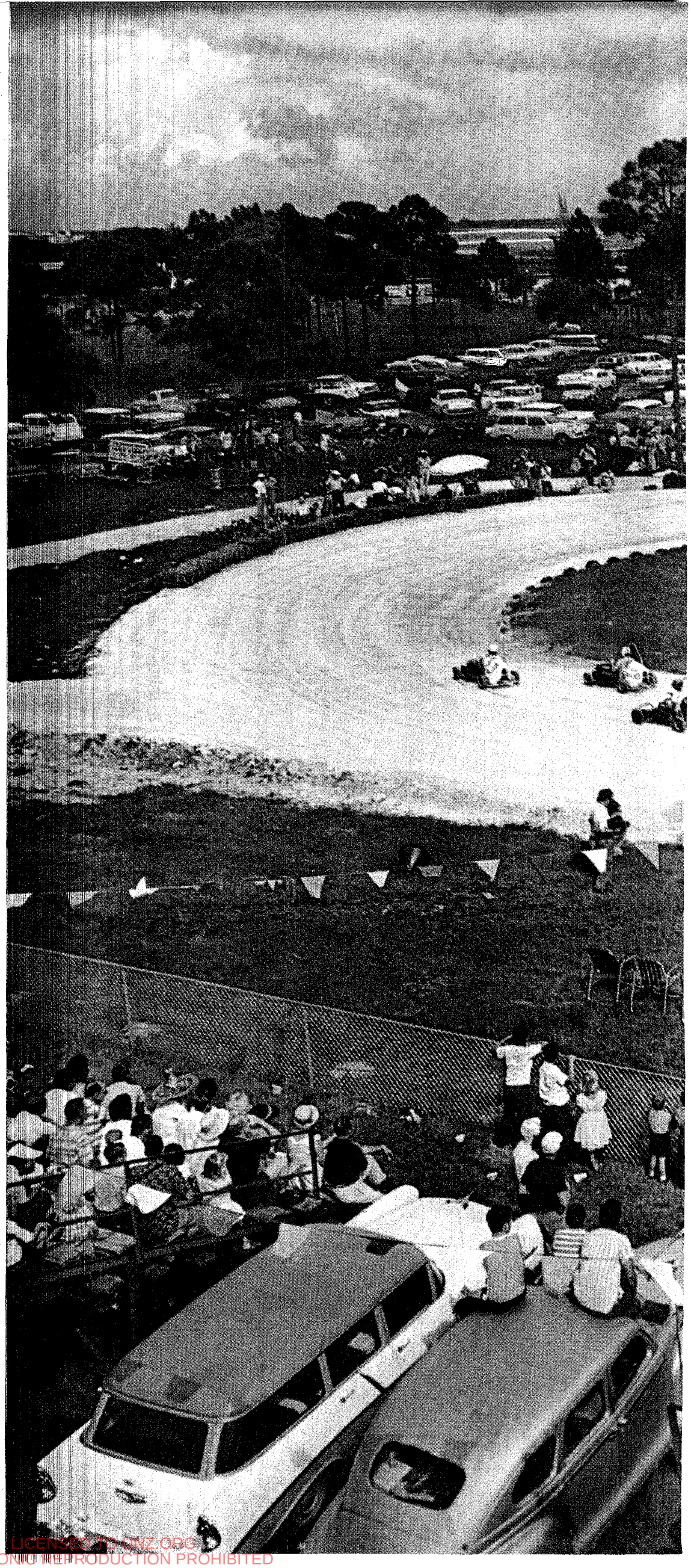
The Face of AMERICA

Noisy Little Race

Two years ago ingenious kids in Southern California built a few subminiature racers, powered with lawn-mower engines. Somebody dubbed them "karts," and the name—and the spelling—stuck. Since then 150 firms have come forward with such factory brands as Track Rabbit, GoKart, Bug, Gopher, Simplex, Puttnick. Prices begin around $125 for a two-and-a-half-horsepower assemble-it-yourself kit, and go to $600 for a chromed, twenty-four-horsepower, twin-engine model. Speeds range from eight mph for the six-to-twelve-year-old trade, to seventy mph for adults' full-race versions. For teen-agers there are race meets all over the country, like this one at Uncle Bim's midget track near West Palm Beach, Florida. Curves on this one-twelfth-mile oval hold speeds to thirty mph, and drivers are ruled by the "Palm Beach County Families' Miniature Car Racing Association"—in short, mom and dad. These karts are about seventy inches long and weigh only eighty-five pounds. Roll bars protect Junior if he turns over. More likely, hard cornering will simply make his low-slung kart spin around and teach him a lesson: You can't win going backward. ● Photograph by John Burns



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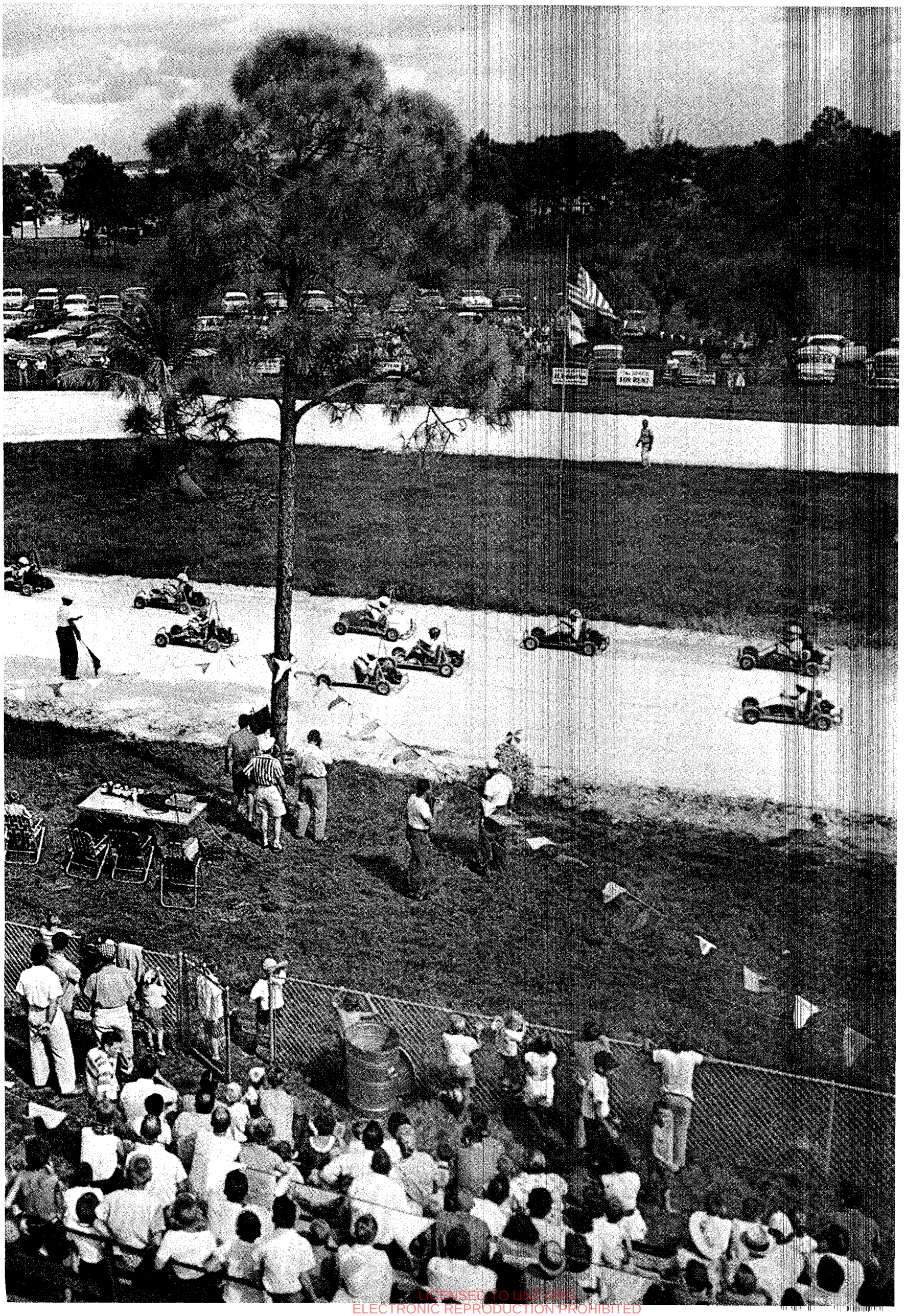

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BOTTLE OF DEATH

By GILBERT RALSTON

One false step and it would blow them to bits.

This was indeed a special day. Even the children seemed to sense its importance and were perhaps a trifle noisier than usual at breakfast.

Mary Kenny waited by the door as she had for sixteen years, holding out the black metal box from the back of the closet. Her husband fished the key from his pocket, opened the box and lifted the .38 out of its accustomed hiding place, easing it into his belt holster.

Mary looked up at him wistfully. "Last day, Michael," she said, "take care."

He studied her face for a moment, remembering all the years. "I know," he said, "I'll be careful."

It was a clean, clear winter morning, the wind with a bite to it, and the city new and sparkling under a layer of fresh snow.

Mike's building was on Poplar Street, a few doors from the precinct station. He walked in past the tarnished sign, past the cases exhibiting the remnants of the Mad Bomber's implements of death, past the Identification Room and Ballistics Lab, and into the modest quarters of the Bomb Squad.

Jack Gross was there before him, seated at the farthest of the four desks in the squad room, while Foster, the squad clerk, rearranged his meticulously aligned notes. Gross was small and fox-faced, his movements surgical as he examined the battered remnants of a piece of iron pipe. He looked up as Kenny entered the room.

"Hiya, sergeant."

"Morning, Jack."

"Maybe I should say, investigator, Monarch Casualty Company."

"*Chief* investigator, buster—but not until tomorrow." Gross turned back to his work.

"Sounds impressive all right."

Mike hung his coat and hat on the rack near the teletypewriter. "The salary is, anyway." He glanced at the two empty desks in the end of the room.

(Continued on Page 122)

Inch by inch Gross worked his way up the stairs.

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The author with the dime slot machine he uses to demonstrate gambling odds to his statistics class at the University of Wisconsin. The machine has been fixed to operate without coins.

A college professor who is an expert on gambling odds tells why you can't possibly come out a winner on horse races, football pools, slot machines and other easy-money gimmicks.

A Primer for CHUMPS

By PHILIP G. FOX
as told to Stanley Frank

A graduate student in chemistry hesitated before entering a faculty meeting at the University of Wisconsin a few years ago, seemingly overawed by the array of Ph.D.'s and eminent eggheads. The youth's diffidence was not prompted by respect for scholarship, however. He really was casing the joint for chumps to be hooked by a sucker proposition.

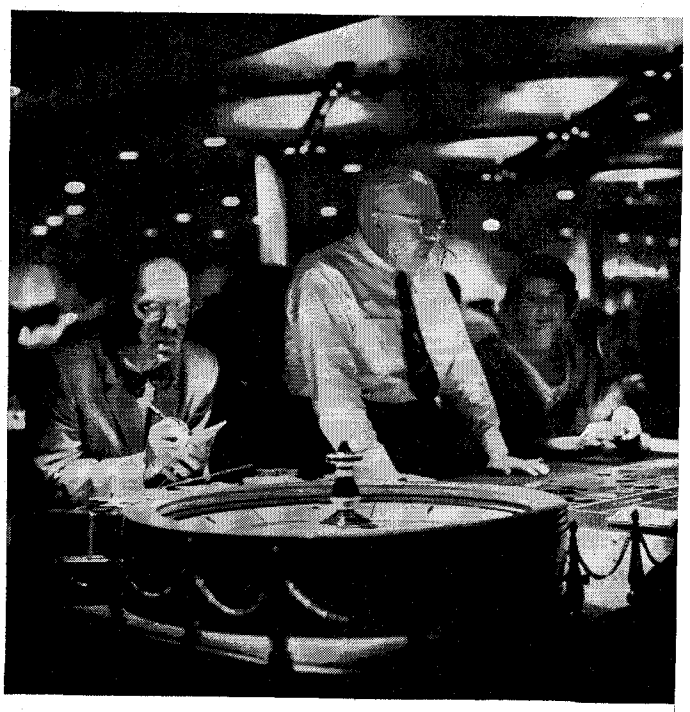
"I'll bet anyone there are two people in this room with the identical birthday," he announced. "That's right, the same day and month."

The student assured the thirty-four men in the room he had not checked on their birthdays. The bet was a stab in the dark. Wheels began to turn furiously in the savants' heads. Thirty-four dates out of 365 in the year gave them better than a 10-to-1 chance, they reasoned, and the idiot was willing to take even money. Fourteen victims fell into the trap with a loud clatter of Phi Beta Kappa keys. Two identical birthdays turned up before half the group was polled.

Dr. Villiers Meloche, who had been at the meeting, was still baffled the next day when he told the story to Dean Mark Ingraham and me at lunch. Did the student win on a swindle or sheer coincidence? Ingraham is a mathematician; he and I scrawled figures on the tablecloth while we listened to Meloche. Although we never had heard of the dodge, it was not difficult to approximate the true odds that should have governed the bet.

Meloche's learned colleagues had been fleeced by a bunko game. The student had a 4-to-1 bet going for him with this random selection of thirty-four dates. He would have had slightly better than an even chance of finding two identical birthdays among twenty-three people; the eleven extra players were money in the bank. In an audience of forty he would have had an 8-to-1 edge, and thereafter the odds in his favor mounted so fast that the gimmick was more profitable—and safer—than a license to steal.

(Continued on Page 139)



At the Desert Inn in Las Vegas Professor Fox (left) records the winning numbers on a roulette wheel. "I have never seen a 'system' that gave the player a remote chance to break even in an honest game," he says.

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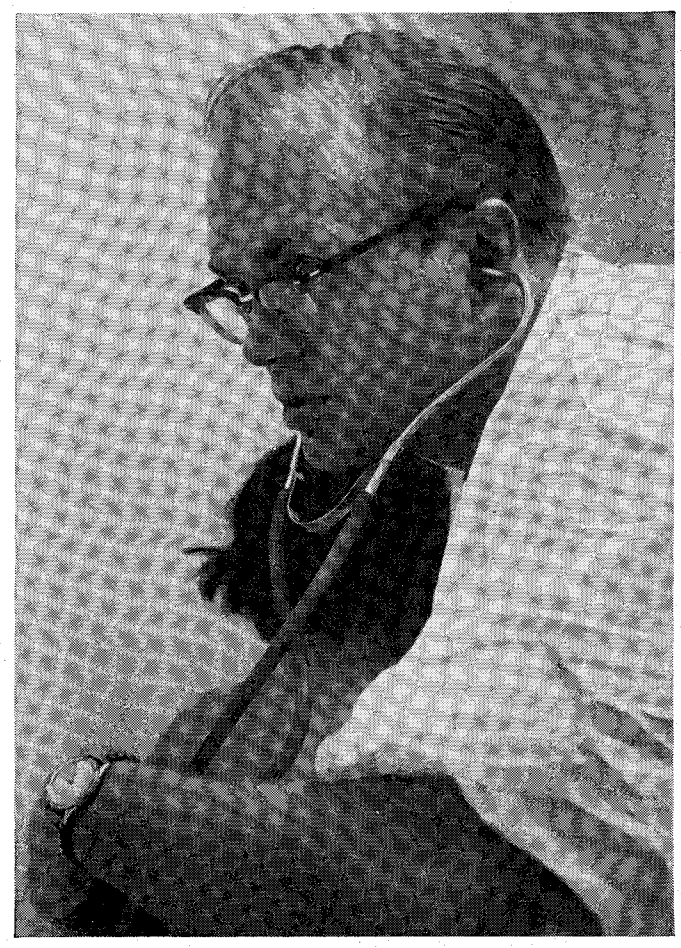
A nurse giving the ferric-chloride diaper test for PKU—phenylketonuria—at White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles. If the baby is normal, the spot on the wet diaper will show up yellow. But a green reaction indicates the child is suffering from brain-damaging PKU.



Dr. Willard Centerwall, designer of the Los Angeles diaper-test program. Under his plan babies are checked for PKU at each of their medical examinations during the first year.

Saving Children From Mental Retardation

Here are the medical advances which are helping to prevent five major causes of mental retardation in children.

By Ruth and Edward Brecher

At scores of "well-baby clinics" maintained by health departments in Los Angeles and neighboring counties, the nurse who weighs the babies also places a single drop of a common chemical solution on each baby's wet diaper.

This new kind of urine test takes less than ten seconds and costs less than a penny, yet it may help save the baby's brain from permanent, devastating damage.

The chemical is a 10 per cent solution of ferric chloride. If the baby's urine is normal, a yellow spot appears. But about once in 20,000 tests the spot on the wet diaper shows up green instead—evidence that this baby suffers from a brain-damaging hereditary disease called phenylketonuria—PKU for short.

Until recently, most PKU victims were doomed to live out their lives as idiots or imbeciles—the severest grades of mental retardation. Many, lodged in institutions for the mentally defective, never learned to talk or even to dress and feed themselves. Today, thanks to a major medical break-through, PKU babies may grow up to be competent human beings, their intelligence unimpaired—provided the disease is diagnosed early enough, before the brain is damaged.

That's why the ferric-chloride test is so important.

Prenatal blood tests are used to warn of erythroblastosis (Rh disease), another brain-damaging affliction, which may appear at birth in the offspring of parents with an Rh incompatibility.

"Here in Southern California, eight PKU babies have been spotted and placed under treatment already," says Dr. Willard R. Centerwall, of the College of Medical Evangelists, who designed the Los Angeles diaper-test program.

"If every baby born in the United States from now on were tested for PKU," Doctor Centerwall added, "several thousand could be saved from mental retardation in each generation."

A cause for thanksgiving? "Certainly," says Dr. Gunnar Dybwad (he has a doctor's degree in jurisprudence), director of the National Association for Retarded Children. "Yet this is only one small example of the remarkable

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Sonoma State Hospital, California. The seven-year-old child above has an I.Q. of 12 and is permanently retarded. She was three and a half before tests disclosed that she had PKU.

Right: Two-and-a-half-year-old Gary Kolster of Whittier, California, was a PKU baby. But the disease was discovered when he was six weeks old. As a result he is normal and healthy and has an I.Q. of 90.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

methods by which mental retardation of various kinds is now being prevented."

A child's brain development, Dybwad explains, may be impaired in any of five major ways:

His retardation may be due to a hereditary defect such as PKU.

It may be caused, before birth, by conditions arising during the mother's pregnancy.

It may be traceable to injury during the birth process.

It may result from injury or disease suffered after birth.

And finally, it may be unrelated—so far as anyone can determine—to any physical condition, but arise out of the circumstances in which the child is brought up.

"We've begun at last," Doctor Dybwad adds, "to make progress on all five fronts."

The most dramatic of the recent advances concerns hereditary diseases like PKU, long dreaded and cloaked in mystery. Superstition attributed them to "tainted blood"; many parents felt ashamed or guilty when such children were born. Even most physicians considered such diseases "hopeless." Then, during the early 1930's, a tenacious Norwegian mother, identified in the medical literature as "Mrs. E." took a long step toward dragging the hereditary diseases out into the open.

Mrs. E.'s two children, a daughter and a son, were both (Continued on Page 109)

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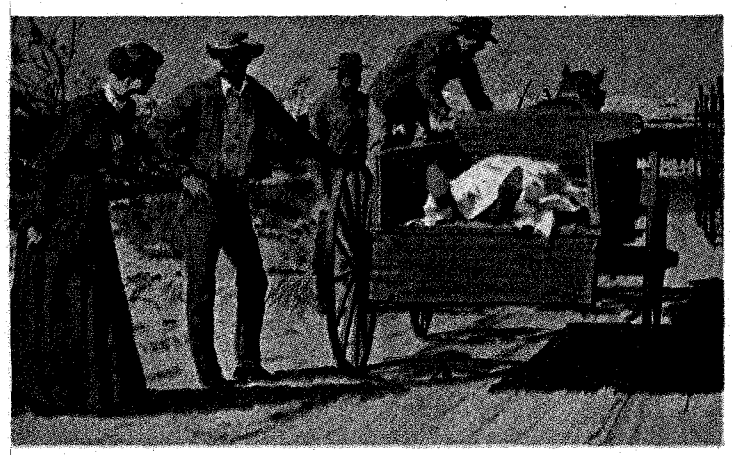
"On your way to my place?" Amelia asked the vigilantes.

Violence on the Plains

Could one woman stop an angry mob from carrying out a lynching?

Beginning a new serial by CHARLES O. LOCKE



"Is that Blaine?" she said, looking at the body in the wagon.

Standing there on the high plains of Texas, Amelia Rankin wondered if she was being watched. She was inclined to think she had been watched ever since leaving the ranch house. Since range trouble started she had got used to the feeling and had it every so often in driving around the considerable amount of Texas country she owned. But she knew that whoever was watching her was well hid and that it was no use to look around and behind her where her horses raised their heads from nibbling as they stood between the widely cast-down reins.

She knew what her husband, Henry Rankin, would have said if he were alive, in his carefree but successful managing of a one hundred and seventy-four-thousand acre spread. He'd have said to hell with it unless he felt in the mood to stalk whoever was watching and catch up with him and possibly kick him silly. His philosophy had been that most people wear themselves out doing the kind of things smarter people know are not important.

What bothered her was that she wanted to be alone. The knowledge that her competitors hired men to watch her—not so much because they hated her, but because they were worried about what they called her antics in the cattle business—had entered a certain stage in her thinking. She was an overly conscientious woman and so she was not cynical or amused by the knowledge. She had concluded that

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spying on her represented an issue that was being drawn between her and her fellow cattlemen toward some distant day of reckoning.

A sage hen skittered forty yards to her right and took off. As always, it made her heart jump, but then the quiet came down again. She examined the near ground. The grass was not as long as last year, the turf less rich and sponge-like. She bent over and raised her tailored skirt and lavender petticoat. One hand went up to guard the babies'-breath that trimmed her small, serviceable hat, and with the other she unlaced a heavy shoe. She put her cotton-shod foot firmly on the turf, wondering if, as that traveling healer had said months ago, there really was electricity in the earth of great benefit to humans and that folks made a mistake in not going barefoot more.

She pressed hard with her toes and felt some sort of a thrill go through her. She enjoyed it as long as it lasted and then put the shoe back on and stooped to get a pinch of the middling-dry dust and taste it as she had seen her father back in Pennsylvania test with his tongue for sour soil, claiming he could. As she did this she thought of her deceased husband and her daughter, Mary, in terms of the land. Mary was eighteen, the age her mother had been when she first met Henry Rankin. Since Henry had died and Mary had reached maturity, there were fewer demands on her, so that the land had become in a sense both child and husband. Like a child, it needed tending and strengthening; like a husband, it could be molded a little nearer to the heart's desire.

Her horses stamped. So did another horse, and she looked back quickly.

She thought at first it was whoever had been watching her. She saw beyond the pitch of land to the north first a hat crown, then a head, then shoulders, and finally the full length of the rider and horse coming down toward her. He came on slowly, even timidly, giving the wagon and team a wide berth in the circle he made toward where Amelia stood. He nodded and smiled, and Amelia smiled back, wondering how fast she could make it to the wagon and the sheathed carbine; but the man was obviously unarmed. He got off very slowly and came to her. She saw that he was tall, big-nosed, with glowing eyes, deep-set in his face. He had big hands, clumsy with the reins. He wore a dust-stained broadcloth frock coat, checkered pants and a hat that sat too big on his small head.

"Howdy."

"Howdy."

"Are you in trouble?"

"No—just enjoying the view."

"Might I enjoy it with you, ma'am? My name's Lambert. You're Mrs. Rankin."

He dropped the reins over the horse's head, and the horse began grazing. Amelia's mare whinnered, but the big bay went on nibbling.

"No fear. He's a wore-out gelding. Well, now, Mrs. Rankin, I am on your land and you might want to know my business."

"I'd like to know."

"I am a minister of religion."

"What faith?"

"Couldn't quite tell you that. Don't know myself. I've tried most of them. None of them seem soul-satisfying. Maybe I don't know enough. I'm a humble man, never having had much education, and I'm short on creed and gospel—but can preach a sermon. I've done other things too.

"You'll want to know why I'm here. Well, I'll tell you. I'm to fill in for a preacher in a little town south of here. He's going to leave on a trip and I'm going to take over while he's away. I won't fool you, ma'am. Until I get to be a better preacher I'll have to keep on taking jobs like (Continued on Page 92)

The novel which begins on these pages is being published in book form this week under the title *Amelia Rankin* by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. —THE EDITORS

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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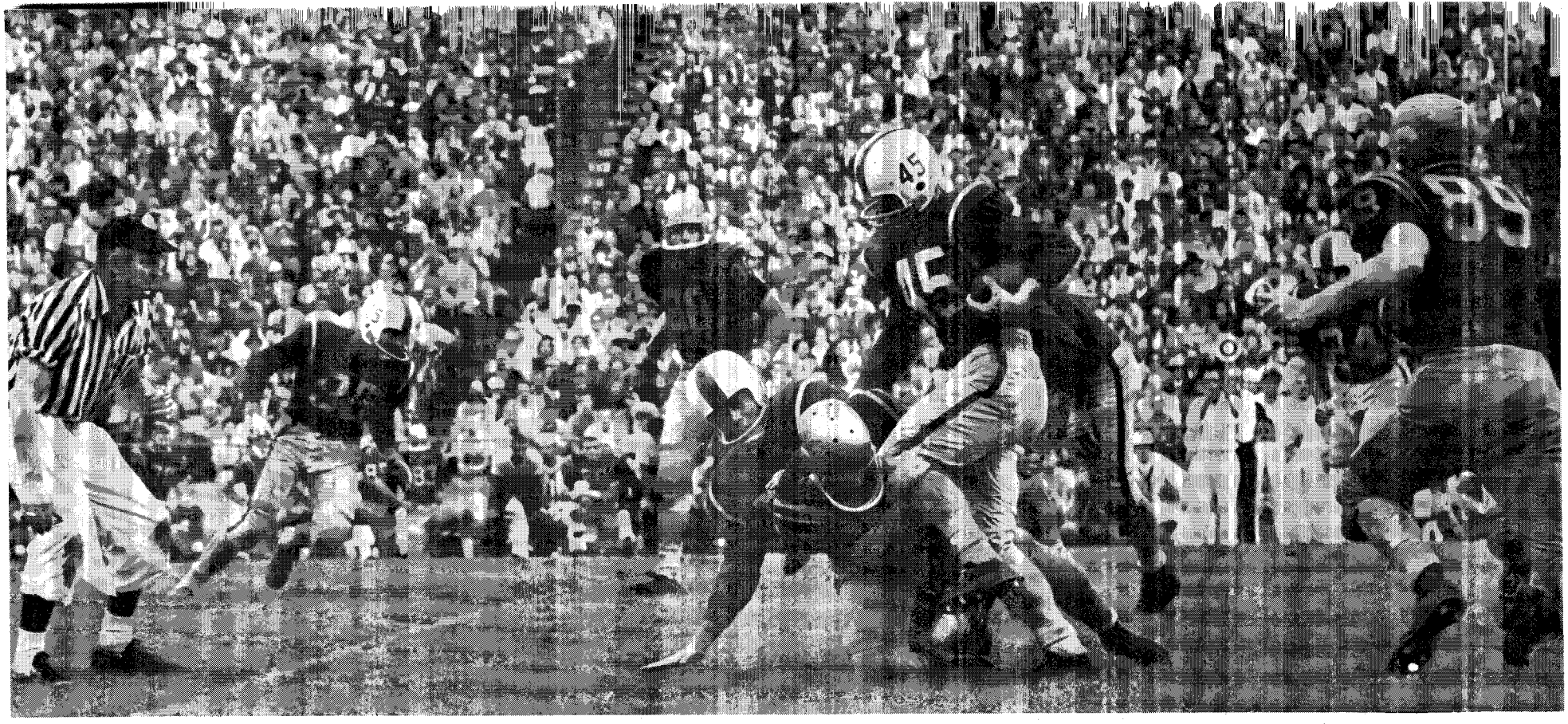
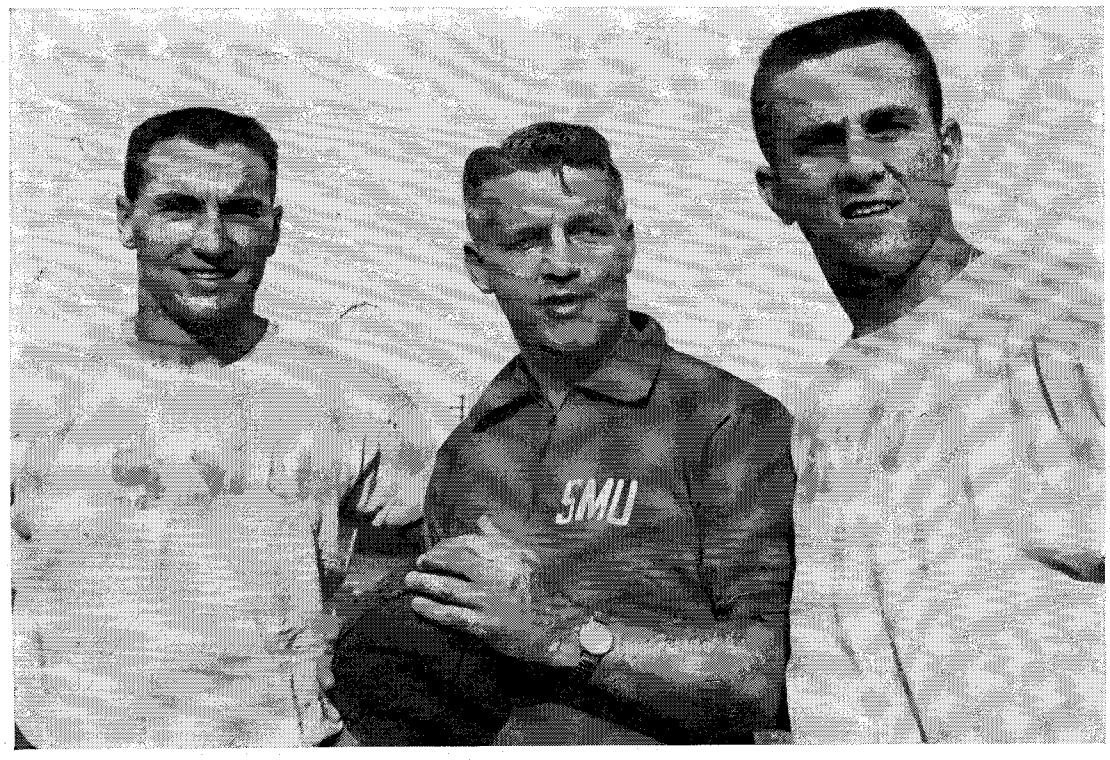


S.M.U. fullback Mike Hackney (No. 45) carrying the ball against Navy last month. His hard rushing helped the Mustangs win, 20–7.

The Fans Expect Him to Win

S.M.U. coach Bill Meek, who made his reputation with lowly teams, now is handling high-rated material. Will he fulfill the Mustangs' hopes?

By TOM SILER



Meek (center) with halfback Glynn Gregory (left) and his star quarterback Don "Merri-baby" Meredith. Says Meek, "Meredith thinks he can do anything . . . and so does Meek."

Bill Meek, a football coach who thrives on controversy, has made a career of reviving lost causes. In his eight previous seasons as a head coach he has generally had squads of which little was expected, so that any time they won more than half their games the season was a triumph. To an extent the same has been true recently of his present school, Southern Methodist University, which last won the Southwest Conference championship in 1948.

This year the situation was different. Football forecasters labeled Meek's S.M.U. team the best in the conference and one of the strongest in the country. A major reason the experts were so high on Meek and his Mustangs was Don Meredith, a senior quarterback who is a bit of a character, and a whole lot of football player. Since he began doing his stuff as a passer and runner two years ago, local wags have taken to calling the school "Southern Meredith."

During the first half of the schedule this fall it was difficult to tell whether S.M.U. was headed for a really big year. The Mustangs won three, tied one and lost only one, but they didn't demolish anybody. Final judgment on the 1959 campaign is being arrived at this month in S.M.U.'s meetings with a succession of tough conference opponents.

The current season is important not only to Meek and Meredith but also to the prestige of Madison (Matty) Bell, S.M.U.'s long-time director of athletics. Matty Bell was the school's last successful football coach. He had a twelve-year record with the Mustangs of seventy-nine victories, forty defeats and eight ties, climaxed by championship seasons during Doak Walker's heyday in 1947 and 1948. A year later the gregarious, fun-loving Bell got off the coaching hot seat and became a full-time athletic director.

(Continued on Page 112)

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Meeting by Moonlight

By PAUL DARCY BOLES

She found him attractive, in an exotic way, and she was a little afraid of him too.

Camille Bryson saw the car three seconds before it hit her station wagon. There wasn't time for assessment; all the same, it was surprising that in the instant she also saw the set, dark face of the young man at the wheel, heard him say something which sounded foreign as he whirled that wheel. Then came the crunch of metal from the rear of the wagon.

It was her own fault; she'd been backing out of the Bryson driveway and hadn't yet switched on the wagon's lights. You got used to having this countryside to yourself. For another moment she sat where she was. A light flared on in the entryway of the huge house. She heard her father's voice, "Cam? Cam, you all right?" And then she heard his footfalls spurting on gravel as he ran toward her.

"I'm all right," she called. She got out and walked around the wagon. The long black car had stopped. The young man was out of it.

He was about half a head taller than she. In the moonlight his skin was the color of new bronze, and he possessed the blackest hair she'd ever seen, and the darkest eyes. His nose was the jib of a proud ship. He stood beside her, breathing lightly.

Camille stepped to the crushed, bunged-in and deeply dented tail gate. With fingers whose ends felt frozen she managed to lower the gate; then she only stared. The large copper pot, a big one, had taken the brunt of the blow. It had two deep, savage dents. The big copper kettle had fared nearly as badly. Its three legs were askew; its mammoth lip leaned drunkenly. She touched the pot and said softly, "Out of all the times in the world for you to come ramming along, you had to pick now."

"Sorry," said the young man. He had a very deep voice. She'd expected he would have. "I was in a hurry—am in a hurry. You didn't have lights ——"

"I know, I know." If she could keep herself from crying, it (Continued on Page 104)

"Look," he said, "why don't you put the kettle and pot in my car? Come with me."

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1944: Joan Berry, with the baby girl she claimed Chaplin fathered. Despite medical testimony that he was not the child's father, she won her paternity suit.

But the same year Giesler (left) got him off a charge of transporting Miss Berry to New York for immoral purposes. Here Chaplin is surrendering to Federal authorities.

The Jerry Giesler Story PART TWO

THE CHAPLIN CASE

By JERRY GIESLER
as told to Pete Martin

Recess from court near the end of the Mann Act trial. "Each noon as we walked to lunch," says Giesler (left of Chaplin), "a few, then more of those who watched us pass had kind words for Chaplin."

Hollywood's famous defense lawyer reveals the tactics he used to clear Charlie Chaplin of a sensational morals charge and describes the highly unusual trial of the exotic Miss Lili St. Cyr.

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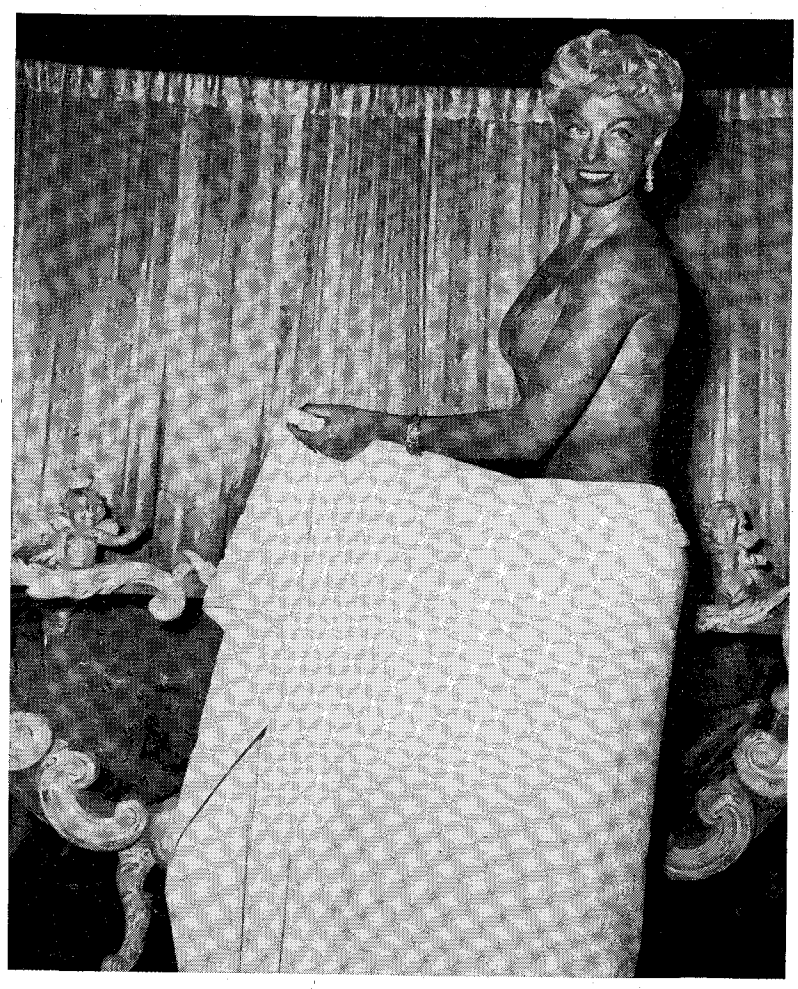

Dangling her costume, dancer Lili St. Cyr jubilantly hugged her attorney after she was cleared on a charge of indecent exposure, which allegedly occurred during her night-club act (right). "I think it is fair to say that I had the case laughed into acquittal," says the author.

When I heard that Miss Lili St. Cyr had been arrested in the Hollywood night club, Ciro's, for "indecent exposure" while doing a strip-bathtub act, I wondered why.

Among other things, she was accused of performing certain movements called bumps and grinds. A bump is a forward and backward snapping of the pelvis. A grind is a rotary movement of the same part of the body. She had done much the same kind of act for years, and I couldn't imagine why anyone had suddenly decided to take her to task. After all, the D.A.'s office must have been aware that she wasn't exactly a specialist in giving readings from Shakespeare or in performing interpretative dancing, except the most basic type.

When Miss St. Cyr opened at Ciro's, a few ultraconservative matrons were on hand—goodness knows why—and they became upset at Miss St. Cyr's strip act. They were so upset that they complained about it to the law.

Miss St. Cyr came out on a small stage fully dressed and wearing a large picture hat. Accompanied by rhythmic music with a thump, she peeled down to a net bra and G string, and climbed into a bathtub while a maid held a large bath towel between her and the audience. The bathtub was transparent; it was illuminated from the inside, and through it seductive curves and undulations could be glimpsed.

Miss St. Cyr finished pretending to take a bath. The maid held the big towel up once more. The stripteuse stepped out of the tub, the maid wrapped the towel around her and, as Jimmy Durante says, "that's thata." I'm no authority on strippers or strip acts, but in my opinion, compared with the majority of such acts, Miss St. Cyr's performance was mild.

Nevertheless, following the complaints registered by the matrons whose modesty had been outraged, a woman sheriff and two deputy sheriffs who attended Miss St. Cyr's next performance decided that her act was lewd and lascivious, and they arrested her.

Preparing a case like Miss St. Cyr's involved going to Ciro's to determine what the patrons could see from various points in the room. Since Miss St. Cyr was accused of exposing more than strippers ordinarily expose, the prosecution's witnesses would have to swear that they had seen such exposure or they would have no case. I questioned whether they could have seen more. (Continued on Page 67)

THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing, except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.

—THE EDITORS

1924: Giesler (left) and the late Norman (Kid McCoy) Selby, ex-welterweight champion, during their courtroom re-enactment of Selby's death struggle with his sweetheart.

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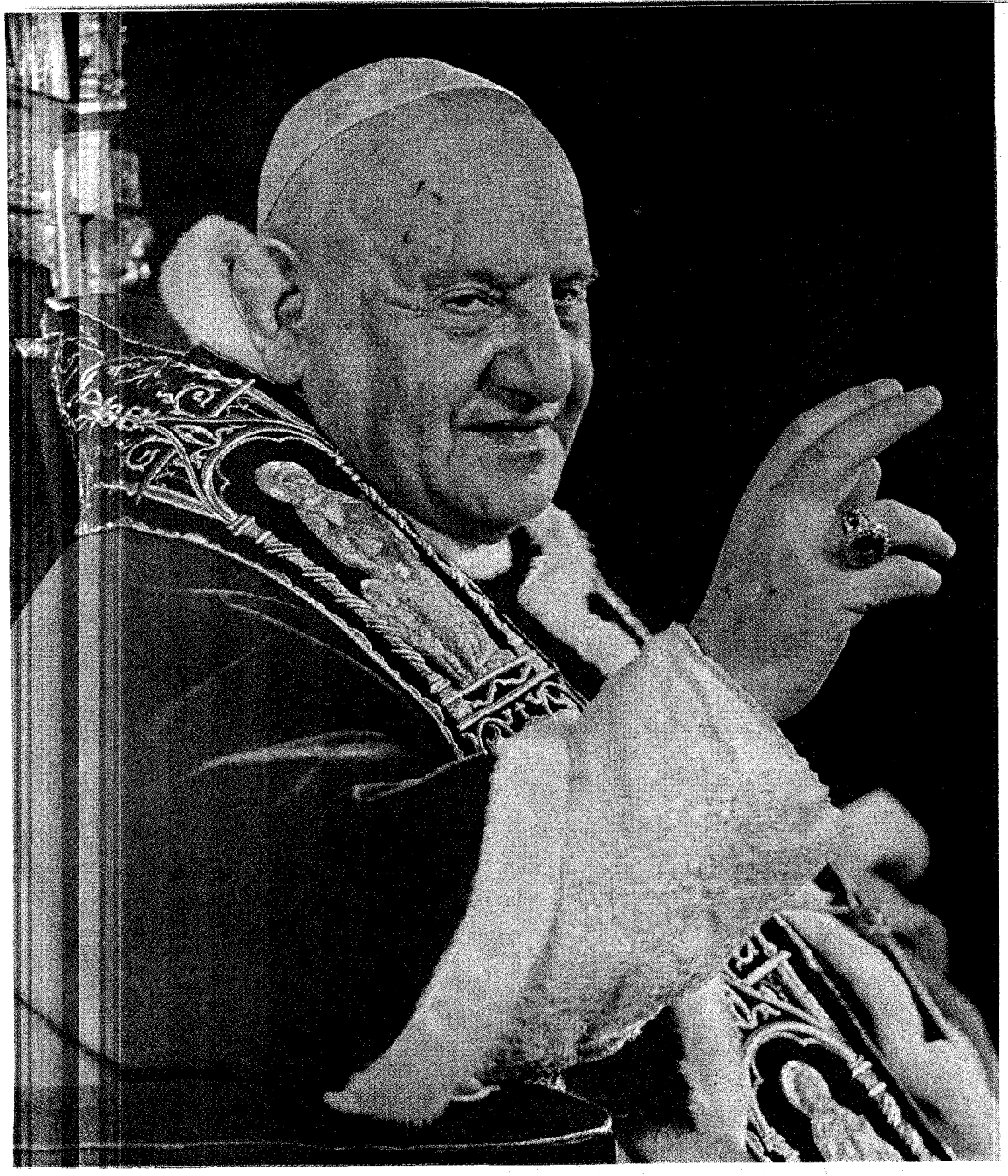


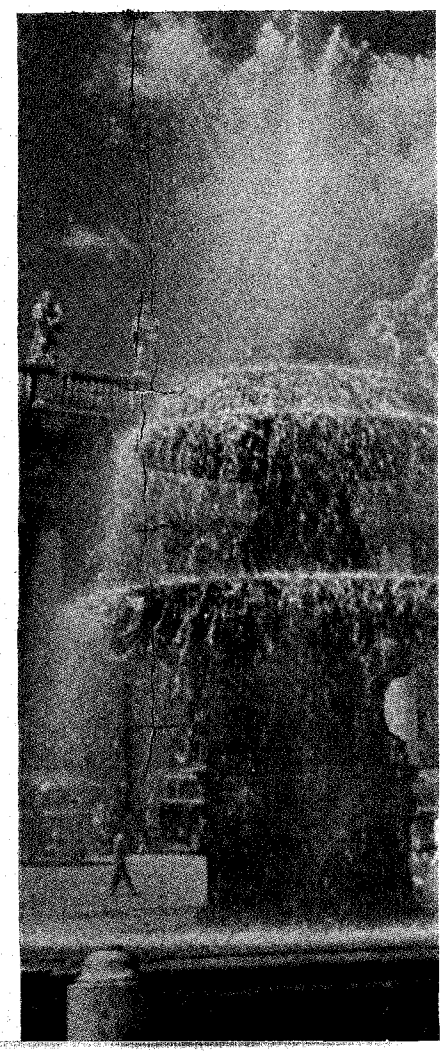
Above: Pope John XXIII. "His warm and democratic manner has done much to offset the effects of the late Pope Pius' aloofness," says Hauser.

INSIDE THE VATICAN

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Since his coronation last fall, Pope John XXIII has brought about some profound changes in the temper and tradition of the ancient governing body of the Catholic Church. A *Post* editor reports from Rome.

Below: Castel Gandolfo, the papal summer residence, overlooks Lake Albano, fifteen miles southeast of Rome.



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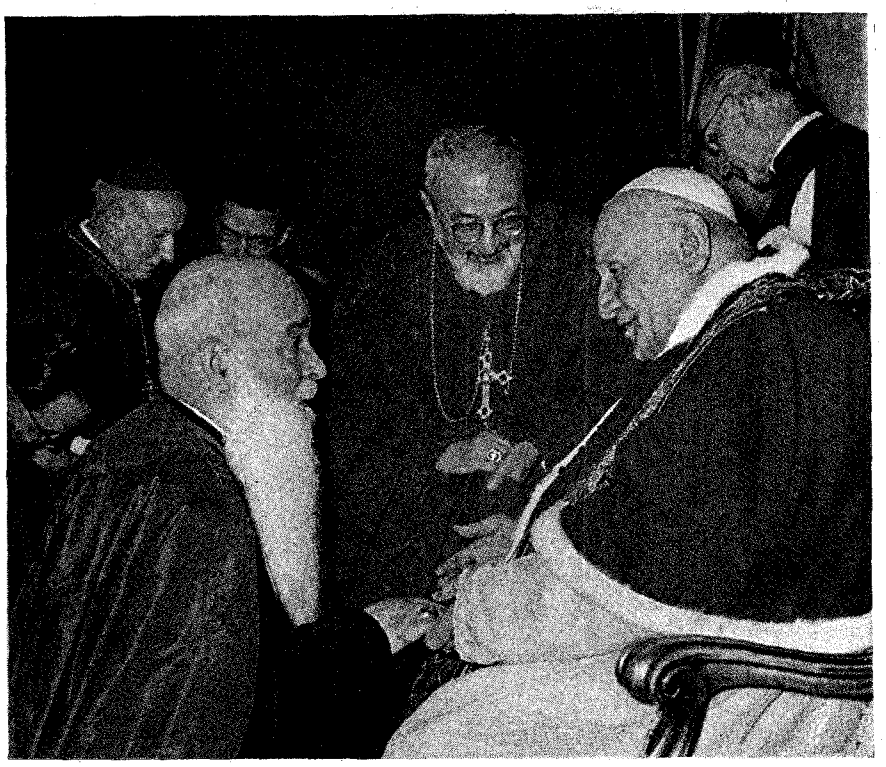
Pope John, shown above during a visit to Infant Jesus Hospital in Rome last Christmas, shuns much of the protocol designed to build invisible walls around his person.



Above: Pope John with Bishop Tissot (kneeling), a former prisoner of the Chinese Communists, and Cardinal Agagianian (center), one of the Vatican's most brilliant minds.

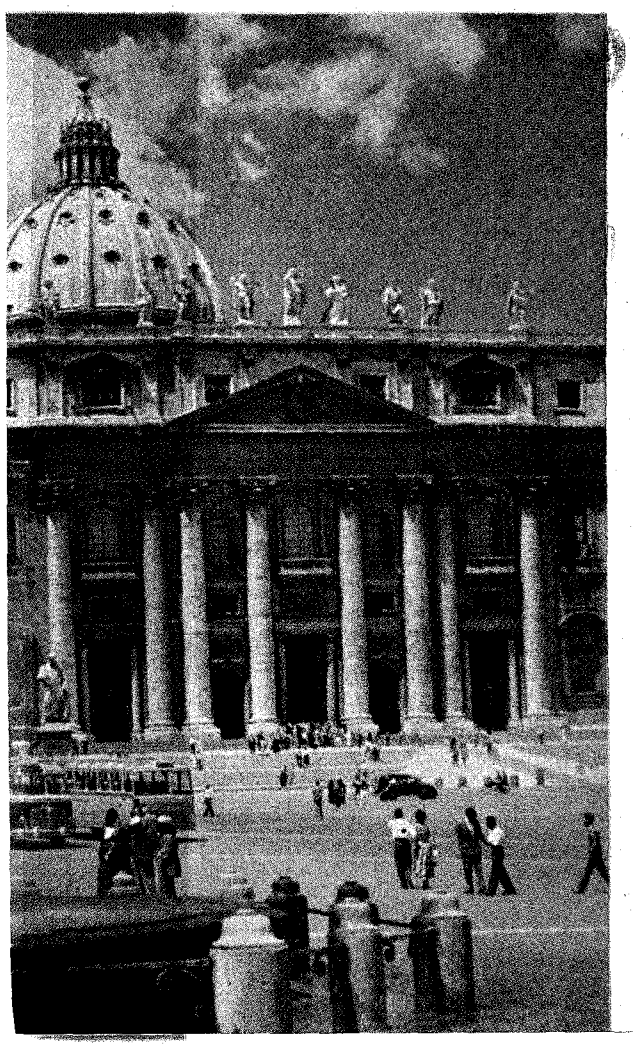
ROME.

The visitor, whatever his religion, is likely to approach the Vatican with a perturbing mixture of curiosity and awe. What other European landmark is so mysteriously suspended between earth and heaven? The world headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church, the spiritual focus of a religious community comprising some 490,000,000 souls, it is at the same time a sovereign state complete with post office, jail, railroad station, army and police force. It issues its own coins and postage stamps, its cars bear special license plates, and its territory—all of 108 acres—is in no way whatever subject to the laws of Italy. Yet it is situated in the heart of Rome, and there is nothing to remind the worshiper or tourist who enters the Basilica of St. Peter—which lies entirely within Vatican City—that he has crossed an international border.

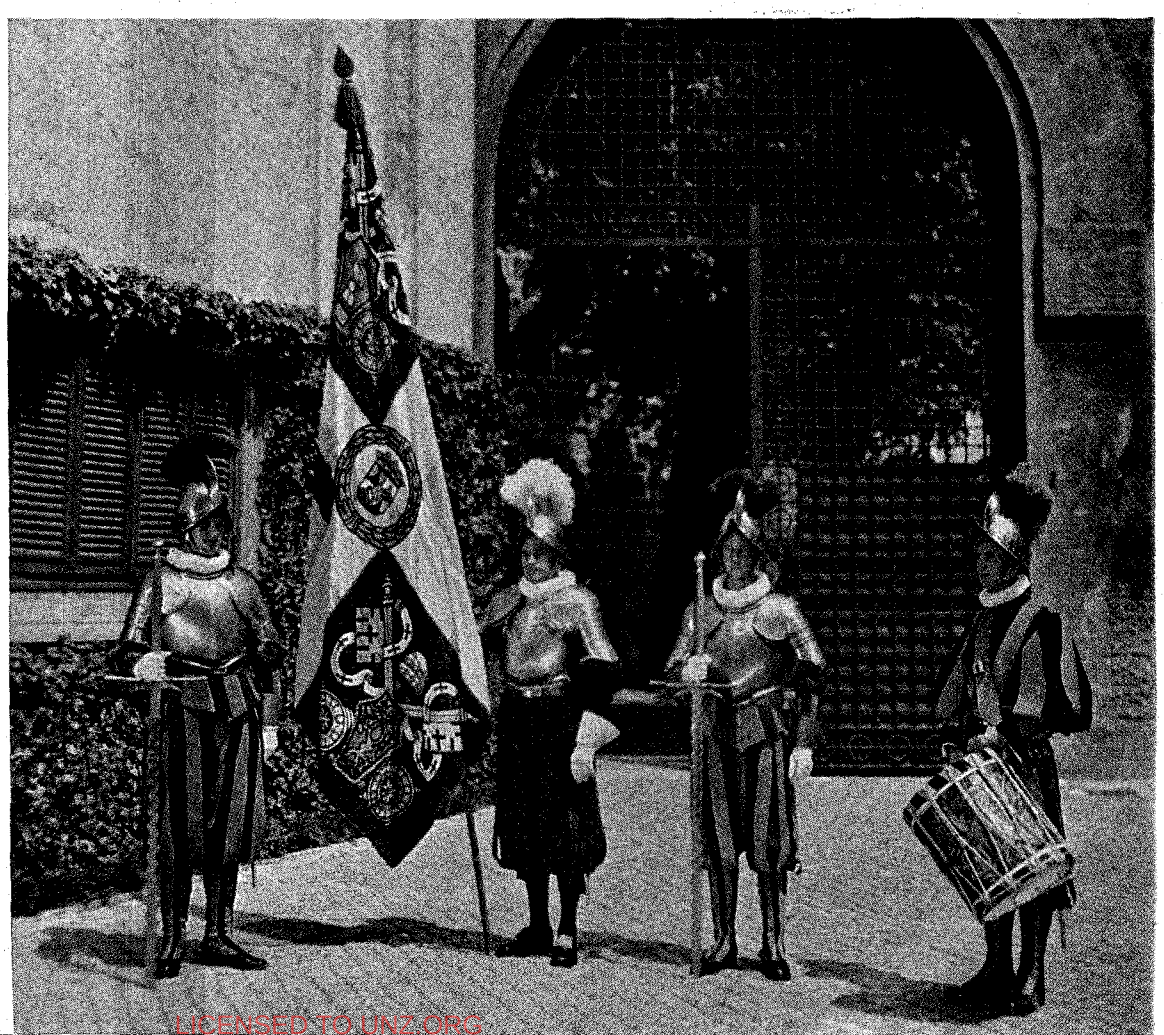
The elevation, in October, 1958, of Angelo Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli to the Papacy as John XXIII has turned the spotlight on this tiny state whose size is so absurdly out of proportion to its weight. And though the time has not yet come for a definitive report on Pope John's reign, enough is happening here to warrant close attention. After the long pontificate of Pope Pius XII, a brisk new breeze is blowing through these marble halls, an air of novelty and of excitement keeps the observer spellbound; and, what with Pope John's dramatic call for an ecumenical council of the church, there is an expectation of great things to come.

Although the late Pope Pius had raised the Holy See's world-wide prestige to an unprecedented height, Romans felt that a change was needed. Having come to the throne in 1939, Pius XII was (Continued on Page 54)

Below: The Basilica of St. Peter. Begun in A.D. 319, the huge edifice contains thirty-four altars and will accommodate 50,000 worshipers.



The Swiss guards, defenders of the Holy See. Another unit, the Pontifical Gendarmes, also polices the Vatican. The palace, second-largest in the world, has been a papal residence for 700 years.



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Mr. Gallup and the Cargo Snatchers

A new sea adventure by

NORMAN REILLY RAINE

The sun had set behind the coastal hills while Mr. Belial Gallup, elderly third mate of the tramp ship Jaipur Prince, lugging a battered suitcase, his threadbare uniform white with road dust, plodded doggedly up the long grade toward Port Hallam on this last weary leg of a cross-country journey by bus and hitchhike to rejoin his ship. He was tired—dead tired. Passing drivers ignored his pleading thumb. And since there was still a discouraging distance to the summit pass ahead, he paused now to rest, removing his old hard hat and wiping the sweat from his walrus-mustached yet horselike face with the back of his wrist.

Again his patient, close-set brown eyes sought the summit pass. "Ah, well, wot can't be helped must be enjured," he muttered and was about to resume his climb when from behind there approached an astonishing series of grindings, explosions and pops.

Startled, Mr. Gallup turned. There drew abreast of him, spouting radiator steam and driven by a small man with a peevish, wrinkled face, an ancient touring car, bereft of paint and fenders—but to which a cracked headlight lens, stuck together by a strip of soiled adhesive tape, gave an air of raffish bravado.

And before Mr. Gallup could raise his thumb an imperious "Whoa, Alborak!" issued from the curtained rear seat.

The car screeched to a halt and the rear door was kicked open, revealing a florid gentleman with a convivial nose and alert blue eyes. "Jump in, sir, jump in!" he commanded. With alacrity Mr. Gallup obeyed. "Forward, Alborak!" the florid gentleman cried, and with a snort and a leap the car chugged forward again while the new passenger adjusted his stern to a projecting spring in the torn upholstery.

"I'm obleeged to ye, sir," said Mr. Gallup gratefully. "An' to yer friend Mr. Borax there too. I'd never ha' made it in time, widout ——"

"Mr. Borax?" the florid gentleman said. "Oh, I see! But you misunderstand. Alborak is my car, sir. Alborak, the winged steed of Mohammed, whereas our driver is Mr. O'Day, my professional assistant. Permit me ——!"

With a flourish he produced from his vest a dingy card. It read:

T. Wellington Dowdy
Professor
(*cum laude*)
Of Legerdemain

"How-de-do, sir!" said Mr. Gallup, impressed. "Ye must ha' studied a heap o' bookkeepin' to become a perfessor o' ledger ——"

"Legerdemain, sir," corrected the other quickly, "is the art of magic, of sleight of hand"—he plucked the card from Mr. Gallup and it instantly disappeared—"thus!"

"Well, if that ain't a terror to snakes!" gasped Mr. Gallup.

"Child's play," said the professor grandly. "But take the night I performed for Her Majesty, the Queen ——"

"Nerts!" Mr. O'Day threw acidly over his shoulder. "The only royalty he knows is the queens an' kings in a poker deck. An' sometimes an extra ace."

"A character," the professor confided hastily to Mr. Gallup. "And naturally, magic being now out of fashion, one must earn a living, however meager, as best one can. But you, sir—you haven't told us yet who you ——"

"Name o' Gallup, sir, o' Truro, Nova Scotia. I'm third mate o' the cargo wessel Jaipur Prince, wot sails for San Pedro tonight. An' thank God I'm back in time, wot wid me little fambly to support! Here's their pitchers, perfessor." Delighted to have broached his favorite subject, Mr. Gallup opened and handed to the professor a worn leather wallet containing a well-thumbed snapshot.

"That's Iris, me wife, ahind the parlor curtings. She's kinda (Continued on Page 116)

Illustrated by Stan Galli

Mr. Gallup found the hole just big enough to wriggle through.

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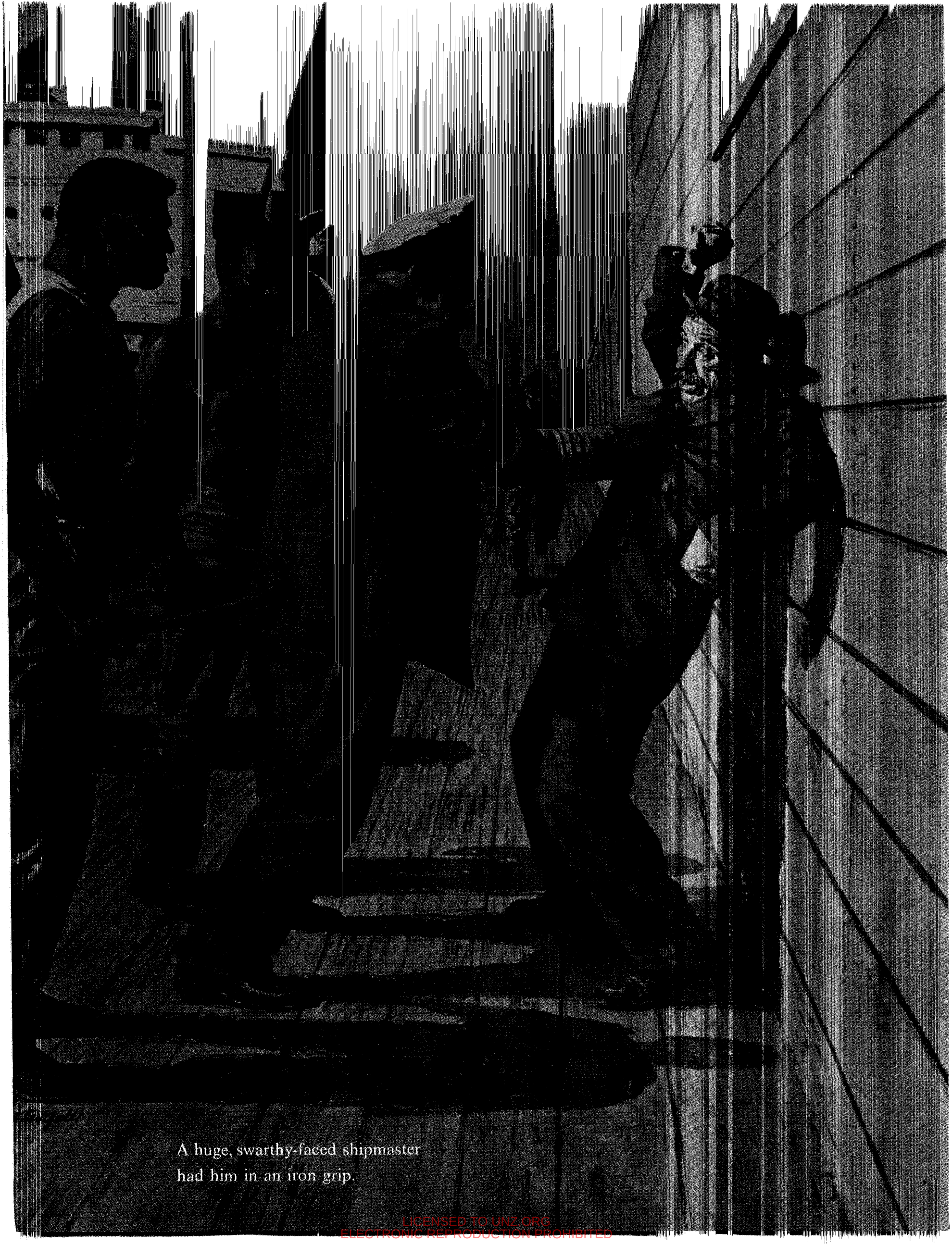

A huge, swarthy-faced shipmaster had him in an iron grip.

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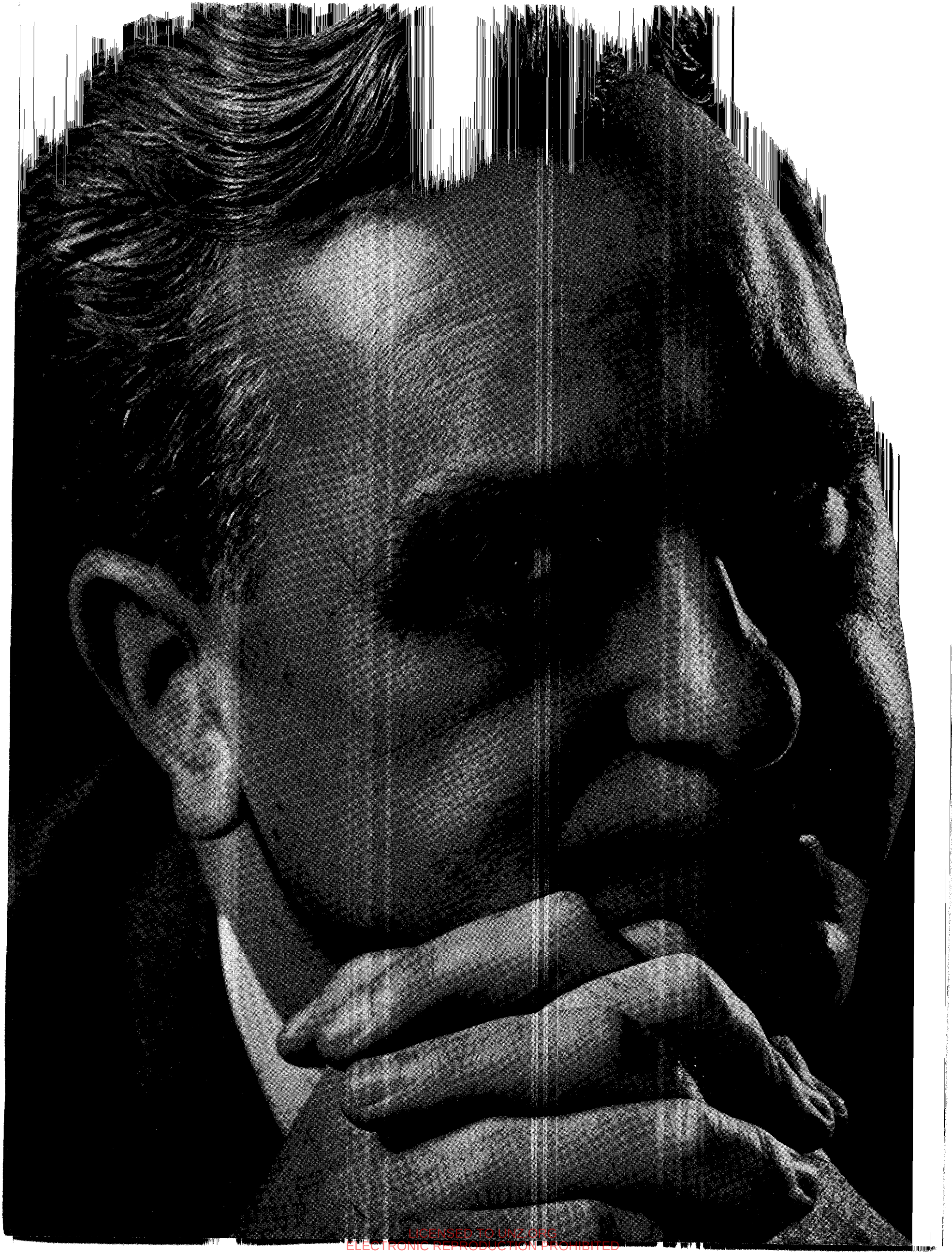

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What Is Existentialism?

By WILLIAM BARRETT

What is Existentialism?

This question had a lively and journalistic, though somewhat superficial, ring at the end of World War II when we first heard news of this philosophic movement from France. Nowadays Americans are asking this question with a great deal more earnestness and seriousness. As Americans, of course, with our inherited prejudice for plain speech, we tend to be suspicious of any big "ism"; and the label "Existentialism" seemed to suggest something eccentric or exotic or both. Many of us, after all, had had our first news of this philosophy from some rather bizarre and Bohemian settings in Paris after the war. But these accidents of misunderstanding have now largely faded into the past; and in recent years Americans have begun to give serious attention to this new—and yet very old—philosophy.

There are many reasons for this change in attitude. For one thing, we have just learned here that in Europe for more than the past twenty years a well-developed movement in existential psychoanalysis has been going on; and, further, that this movement, far from being the creation of Bohemian intellectuals, is headed by practicing psychiatrists, directors of hospitals, sanatoria and mental clinics. When healers of the mind have to go to a new philosophy for help in understanding human psychology, we, too, begin to feel that we may have more to learn from this philosophy than we might have supposed.

Another reason for this new and more serious interest is the continuing and mounting influence of modern art and literature. As we reflect more and more upon the strange and powerful art of the first fifty years of this century—upon the disturbing world of a Kafka or Joyce or the early Faulkner, or upon the baffling image, or lack of image, of man in modern painting and sculpture; as we search for ourselves and our time in all this art, we begin to find our life today riddled with more questions than we had suspected. And we also see that Existentialism is the one philosophy of this period that has raised the themes that have obsessed modern art to the level of explicit intellectual questioning.

The immense vogue of such popular works of social analysis as Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* and W. H. Whyte's *The Organization Man* has led people to reflect uneasily about what is taking place in modern society. These books have one central theme: that modern mass society, while it raises the material level of all, tends to swallow up the individual in its intricate machinery. Modern society *CONTINUED ON PAGE 126*

About the Author

William Barrett, a professor of philosophy at New York University, is one of the foremost American interpreters of European philosophy. His recent book, *Irrational Man*, is a definitive study of Existentialist philosophy for the general reader. A classical scholar with a training in Greek and medieval philosophy, Professor Barrett spent the five years which followed his war service as a literary journalist and as an editor of *Partisan Review*. This experience outside the academy prompted him, upon returning to teaching, to "relate philosophy to the real affairs of men in history." Photograph by Arnold Newman

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Post Scripts

The Ordeal and Triumph of Lorelei Klump

The glamour that captured and wholly
enraptured
The husband of Lorelei Klump
Had frayed at the seams with the passing years.
She was, as she knew, a frump.

Well, loving her mate, she saw her duty:
She had to get back her verve and beauty.
So when her spouse took a business trip,
She leaped to the task and let 'er rip,
Embracing a regimen somewhat tougher
Than many accredited martyrs suffer:
She exercised till she dropped in her tracks;
She bore the masseuse's bruises and whacks.
Too tired to stand and too sore to sit,
She lived upon birdseed, coffee and grit.
And by dint of courage and untold rigor,
She got back her glamour and girlish figger,
Which charms she was dithering to display
To her homing husband. So came the day:
Begirdled like Circe, her posture starched,
Her tresses restyled and her eyebrows arched,
And—let's be honest—completely frazzled,
She welcomed her lord with a smile that
dazzled.

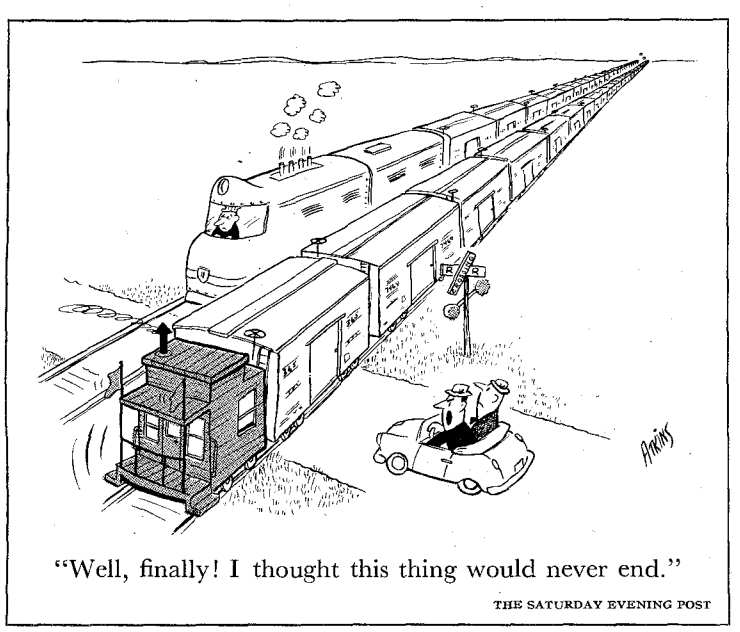
And he took in his arms this bundle of charms,
Refurbished and twenty pounds thinner,
And beaming with pleasure, he spoke
(I quote),
"Hi, sweetie-pie. What's for dinner?"

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I'm Losing My Bounce

My years are increasing and, all in all,
There isn't too much that's consoling.
It's true that I still have a lot on the ball,
But the ball is so hard to get rolling!

RICHARD WHEELER



"Well, finally! I thought this thing would never end."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Unsleepy Sloth

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—*News Item*).

I found Mrs. Three-Toed Sloth hanging upside down in a Cecropia tree. Two babies were clinging to her chest.

"Why do sloths hang upside down?" I asked, settling down on the branch.

"We're too tired to walk right side up," she said, yawning. The two baby sloths yawned too.

"I understand you sloths are just about the slowest creatures on earth," I said, getting out my pad and pencil. "It takes you eight or nine minutes to move one leg three inches."

"Why move?" she asked. "When you stare up at the sky all day long, things look pretty much the same one place as another."

"Do sloths sleep a lot?" I asked.

"My husband and the kids do," she said. "But I've got insomnia."

"Insomnia?"

"My mind keeps working," she said. "My husband says I worry too much. About the children, my ailments. And the slightest sound keeps me awake. Like falling nuts or parrots in the next tree."

"Have you tried counting sheep?" I said.

"Sheep?"

"Or sloths," I said, adding, "jumping a fence."

"There's a picture for you!" she said. "No, nothing helps. My husband says I should get away from the family. It's no fun having children hanging around you all the time. But we sloths move so slowly that after a week of traveling I can still hear their voices. It just isn't worth it."

"It's a problem," I agreed. I could see the interview was bogging down. So I tipped my hat and started lowering myself out of the tree.

"Psst!" a voice hissed.

It was another female sloth hanging on a lower branch.

"Were you talking to that woman upstairs?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Did she complain about her insomnia?"

I nodded.

"Don't believe a word of it!" she said. "You should hear her snore. It's so bad she shakes down coconuts. What she's looking for is sympathy. Now, if you really want the lowdown on sloths, I'll be glad to ——"

She was still talking as I slipped to the ground and walked off.

JACK BROWNELL

Mother's Bookkeeping

TUESDAY:
Took $4.00 out of Ricky's paper route to pay cleaner. Cleaner owes me 18 cents. Took $1.60 from Linda's piggy bank to pay Ricky. Owe Ricky $2.40.

WEDNESDAY:
Took $2.30 out of Girl Scout cooky-sale receipts. Pd. Linda $1.60; pd. Ricky 70 cents. Owe Ricky $1.70.

THURSDAY:
Took $4.65 from Garden Club treasury and $1.50 from paper-route money to pay window washer. Owe Ricky $3.20.

FRIDAY:
$1.00 received from Linda for 85 cents I paid out for rabbit food. Owe Linda 15 cents. Paid Ricky $1.00. Took 15 cents out of cooky money to pay Linda. Owe $2.45 to cookies, owe Ricky $2.20.

SATURDAY:
Received from cleaners—18 cents.
Took $10.00 from Richard's billfold to pay egg man 70 cents. Pd. in full Ricky's paper-route money $2.20; cooky sale $2.45; Garden Club $4.65.
Cash on hand—18 cents.

KAY NELSON

When You're With the Cats You Gotta Hop

I, Little Muskrat, said this to my father as we sat in our tepee one day: "Big Muskrat, next week I put on my new sporting jacket and go to the school hop. Many young cats will be there, and yet I will be a flower of the wall because I am not a hep hopper."

"Ah," said Big Muskrat, "I have seen such a hop, and it calls to mind the ritual fire dance of the ancient Scoobie Doobie tribe. Perhaps I can help you, my son."

"I will spin a record with the beat, and you stand here," I said, "facing me. Beat your feet as you would stomp out a grass fire. Weave, Big Muskie—like this. Now I'll spin you, old Scoobie Doobie, clear around. Hey, ramble—you muskrat!"

Into my father's face came a fierce light, while into his body crept a tenseness. "Wahoo!" he yelled. "The fire dance of the Scoobie Doobies!"

He circled our tepee, pounding his mouth with his hand. "Stop!" I cried. "You are rocking the boat. Such a dance is not the hop."

"Wait," said my father. "Let me show you a more modern tribal dance, graceful and yet expressive."

For a moment he stood still, tapping his shoe on the tepee floor. Then, throwing out his left arm as if to signal a turn, he shuffled back and forth with his right arm over his stomach as if it ached.

"A real weirdie," I said, "a dance that comes from long ago and far away. Such a trot I do not dig."

"The fox trot, Little Muskrat. I will teach you."

So this was why I knew I should not have asked Big Muskrat about the hop, because I forgot that he is of the fox-trot generation, and I am of the beat generation.

A. R. SWINNERTON

"My psychiatrist says I have a persecution complex. But I know he says that because he hates me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ground-Breaking Ceremony

Dig the dapper dignitaries
In a pose that never varies,
Digging at the excavation,
Though their digging's imitation;
Shiny shovel, how it glisters,
Held in hands that know no blisters;
Dig the TV cameras swinging,
Dig the oratory ringing;
Dig the big machines of steel,
Standing by to dig for real.

ARTHUR FREDERIC OTIS

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

He shops for seafood right on the docks

The Campbell man goes to the spot to catch the best of the catch

As any good cook knows, the best way to get choicest ingredients is to do the shopping yourself. And that's the way Campbell's goes shopping. To get the very best haddock, oysters and clams . . . the freshest catch . . . the Campbell man goes right to the docks.

"Top-of-the-hold" haddock

Campbell's, for instance, buys only "top-of-the-hold" haddock . . . the last haddock to be caught before the boat docks at the Boston pier. Buying "top-layer" quality like this provides our chefs with the freshest haddock available for Swanson TV Brand Dinners.

In the case of oysters, the Campbell representative selects only the young, tender ones. He knows their special succulence gives Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew a special goodness.

Of course, all this care in buying the best is followed up by the most meticulous care in processing. Each catch purchased is checked right on the spot. Then . . . hustled off for a swift trip to our Campbell Kitchens.

Checked and double-checked

Now, you might think, with all this on-the-spot selecting and shopping, that the Campbell chefs could go right to work. But Campbell's doesn't stop checking here. Every haddock, oyster or clam that ever hopes to wear a Campbell or Swanson label goes through many more tests for quality.

You see, no trouble is too great at Campbell's, if it means better ingredients for our cooks to work with and better eating for you. The little message at the top of this page sums it all up: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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ALL TOGETHER...ONE, TWO, THREE!

That's the way to get off to a good start... in buying a car "on time," too! It's so satisfactory to handle everything all together. This is what you can do when you finance where you buy – on the GMAC Plan. Your General Motors dealer who uses GMAC can finance **your car, your car insurance premiums,** and **creditor life insurance** for your family's added protection.

You can arrange terms to fit your budget and at reasonable cost. You take care of everything in one easy step. There is no one else to see but your dealer. So convenient and so practical!

If circumstances change, you can rely on GMAC for friendly, considerate treatment. Should you move, there will be a GMAC office conveniently located to serve you – one of the more than 300 in the U. S. and Canada. Suppose you need tires, parts or major repairs. As a GMAC customer, you have credit facilities available to finance them.

In forty years, people have bought over 40 million cars on the GMAC Plan. You'll find **IT PAYS TO FINANCE WHERE YOU BUY!**

GMAC
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
TIME PAYMENT
PLAN

WISE CAR BUYERS KNOW...
The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can.

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

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From left: Bill, Ed and Jerry Swartz. They sell $5,000,000 worth of clothing yearly. Cost of most of their standard suits: $47.90 plus alterations.

They Suit the Big Shots

By PETER WYDEN

Despite a chaotic and sometimes brusque bargain-basement atmosphere, the Swartz brothers' clothing store in Baltimore is a favorite with U.S. diplomats and other high government officials.

When William S. Bavis was American vice-consul in Nairobi a few years ago, a colleague at a regional conference of State Department foreign-service officers in Africa complimented him on the suit he was wearing. Bavis said that he had just received it from T. I. Swartz and Sons, Incorporated, in Baltimore. Whereupon the men around the conference table in unison flipped open their coats. All were wearing suits bearing the Swartz "SSS" label—all, that is, but one embarrassed chap who promptly ordered some Swartz suits too.

The owners of the Swartz enterprise—the brothers Jerry, Ed and Bill, each of whom represents one "S" of their label—were pleased to learn of the incident. They were not startled, however. They had long considered their establishment as strategic an anchor of United States diplomacy as the State Department itself. In fact, they sometimes fear that the entire upper strata of Washington officialdom might be in pretty baggy shape if it were not for SSS suits. This is not too immodest a presumption because Very Important Persons attired in Swartz garments labor in the White House, officiate as chairmen of Senate investigations on Capitol Hill, plan strategy at top-secret sessions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon, negotiate with the Russians at international conferences and sit on the bench of the Supreme Court.

None of these time-conscious gentlemen seem to object to the seventy-mile round trip to Baltimore. Nor do they mind that their sartorial mecca is a former furniture factory, right off the railroad tracks, where they are greeted by two signs. The first reads: WELCOME TO THE MADHOUSE. COME IN AND GET LOST. The next says: "PATIENCE! YOU'LL SURE NEED IT HERE. Most puzzling of all, the notables positively bask in the unsettling personal ministrations of the three Swartzes, who are quite possibly the only millionaires conducting a business like a bargain basement operated by the Marx Brothers.

Customers often recall in detail their first traumatic exposure to the Swartz emporium. "The first time I went up quite unannounced and picked out a suit," says Harry J. Anslinger, The United States Commissioner of Narcotics, "suddenly some fellow with a green eyeshade looks at it, looks at the sales ticket, tears it up and says, 'Who the hell do you think you are?'"

It was a typical initial skirmish with Bill Swartz, who often disapproves of customers' selections and makes certain that they acquire what *he* thinks suits them best. Like almost everybody else, Commissioner Anslinger, who wears size 46 regular, was delighted by Bill's solicitude and has now been a steady Swartz man for years. "If you want to get what you want there," he says, beaming, "you have to work for it. And you can't get away. You might as well take the day off."

Quite a few first-timers are lured to Baltimore by emergencies. When Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin quit as the Army's chief of research and development, he made a quick stop for $211.35 worth of suits before starting on his new civilian job. Sen. Sam J. Ervin Jr. (Democrat, North Carolina, 44 long), was driven up by his (Continued on Page 88)

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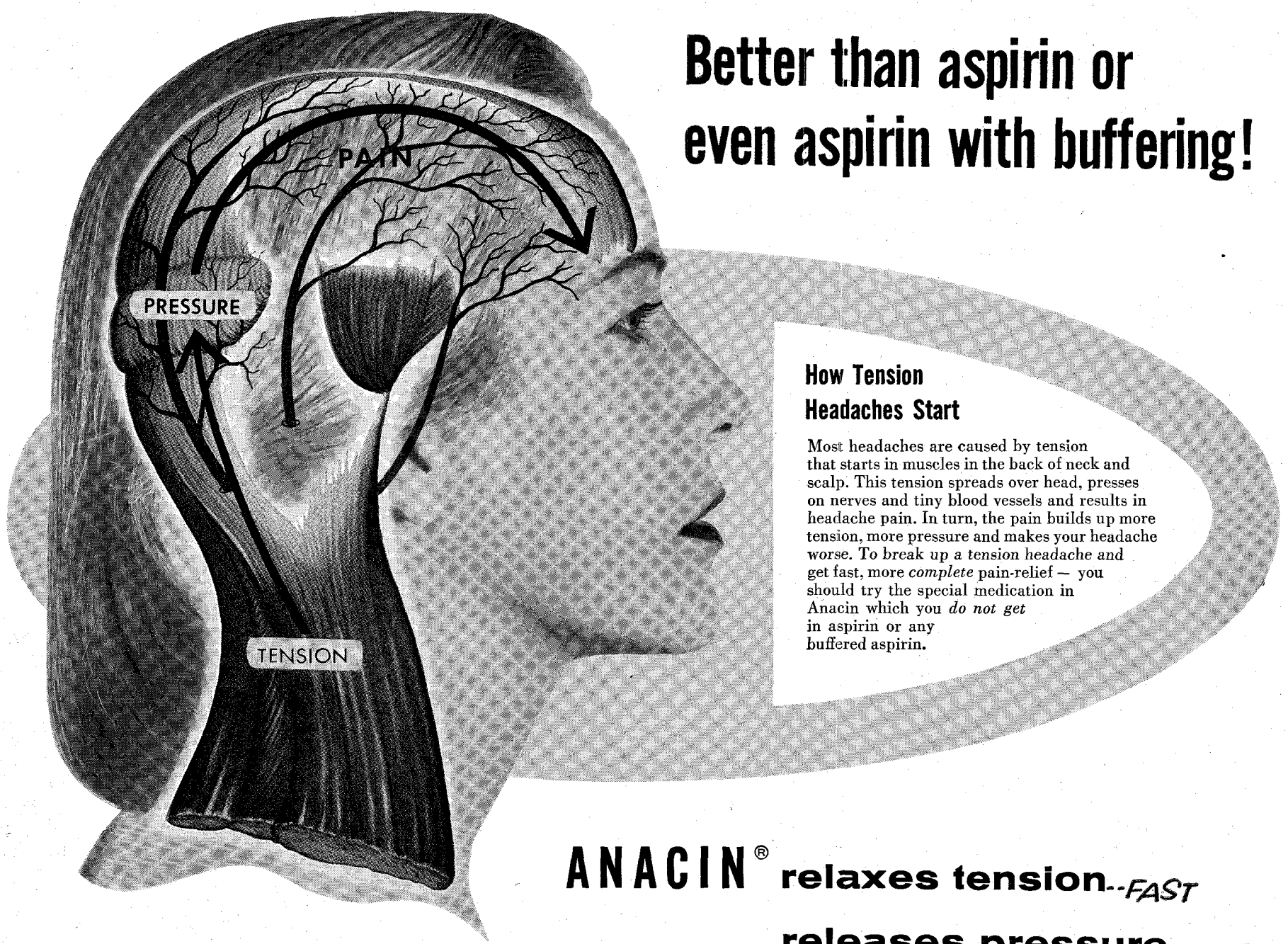
Acts Instantly—
To give more complete pain relief from
NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES



Better than aspirin or even aspirin with buffering!

How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension that starts in muscles in the back of neck and scalp. This tension spreads over head, presses on nerves and tiny blood vessels and results in headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure and makes your headache worse. To break up a tension headache and get fast, more *complete* pain-relief — you should try the special medication in Anacin which you *do not get* in aspirin or any buffered aspirin.

ANACIN® relaxes tension--*FAST*
releases pressure--*FAST*
relieves pain--*FAST!*

Tension headaches need the special medication in Anacin for fast, more *complete* pain-relief. So why take mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering which contains only one pain-reliever and *no* special medication to relieve nervous tension? Anacin contains *not* just one, but a *number* of medically proven ingredients. Three out of four doctors recommend the ingredients in Anacin for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a 'better total effect'—more *complete* pain-relief because they contain special medication which not only relieves pain fast, but also relaxes nervous tension and releases painful pressure. Anacin is safer, too. Has a smoother action and does not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in·····

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Too Many Ghosts

By PAUL GALLICO

Somewhere in the fear-ridden manor an unknown menace was on the prowl.

Someone—or something—wanted Susan Marshall to leave Paradine Hall. The beautiful American guest of Lord and Lady Paradine had felt an icy hand at her throat one night, a dead rabbit had mysteriously appeared on her dinner plate, and her room had been violently disrupted.

These and other manifestations of the legendary phantom nun of Paradine Hall so far baffled ghost-breaker Alexander Hero. They involved not only the lodgers at the hall but the Paradines themselves. A complicating factor, unknown to Hero, was that young Mark Paradine was in love with Susan.

Hero arranged an invitation to the hall for his photographer stepsister, Lady Margaret, so she might secretly assist him in tracking down the poltergeist. Then he went to the local hydrographic office in search of a physical explanation for the strange occurrences.

Later Hero attempted to re-create the frightening moment when Susan was awakened in her room. He succeeded in proving the visitation was explainable in human terms. But during the experiment they both were astonished to see Susan's door knob turning slowly. Someone—or something—was trying to get into her room.

IV

In frozen silence Hero and Susan watched and waited. The doorknob made one more half turn; they heard a faint creak from outside in the corridor, and then all was silent again. Outside, the night was alive with country sounds, but within the house it was quiet.

The bulb of the bedside lamp suddenly began to glow bright yellow in its shade, and Susan gave vent to a startled "Oh!" for it appeared to have come on by itself; but Hero let go his breath in what appeared to be a long sigh of relief and recognition. "Alarm over," he said. "There will be no more visits tonight."

Fearless and controlled as she was, Susan's nerves were still shaken from her experience, and she said somewhat unsteadily, "Are you sure?" And then, "Oh, Alexander, I'm very glad you were here with me. What was it?"

Hero was eying her now thoughtfully. "Not 'what'," he said, "but 'who'? 'What' would have come in through the closed door; 'who' finds an inside bolt a little more than can be managed."

"Alex," Susan asked, "why didn't you go after it—or whoever? Why didn't you open the door? You would have caught them, wouldn't you?"

Hero was regarding her quizzically. "Who would have caught whom?" he said.

Susan suddenly drew in her breath sharply. "It's because of me, then, that you didn't? You might have solved the mystery just by opening the door—you wanted to, didn't you?"

"I didn't quite have the right to, did I?" Hero said.

Susan went to him and impulsively laid her hand upon his arm and whispered, "Oh, you are nice!"

Her closeness disturbed Hero, but no longer in the same way. He said, "No, not really. Not very. Practical."

Suddenly it dawned upon Susan that he might not have wished to encounter who it was had tried her door, that he did not trust her. It made her furiously angry. He had supposed it might have been Sir Richard. Then her anger passed, leaving only a feeling of deepest melancholy.

Hero said, "I'll have a look, but I don't expect I'll find anything. You need not worry—there will be no more doing tonight; but after I've gone, just slip that bolt back on the door, and don't open it until morning. Sorry about everything, old girl." And then with a swiftness that was almost like a conjurer's trick, he was gone.

But he did not proceed down the corridor at once to search, a gesture he knew would be fruitless, but remained standing outside her door. He heard the rod of the bolt slide into place. His nostrils were assailed by a strange odor. He lifted his head and sniffed. It was faint, but there and, because of his laboratory training, recognizable. It made the hair rise at the nape of his neck and a sensation of nausea fill his throat.

Like a hound following the scent he sniffed his way down the door to the bottom of it by the floor, from where the odor emanated—a still slightly damp splotch. He sniffed closer, then touched the splotch with the tip of his finger, and then looked at the white patch of burn on the spot where he had come in contact with the acid. He rose to his feet, pale and sweating, though inside him he felt deadly cold.

The Lady Margaret Callandar, only daughter of the earl of Heth, was a modest, practical girl, who if need be, could live out of one suitcase, but who could also put on a somewhat dazzling show of opulence if she thought it necessary; and the latter seemed to fit the requirements of the situation as she had gathered them from her stepbrother. As Mr. Hero watched her, grinning, from his upper-story window, her arrival at Paradine Hall was a production. She turned up in state in the crested and monogrammed, uniformed-chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud of the earl, her father, from which she emerged encased in a stylish frock, a milliner's original and nine pieces of matched luggage.

Sidelong glancers at the performance were the Spendley-Carters, including Noreen, wide-eyed with excitement, the Wilsons and Mr. Jellicot. They saw also the emergence of Lord Paradine and his sister in the manner of those about to receive royalty.

"So nice of you to come," said Lord Paradine.

"So good of you to have me," said Meg.

"My dear," murmured Isobel, "what a pleasure! It seems hard to credit; the last time ——"

(Continued on Page 79)

"Alexander," the woman whispered, "I'm so frightened—I've seen the nun."

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SORE THROAT? NEO-AQUA-DRIN QUICK!

Start feeling relief in nine seconds from minor sore throat of colds. One Neo-Aqua-Drin throat lozenge gives you more pain relieving ingredients than the five leading cough drops combined! No prescription needed.

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

MASSAGE Your FEET!

Enjoy wonderful relief from tired, aching feet and legs THIS NEW, EASY WAY!

Exclusive 30 Degree Angle allows Feet, Legs to rest naturally, comfortably while you read or relax.

Dr. Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER improves circulation in feet and legs; relieves fatigued, aching feeling, rests, revitalizes the feet.

AN IDEAL GIFT

MASSAGER model for both feet $16.95. Single foot model $8.95. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores. Mail orders filled. DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. FM11, Chicago 10, Ill.

Dr Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER

Miracle Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight Eases Sore Gums

- Sticks to Denture
- No More Daily "Fixing"

Snug® brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new ever-soft plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance and fear of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snug eases sore, irritated gums due to loose dentures. Helps prevent food particles from lodging under plates. Applied in minutes, makes wobbliest plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put." Harmless to gums or dentures.

Snug re-liners can last from 2 to 4 months. Stay soft and pliable—do not harden and ruin plate. Peel right out when replacement is needed. No daily bother with adhesives. Get Snug brand Denture Cushions today! 2 liners for upper or lower plates $1.50. Money back if not satisfied. At all druggists.

That First Husband (Continued from Page 24)

"No, I was so surprised at seeing him."

"I did. Charley Stockwell."

"Charley Stockwell? With Bob Stone?"

"It was Charley's car. I saw the initials on the door."

"Oh, my."

"Yes; oh, my. The same thing you're thinking. Will Charley bring him to the club?"

"Oh, Charley wouldn't do that."

"Wanta bet?"

Bob Stone, the man whom we were surprised to see, was Emily's first husband, and the twenty-five years since their divorce vanished at the sight of him. All the nastiness was as real again as it had been then. I reached over and pressed her hand, and she returned the pressure. "Let's hope for the best," she said.

"And even the worst—what would that be? We'd have to speak to him, but we don't have to spend any time with him."

There was room to park my old, small car back of the clubhouse, and we made our way up the driveway, through the front door, across the downstairs hall and upstairs to the bar, shaking hands and greeting friends at every step. But Stone was on our minds. "I haven't seen him so far, have you?" she said.

"No, but I have bad news for you. I saw Charley Stockwell downstairs. He didn't see me. Bob's here, you can be sure of that."

In less than five seconds there was a tap on my shoulder. "Hello, Dutch. . . . Hello, Emily. How is the former Mrs. Stone?"

I used my cigarette and drink as an excuse to avoid shaking hands. "Hello, Bob," I said, and no more.

"How is the former Mrs. Stone?" he repeated.

"Oh, you meant me?"

"Well, who else could I have meant?"

"Oh, What's-Her-Name? Your second wife."

"She was hardly Mrs. Stone long enough to get used to the name."

"Then I hope she's been able to forget it as completely as I have."

He laughed. "I ought to know better than to tangle with you," he said. . . . "Dutch, you surprised to see me here?"

"Why should I be?"

"Well, you were the one that kept me out, a hundred years ago. I'm not guessing any more. I have it official."

"Actually, I never denied it when you accused me of it. The old rule used to be that you neither confirmed nor denied that. I still adhere to that rule."

"Maybe you do, but some of your clubmates don't."

"Bob, I get paid for listening to lawyers playing tricks with questions. It can be entertaining, but it can also get tiresome. You get nothing out of me."

"Hell, I'm not trying to get anything out of you. The whole thing was kid stuff, and I haven't thought about it in years. I think I've done all right without an Orchard tie."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I hope you mean that, because I'd like to be friends with you. I can hardly pick up the paper without reading about somebody I know keeling over."

"This would be a good time for us to leave," said Emily.

"Why, Emily? I don't hold any grudge against either one of you. Listen, I stayed away from this place for years because I hated everything about it. Then one day I realized I didn't hate it at all. I was over all that kid stuff. I came here today in the hopes of seeing you, both of you."

"Dutch, let's go away. I can't listen to this. It really turns my stomach."

"Bob, you'll have to excuse us," I said. "Or why don't you go find Charley Stockwell?"

"How do you know I'm with him?"

"I couldn't tell you that; that's one of the club secrets."

"Considering that I came looking for you to invite you to ——"

"I don't want to hear any invitation you've dreamed up," said Emily, half turning her back.

"Listen, if you don't think I mean it. My plane is up at the Newark Airport. I wanted you to have dinner with me and I'd have you flown back, or you could spend the night."

"Wait a second, Emily. . . . Have dinner with you where?"

"At home. Bloomfield Hills."

"Michigan?"

"Of course."

"Well, there's a Bloomfield in New Jersey too."

"Bloomfield Hills. You could have dinner at my house, and my guy could fly you back to Newark or some field near where you live. If the field is big enough. If not, I could have one of my company cars meet you at Newark and drive you back here, or drive you all the way home. Those details, they're nothing."

"But they're not nothing. I want to hear them all."

"Why?"

"Well, I do. Could you have somebody drive my old jalopy home and have a limousine meet us at Newark?"

"I can do all that. That's nothing."

"What if we spent the night out at your place? We didn't bring anything, not even toothbrushes."

"Are you kidding? I have dinner jackets, shoes, shirts, underwear to fit anybody from a skinny little guy to a two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder. If you want to play golf, any size golf shoes from seven to fourteen-quadruple-E."

"What about Emily?"

"Well, I don't have evening gowns, but skirts and sweaters and shoes."

"Do you serve breakfast in bed?"

"In bed—or on the roof if you like it. And I have a twenty-four-hour staff, don't forget that."

"Horses? What kind of horses?"

"I only have three now. Just ordinary hacks, I suppose you'd call them."

"I was just thinking. A ride first thing in the morning. You have boots and breeches to fit us?"

"Probably smell of camphor, but they could be aired out tonight."

"Fine. We could go for a ride, then come back and have a swim in the pool?"

"The indoor pool, heated this time of year."

"And one of those big, English-country-house breakfasts."

"Be a good idea to have Karl give you a massage if you haven't been doing any riding lately."

"Probably be a good idea. We could be flown back tomorrow afternoon?"

"Stay over till Monday if you like. I have to be in New York on Monday morning. We could all fly back together."

"Dutch, you're asking for trouble. I know this man," said Emily. In the noisy club I could hear her, but Stone could not.

"What did you say, Emily? Am I winning you over?" said Stone, smiling.

"You did that so beautifully once before," she said.

"What?" said Stone.

"I think we'd better say no," said Emily. "Definitely no."

"Oh, you're a spoilsport, Emily," I said.

"She is, you know," said Stone.

"She really is," I said. "I was having such a good time, listening to you running off at the mouth. You stupid slob, do you think for one minute ——"

I did not complete my question. He weighed twenty pounds more than I and he was a powerfully built man in good condition. He hit me with an uppercut, and as I was going down he caught me with a left-hand punch that I barely felt. I could not have been asleep very long, but long enough to be taken to an undergraduate's room and laid out on the bed. I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"You dog," said Emily. "You asked for it."

"That's all the consolation I get from you?"

"You get no consolation from me at all. Why didn't you stop when I told you to?"

"I'll tell you sometime."

"Tell me now. But I think I know."

"All right. Tell me."

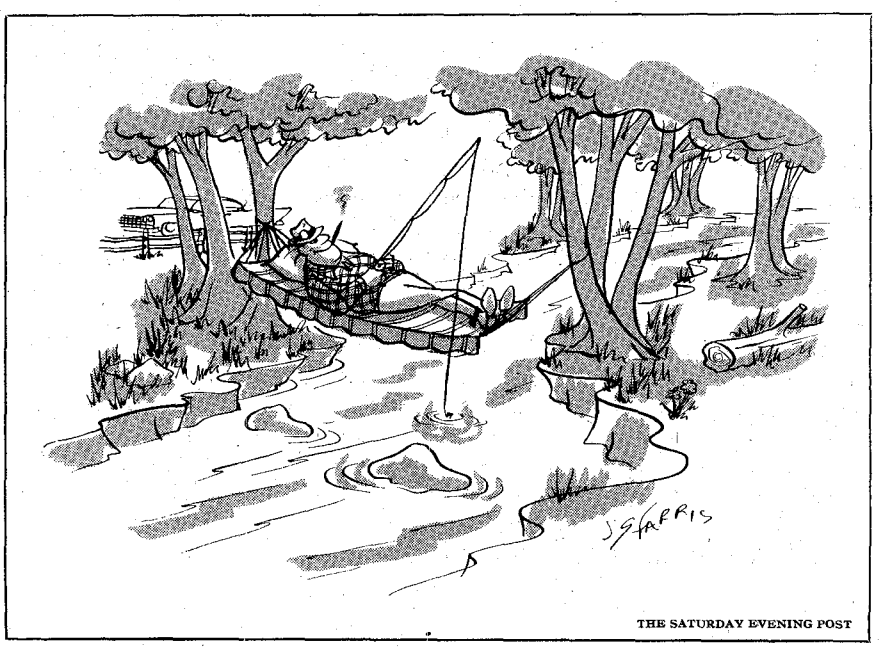
"Some misplaced romantic idea of yours. You wanted me to listen to all the things I've missed. Was that it?"

"Not quite. I wanted to hear it all, so that I'd know what you've missed. So that I'll never for one minute forget it."

"That's so much better, you dog." She suddenly began to cry, and she held my poor sore head to her bosom.

We waited until the crowd had left for the stadium, and then we went down and got the car. Emily took the wheel. "I'm going to get a sharp letter from the club trustees. There's a very strict rule against fighting," I said.

"Then I ought to get the letter. I slapped his face good and hard. Been waiting for years!" THE END



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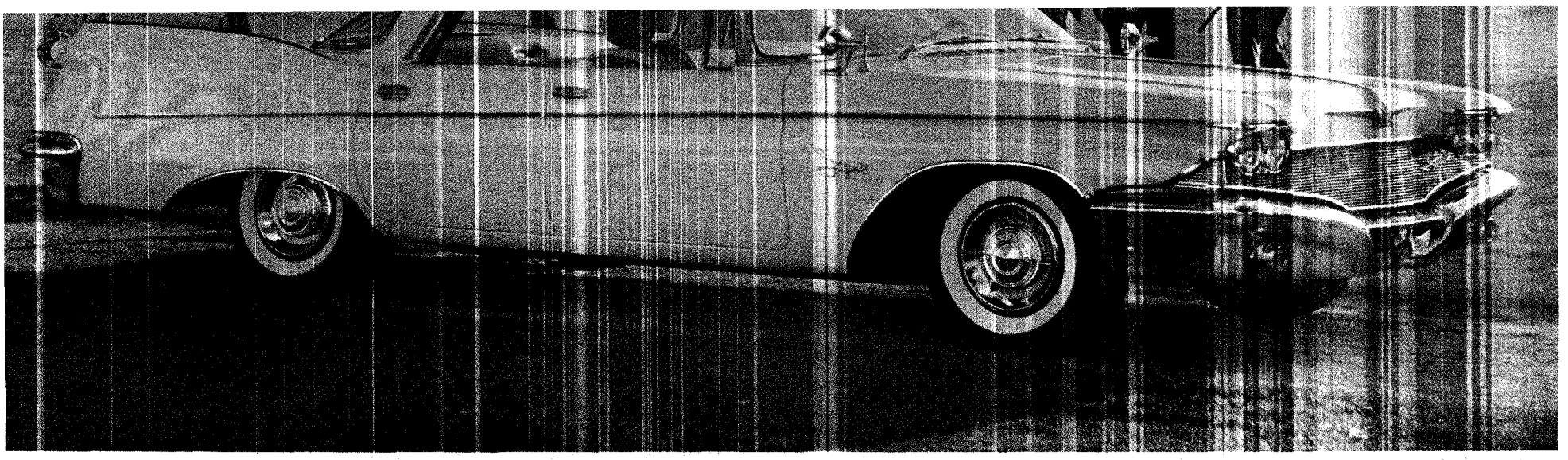

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A rather special kind of luxury

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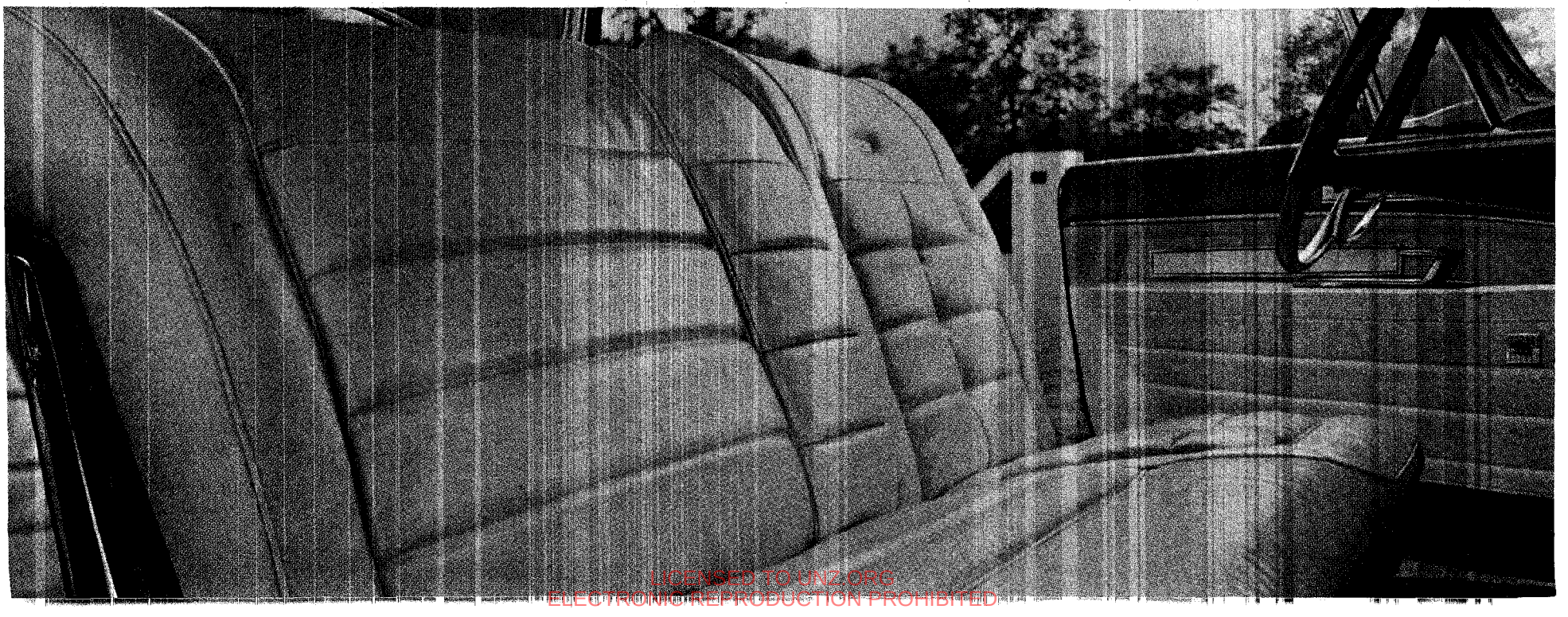

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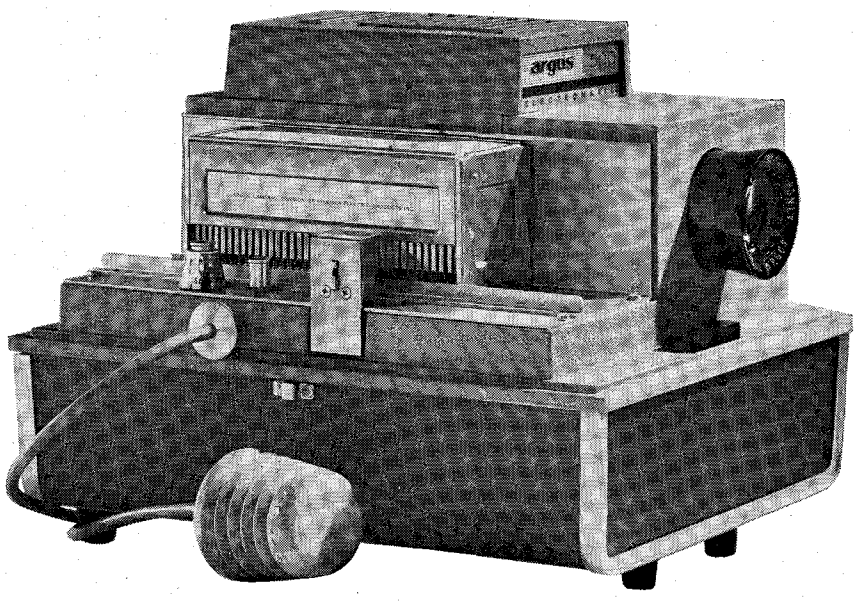

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The button is on the machine. Touch it, and the slide changes. Touch it again, it changes again.

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Inside the Vatican (Continued from Page 41)

eminently suited for the place history had assigned him—a diplomat down to his finger tips, he had the skill and vision needed to guide the church during the cataclysmic years of World War II. But the tall, scholarly, hard-working pontiff was also given to direct method of governing that most observers labeled "autocratic." This tendency grew stronger as old age and illness removed him more and more from his environment.

"Toward the end," one Vatican official said, "his isolation was nearly complete. Even the customary working schedule of audiences with various Vatican officials was suspended. Important posts in the administration were left vacant. Governing largely with the help of a small group of men on whom he had come to rely, Pope Pius, in the end, was inaccessible to many who felt they had legitimate business to transact with him. As a result, church government had been reduced to a mere holding operation when he died."

Pope John's outgoing ways, his warm and democratic manner, already have done much to offset the effects of Pope Pius' aloofness. A farmer's son, whose brothers still work in the fields of his native Northern Italy, the seventy-seven-year-old Pope approaches his high office with a simplicity not seen around the Vatican in many years. He's not the kind of man who likes to be shut off—much of the protocol designed to build invisible walls around his person displeased him from the start. "He loves to break the rules," said one attendant. "If he were told the Pope can only walk on a carpet, he would have all the carpets taken up."

Having taken his meals alone, in line with papal custom, during the first week of his reign, John suddenly announced that he had searched the Gospel high and low and had found nothing there to keep the Pope from having company for dinner. He now eats regularly with Msgr. Loris Capovilla, his private secretary, and often asks a friend or relative up for a meal. Moreover, he has disconcerted Vatican officials on more than one occasion by going unprotected for a drive through Rome or the surrounding countryside. He has dropped in on this or that religious institution, has called on a sick friend, visited Rome's prison of the Queen of Heaven to chat with the prisoners, and has comported himself, everywhere, with an informality that has delighted those who met him.

Far more important than such personal touches, which merely prove that Popes are people, too, is John's approach to government. Finding himself confronted with what amounted to a breakdown of the Vatican's administrative machinery, he started his pontificate with a quick burst of first-aid measures. The round-the-clock schedule of audiences with top officials of the Holy See has been restored, and a considerable number of staff appointments have plugged most of the holes in the administration.

Church government, we must remember, rests on the Catholic belief that the Bishop of Rome is the direct successor of St. Peter and hence derives his all-embracing power from Christ himself—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." But while the Pope, as the Vicar of Christ, is an absolute monarch, he has, throughout the centuries, exercised his authority through an elaborate administrative apparatus, whose temporal and spiritual powers are, on occasion, hard to tell apart.

To see this government at work we must penetrate the fifty-foot-high stone walls that form most of the Vatican's perimeter. Swiss Guards, the traditional defenders of the Holy See, do sentry duty at the gates, in their red-blue-and-yellow costumes. You enter a small town, with quiet streets, beautiful gardens and various structures ranging from medieval towers to modern office buildings.

The palace of the Vatican itself, where Popes have been in residence, with interruptions, for the last 700 years, is the world's second-largest palace, topped only by the palace of the Dalai Lama of Tibet. Though parts of it date back to earlier times, most of the rambling structure, containing some 11,000 rooms grouped around twenty courtyards, was erected in the sixteenth century. The tourist is familiar with the public section, housing the Vatican art museums and entered by a special entrance in the rear. In its long corridors and gilded halls the red or purple robes of high officials, the black of simple priests, and the quaint uniforms of papal chamberlains and soldiers form a superbly colorful mosaic.

Red is the most illustrious color here. It sets apart the cardinals, who wear it as a symbol of their obligation to shed their blood, if need be, for their faith. The number of these "princes of the church" was fixed in 1586 at seventy. No more than fifty-two of them, however, were living at the time of Pius' death. One of Pope John's first acts was to distribute twenty-three red hats, thus raising the time-honored limit in keeping with the needs of the expanding Church.

Among the empty chairs, the most conspicuous was that belonging to the papal secretary of state—always a cardinal and, after the Pope himself, the most important Vatican official. The man Pope John picked for this vital spot, vacant for fourteen years, was Domenico Tardini, no newcomer to Vatican affairs. Throughout the postwar years he had administered the Vatican's foreign office in close collaboration with the brilliant Msgr. G. B. Montini, now Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. The combination of the two, so different in temperament and views, had given rise to a good deal of comment. Was it true that Montini represented the Vatican's "left wing"? And was Tardini on the "right"? When, in November, 1958, the famous pair accepted the red hats—they had refused them twice before—Tardini smilingly turned to his old companion with the words, "You should stand to the left of me, Your Eminence, for that's the way the world has always seen us."

Today, as secretary of state, Tardini holds a job larger in scope than that of our Secretary of State—a job resembling, rather closely, that of a military chief of staff who translates into action what's in the mind of the commanding general. On meeting him the visitor is invariably surprised. You were prepared for a suave diplomat and find instead a diamond-in-the-rough.

A small man with a strong, broad, ugly face (*Continued on Page 58*)

Head Wind

There isn't a lady now alive
Who doesn't wear hats for kicks,
And milliners close their shops
at five,
So they can laugh till six.

Nick Kozmeniuk

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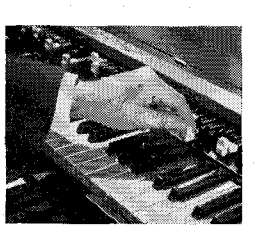

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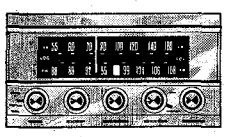

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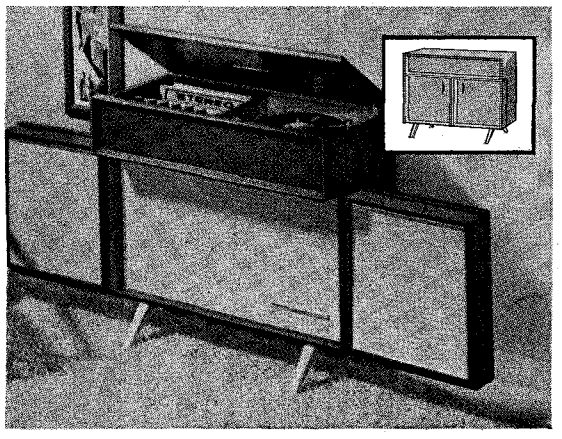

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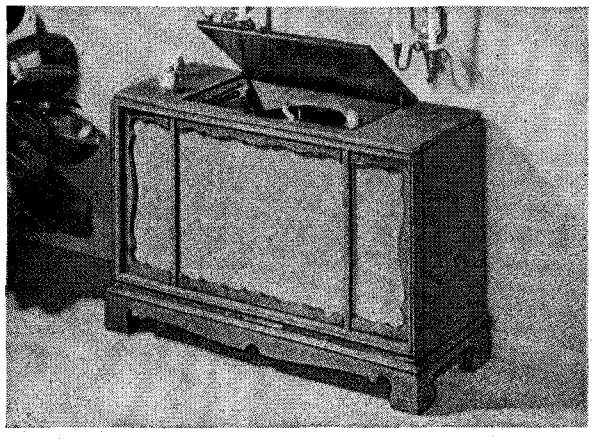

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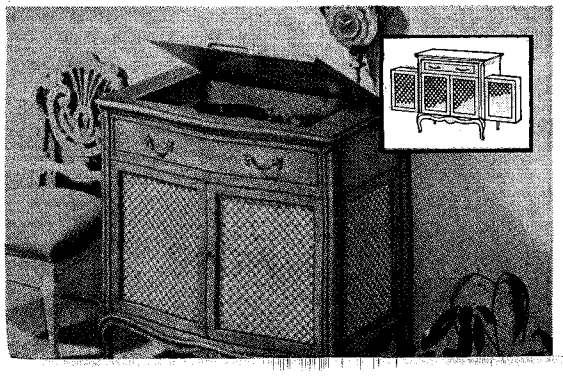
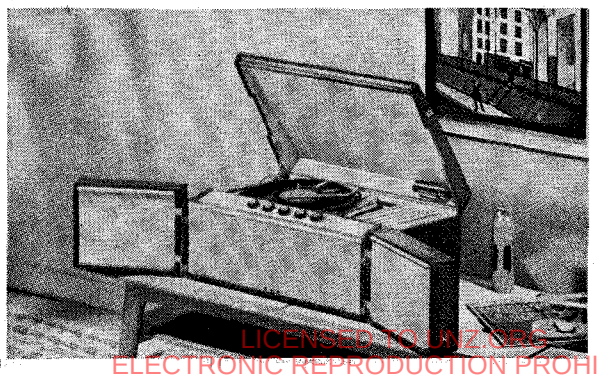
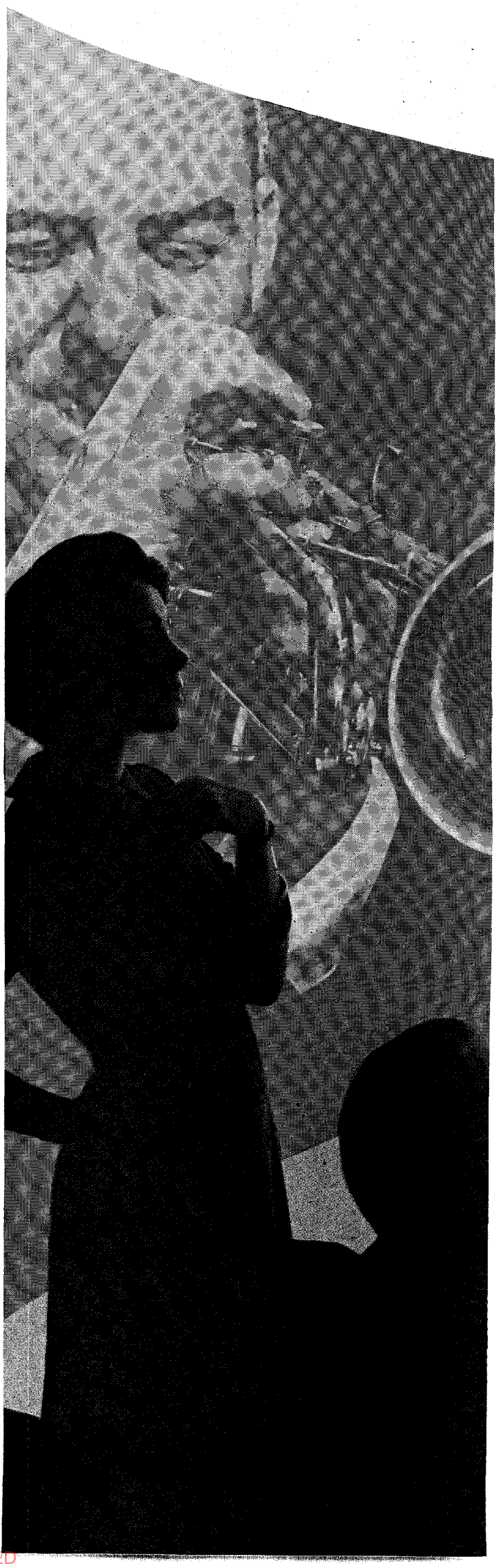


3-CHANNEL PORTABLE. With regal looking gold color fabric covering and gold color appointments. 34 watts maximum peak power. 5 separate controls. 5 speakers. Model SH18.





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"Wall-To-Wall Sound"

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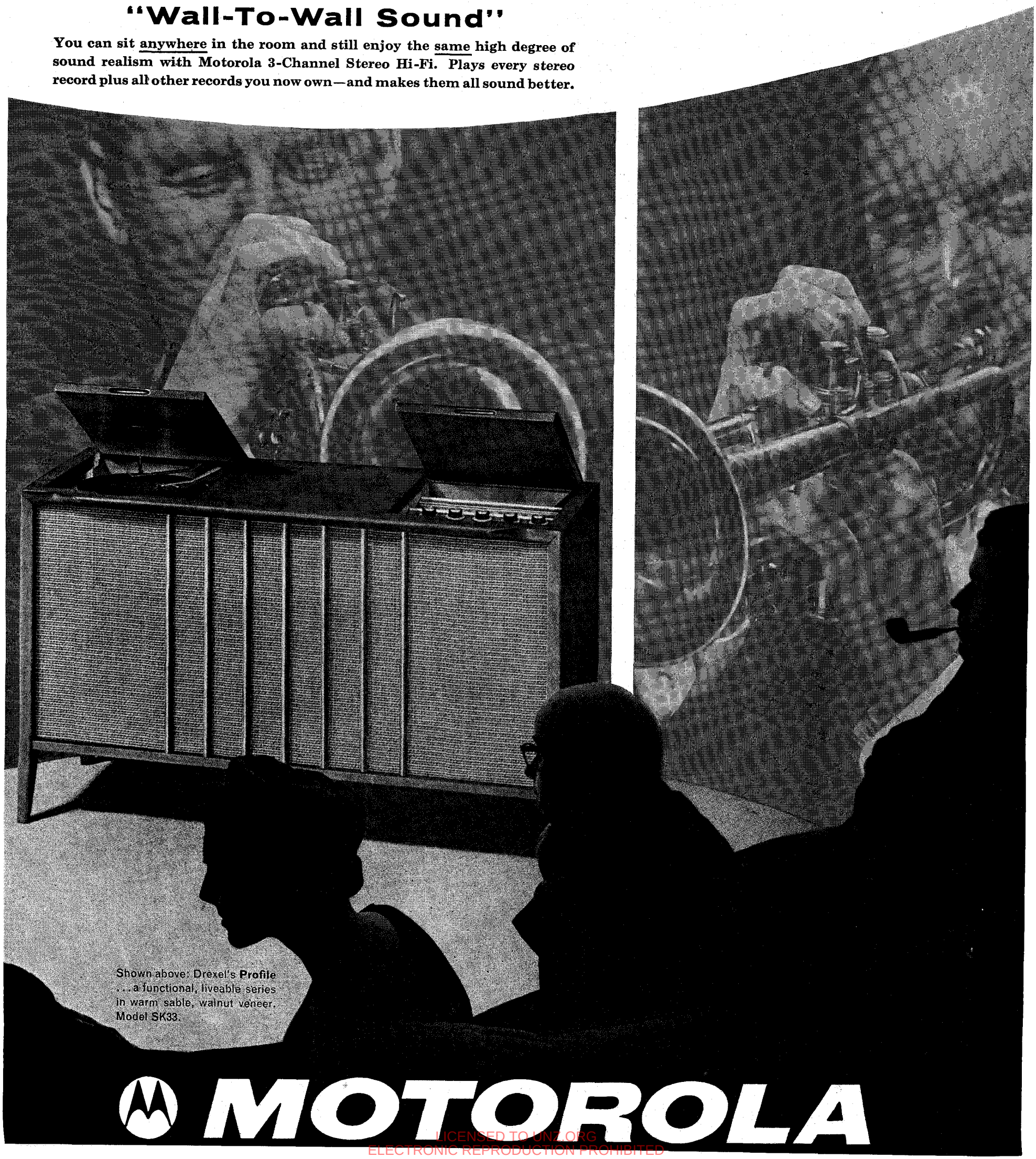

Shown above: Drexel's **Profile** ...a functional, liveable series in warm sable, walnut veneer. Model SK33.

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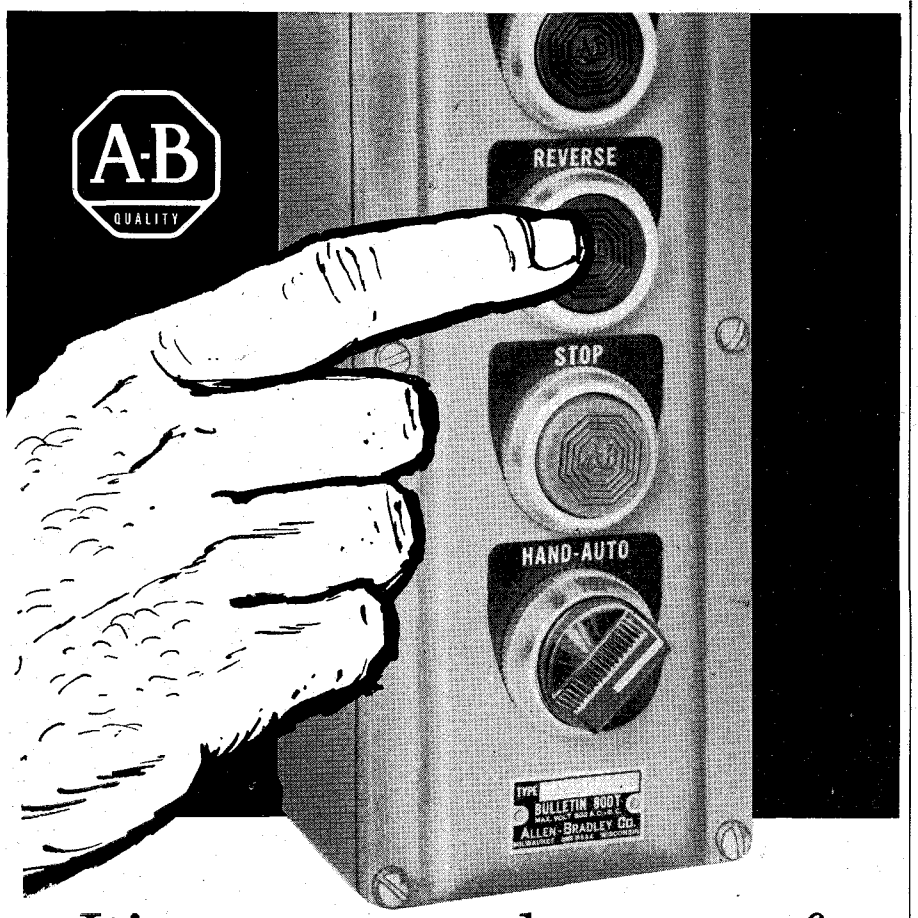

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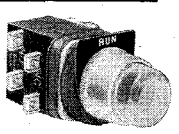
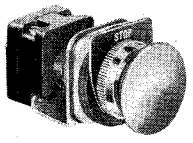
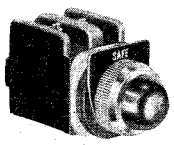
NEW! *A few of the newer A-B control units are shown here*



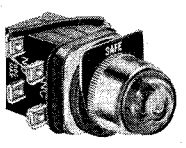
Illuminated Push Button. Combines pilot light and push button in a single control unit.



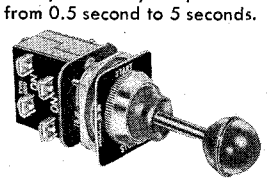
Time Delay Push Button. Delay is easily adjustable from 0.5 second to 5 seconds.



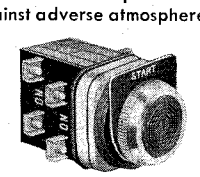
Encapsulated Pilot Light. Transformer is protected against adverse atmospheres.



Push-to-Test Pilot Light. Pushing the lens reveals condition of pilot bulb.



4-Way or 2-Way Selector Switch. Maintained contact or spring return operation.



Double Circuit Push Button. Permits increased wiring flexibility, gives added utility.

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(*Continued from Page 54*) under a patch of gray, unruly bristles, the seventy-one-year-old Tardini hides out behind a pair of heavy, gold-rimmed lenses. But, catch the glimmer of his eyes, and you will find in them the wisdom of the ages. And as he talks, gesticulating with his bony hands and switching, without warning, from puckish humor to a serious mood and back again, he seems as old and as eternal as Rome itself.

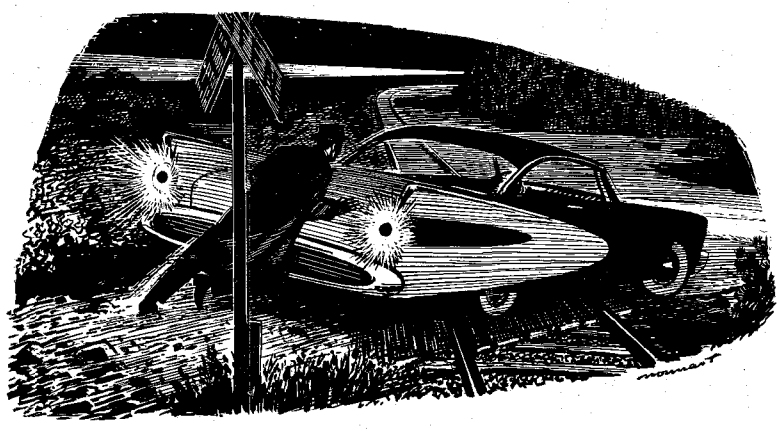
The odd phenomenon is easily explained: Tardini is a Roman, a native of the ancient, teeming quarter on the left bank of the Tiber which has changed little through the centuries. His speech is seasoned with the peppery Roman accent, and his outlook on life is that of the true son of Romulus, whose city has been sacked, burned and rescued so many times that nothing happening today could be of importance. His native irony is tempered by an avid interest in people and a rare gift for judging them, as one friend of his believes, "by smell."

Privy to every secret of the Vatican, Tardini cultivates an air of knowing nothing. "Draw him into a corner at a diplomatic cocktail party," one veteran Vatican reporter said, "and he'll open up and talk—about the weather!" Conservative by temperament, he is both cautious and astute, and hardly likely, as the Pontiff's right-hand man, to lead the Vatican into political adventures. Pope John relies upon him for prudent counsel, and it is no exaggeration to say that all important matters pass through Tardini on their way to Pope John's ear.

As secretary of state, Tardini occupies the secretarial suite below the Pope's own quarters in the big, boxlike wing of the Vatican Palace that looms above St. Peter's Square. A private elevator, used only by the Pontiff and Tardini, connects the floors. And while Tardini's regular schedule calls for four morning audiences a week, he is, in fact, the only Vatican official who sees the Pope every day. Besides, a private telephone links the two desks. Blessed with a Mediterranean talent for relaxing, the hard-working Tardini now and then escapes the baroque splendor of his Vatican apartment, with its red satin walls, to breathe more freely with "his boys." Outside the city he operates an orphanage for poor, unusually gifted children—run by the Mother Seton Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio—and it is here, in the orphanage's flowering little yard, matching wits with his bright young charges, that the old man replenishes his store of energy.

The ruling body of the church is made up of twelve Sacred Congregations, administrative organs roughly corresponding to ministries or government departments. Nine of them are presided over by cardinals, while three are run directly by the Pope. Though prelates of all ranks may be attached to them, membership in the strict sense of the word is limited to cardinals; the size may vary—the smallest congregation, at this writing, has nine; the largest, thirty-five members. As there are not enough red hats to go around, most princes of the church belong to several congregations, just as in more profane affairs a man might hold directorships in half a dozen corporations.

Only a cardinal stationed in Rome, needless to say, is able to attend the frequent sessions of "his" congregations. While nearly two thirds of the princes of the church are scattered throughout Christendom and flock to Rome upon the Holy Father's death in order to elect a new Pope from their midst, only those resident in Rome form the round-the-clock governing machinery—the Curia—of the church. It was this all-important body that had been most alarmingly depleted by successive deaths (cardinals are believed to die by threes), shrinking, during Pope Pius' reign, from thirty to fourteen. But though the new Pope lost no time filling the ranks—twenty-five cardinals are now (*Continued on Page 60*)



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Yet, using only what means he had at hand, Harold stopped the train in time to prevent a smash. What would you have done?

• •

Quickly dragging out his tire chains, he draped them from one rail to the other. This shorted the track circuit controlling the automatic block signals as effectively as if a train were approaching from the opposite direction. Fortunately, the express was still far enough from the signal for its engineer to brake it when the signal light flashed "stop."

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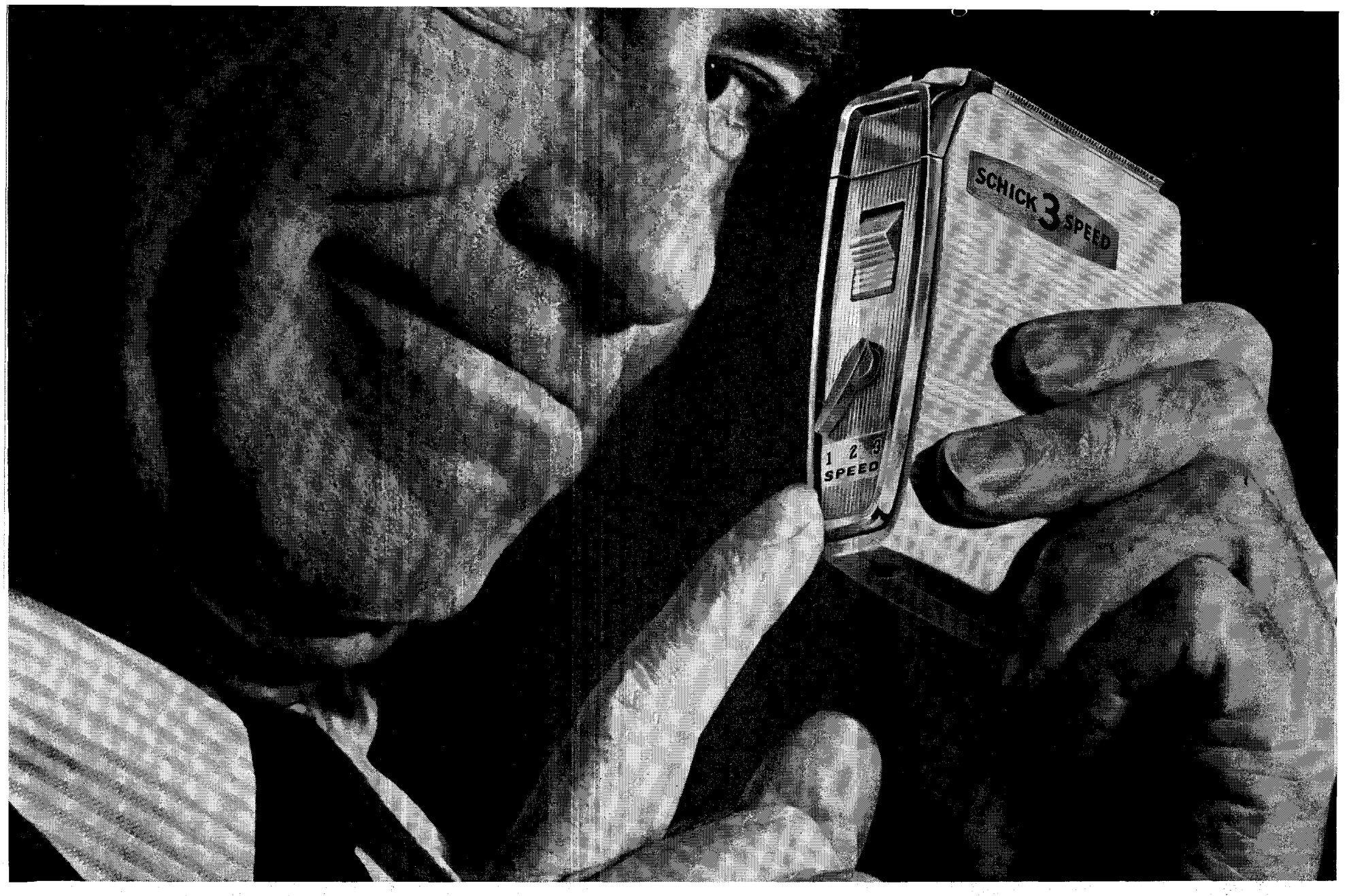

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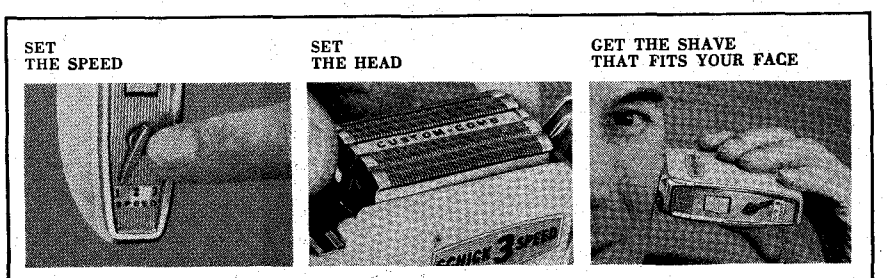

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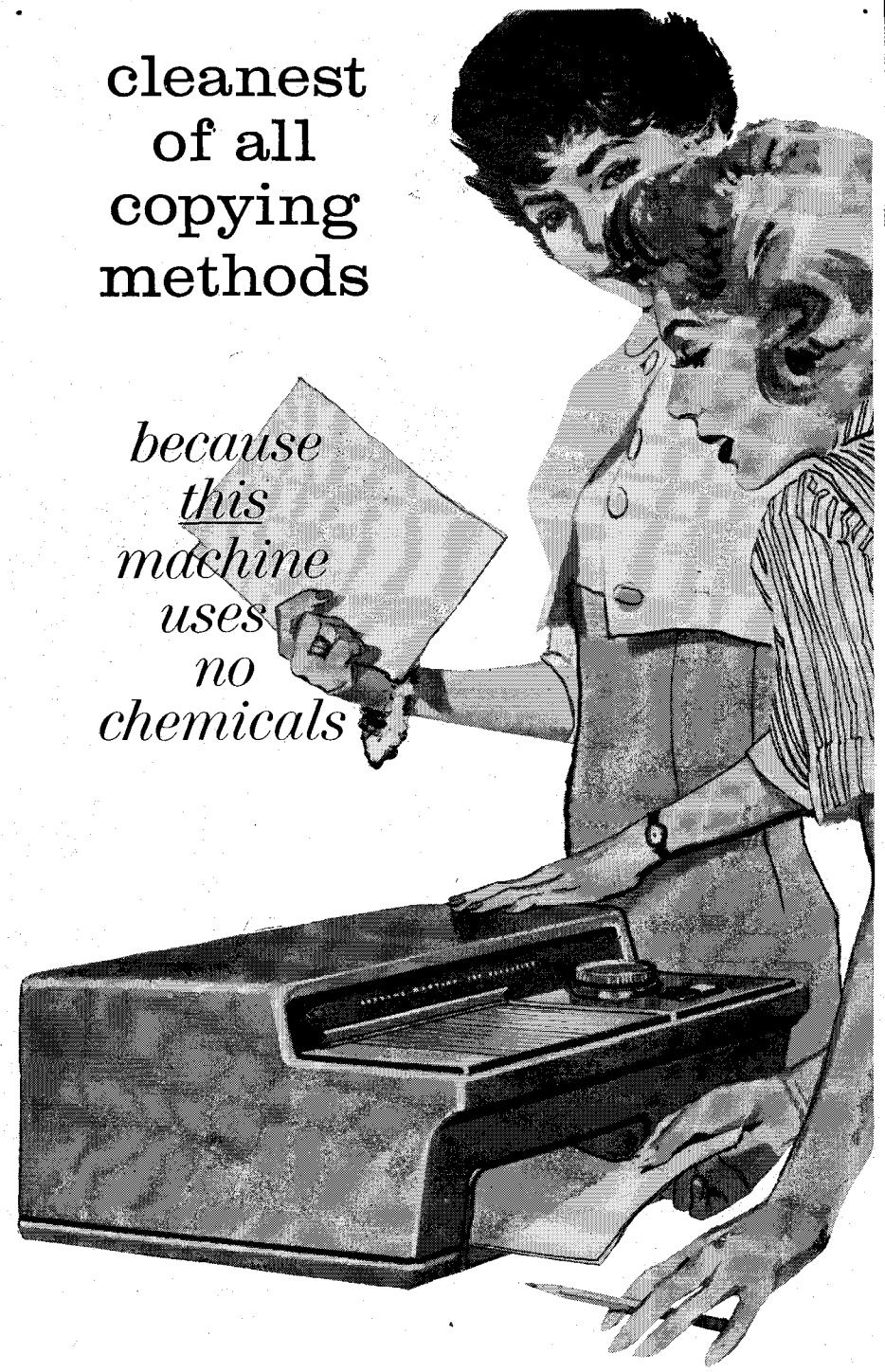

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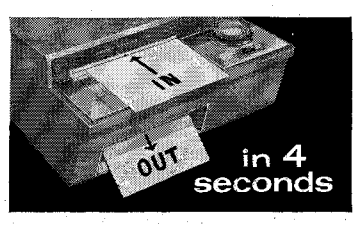

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(*Continued from Page 58*) present here—he has so far been only partially successful in his attempt to turn the Curia, once again, into a fully functioning, efficient team.

Surprisingly, with so much room available, there was none at the top. Finding himself confronted with a system, as it were, of interlocking directorships, in which the key positions were held by a handful of cardinals in their declining years, Pope John could have forced their retirement in order to make room for younger blood. But he refrained. A purge of the Old Guard? This, after all, was not the Kremlin! Courteously waiting for the older men to step down by themselves, Pope John for the time being keeps some of the most promising new cardinals employed at relatively minor functions.

Among the Vatican's Old Guard are men like Cardinal Canali, eighty-five, regent of Vatican City, administrator of the budget, and member of five congregations; Cardinals Pizzardo, eighty-two, and Micara, eighty; and the extremely influential and forthright Ottaviani who, though only sixty-nine, shares many of the attitudes of the older men. Strongly conservative, this group in the religious field tends toward integralist views and a lack of tolerance of non-Catholic beliefs.

One mighty bastion still controlled by this determined little group happens to be the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office, whose prefect is the Pope himself. Founded in 1542 as a retort to Luther's Reformation, this congregation is today the cornerstone of the Catholic universe—the stout custodian of the doctrine. Its secretary is Cardinal Ottaviani; while Cardinals Canali, Micara, Fumasoni-Biondi, eighty-seven, and Mimmi, seventy-seven, form the majority among its remaining members.

As a direct descendant of the Inquisition, the Holy Office still fights heresy in every field. Competent to deal with all questions of faith and morals, it keeps the Index of books whose reading is forbidden to Catholics, formulates Vatican decrees condemning Communism, and may judge and defrock Catholic priests who have committed grave moral offenses. It is still housed in the large, somber palace behind St. Peter's Square where it has been installed since its foundation. Its files and archives may not be consulted by nonmembers, and its carefully chosen staff of fifty-odd priests and religious are among the most tight-lipped servants of the Vatican.

Time and again, on meeting the high dignitaries of the church, the stranger finds himself transported back to the rich pageantry of Renaissance fresco paintings. If you have looked at art in Italy, you've seen these men before—the cardinals, wearing their crimson capes and skullcaps, the bishops dressed in purple, the monsignors in black-and-red. You've seen their perfect likenesses—the heavy-set, the lean and hawk-nosed, the high-domed and the gray-haired and the bald, and you wonder what it is about the Church of Rome that makes its leading figures seem cast in an unchanging mold.

To stand out from this pageant is no easy job; it is achieved, with much distinction, by Rome's exotic cardinal, Gregory Peter XV Agagianian. The picturesque exterior of this famous prelate—the massive, bearded head, the thoughtful, penetrating gaze of his Asiatic eyes—is matched by an extraordinary personality. Aged sixty-four and manifestly in his prime, Agagianian is one of the Vatican's best jurists, and his fine mind, his gift for repartee and his high cosmopolitan polish make him one of the most respected members of the Curia. He was born in the Caucasus, near the late Joseph Stalin's birthplace, in what is now Soviet Armenia. His arsenal of languages includes a choice of perfect English, Russian, Hebrew, Greek, Latin and, of course, Italian. Having arrived in Rome at the age of eleven, he is accepted by Italians as one of their own—it is no secret that, on Pope Pius' death, he was judged eminently eligible for the Papacy.

His job of deputy prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith—the organ through which Rome deals with the world's Catholic missions—gives him considerable independence. The Far East, India, almost all of Africa, Australia and New Zealand, the Scandinavian countries and parts of Latin America are "mission territories" to the church; and bishops, priests and missionaries throughout this far-flung realm are subject to the jurisdiction of this congregation. Because of the far-reaching powers that go with this particular red hat, the cardinal prefect of this congregation is known as the Red Pope—in contrast to the Black Pope, the general of the Jesuits; and to the Holy Father, who wears white. Because the incumbent, the eighty-seven-year-old Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, is no longer active, the popular Armenian, as his deputy, is recognized as the Red Pope by Romans. There is reason to believe that in the future he will continue to exert a strong, broadening influence upon the Holy See.

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PEP MEALIFFE

The other famous beard around the Vatican belongs to France's Eugène Cardinal Tisserant, whose seventy-five years are contradicted by his youthful looks and vigorous personality. A powerful figure of a man, this militant Lorrainer who during the First World War served as an officer with French troops in the Middle East is known here as the cardinal who gets things done. When Vatican workers, earlier this year, demanded higher pay, they asked Tisserant to plead their case directly with Pope John—and got the raise.

In contrast to most other cardinals, who live alone in Vatican-owned buildings, Tisserant shares a Rome apartment with his brother and sister-in-law. He does not mind being called nonconformist. Because of his great organizing talent and his clear ideas, he is much in demand—he may see the Pope whenever he wishes, his appointment book is always full for a good month ahead, and he belongs to eight congregations. His job of secretary of the Congregation for the Oriental Church keeps him in touch with millions of Roman Catholics behind the Iron Curtain and in Asia who follow the oriental rite of worship. But though he also holds the rank of Dean of the College of Cardinals, and thus takes precedence over his peers at ceremonial functions, his personal influence exceeds the scope of his official attributions. Nobody here would sum up Vatican opinion on a given subject without first asking, "What does Tisserant think?"

Of the remaining congregations—concerned with sacraments, religious orders, the education of priests, rites, ceremonial, and so forth—one worthy of particular attention is the Consistorial Congregation run by the aged Cardinal Mimmi under the tutelage of the Pope. Not only does (*Continued on Page 62*)

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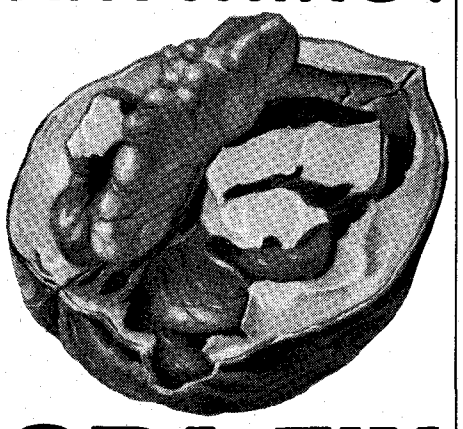

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(*Continued from Page 60*) this powerful office appoint the Catholic bishops of Europe and the United States but, as a clearing house of information, it underprops the Vatican's reputation as one of the world's finest listening posts.

At regular intervals—in most cases, five years—every Catholic bishop must show up in Rome in person and hand the Consistorial Congregation an up-to-date report on life in his diocese. Composed in Latin, these reports may run to more than 100 pages, and their sum total forms a detailed survey of world affairs whose accuracy few intelligence services could match. This year the 220 Catholic bishops of the United States are journeying to Rome—anyone wishing to find out what's really happening in the United States might do well to consult the Vatican.

Three high tribunals, handing down spiritual justice on a global scale, put teeth into the Vatican's authority over 490,000,000 consciences. The best known of the three, no doubt, is the Sacred Roman Rota, now largely an appeal court for Catholic marriage cases. The Catholic Church does not admit divorce; but it is willing in specific circumstances—such as nonconsummation of a marriage—to grant a formal annulment which implies permission to remarry. Invariably it is a tedious road that leads to Rome. To reach the Rota judges—whose full regalia include an ermine cape and tassels worn over a purple toga—a case must first pass judgment by two local ecclesiastic courts. And an unhappy couple's chances of obtaining a Vatican annulment, statistics show, are only fifty-fifty; of 219 marriages submitted to the Rota's verdict in 1958, 109 were pronounced null and void.

For bitter-enders who believe they have found a formal flaw in the Rota's decision, the Supreme Tribunal of the Apostolic Signature, composed entirely of cardinals, provides a court of last resort.

It is the third tribunal, the Sacred Apostolic Penitentiary, that, to the layman, seems the most mysterious. It is a "court of conscience" which may absolve from certain grave ecclesiastic crimes for which the ordinary priest cannot grant absolution; these crimes, to come before the penitentiary, must be "occult"—secret acts not known to the public, which have been weighing on the sinner's conscience. One Jesuit and one Dominican are, by tradition, among the members of this remarkable tribunal whose chief, the Cardinal Major Penitentiary, is, at this writing, Cardinal Canali. Procedure is so secret that documents connected with a case are burned upon perusal. The culprit, who stands self-accused and whose request for absolution and penance is usually forwarded by his confessor, figures under a fictitious Latin name—"one Titius" or "one Livia"—will be informed through his or her confessor what penance fits the crime.

Is there a prejudice, Americans sometimes wonder, against admitting non-Italians to the Curia? The answer is—there is. While forty-three of the world's seventy-two living cardinals are non-Italians, the only foreign cardinals stationed in Rome, where their voices count, are Agagianian and two Frenchmen, Tisserant and Jullien. An Argentinian, Copello, is present more or less by accident, having left home as a result of the anti-Perón revolution. The one American ever to be appointed to the Curia, Chicago's Samuel Cardinal Stritch, called to the Vatican in 1958, died tragically a short time after landing in Rome; it is Agagianian whom Pope Pius selected to replace him.

Roughly the same proportion of "foreigners" prevails among the 1000-odd ecclesiastics who are the worker bees of this enormous hive. Of six Americans now holding Vatican positions, two—Msgr. Francis J. Brennan of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, and Msgr. William J. Doheny of Merrill, Wisconsin—are Rota judges. One each is working at the Holy Office, the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, and the Secretariat of State. And Archbishop M. J. O'Connor, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, rector of the 100-year-old North American College in Rome, presides over the Vatican's Commission for Motion Pictures, Radio and Television, which organizes Leagues of Decency throughout the world.

Italians here good-naturedly insist they are not prejudiced against intruders. In fact, of all God's people, they explain, they are the least nationalistic—and therefore best adapted to running a supranational organization such as the Holy See. Surprisingly, most non-Italians at the Vatican agree with them. Its almost solidly Italian make-up, they admit, prevents the world headquarters of the church from falling prey to power politics. As for Americans, few cherish the idea of a career in Rome—poor quarters, unaccustomed working hours, stomach trouble, low pay, and an urban population that does not always view the cassock with respect, make a Vatican job decidedly less tempting than an ecclesiastic position at home.

And there, presumably for the next several centuries, the matter rests. Meanwhile, what with the normal rhythm of Vatican bureaucracy restored, with each official once again fully responsible for his department, Pope John is free to turn his mind toward the crisis that has been in the making for some years and that is now upon the church.

Already he has announced two far-reaching decisions. One, taken in his role of Bishop of Rome, was to hold the first Roman synod—meeting of diocesan parish priests—in modern history. The population of Italy's capital has roughly tripled in the last thirty-five years, and the assembly, presided over by the Pope, will attack such problems as the Romans' growing indifference toward religion, the city's lack of priests, the aimlessness of metropolitan youth. The other resolution, to hold an ecumenical council, was taken by John XXIII as spiritual head of the world's Catholic community.

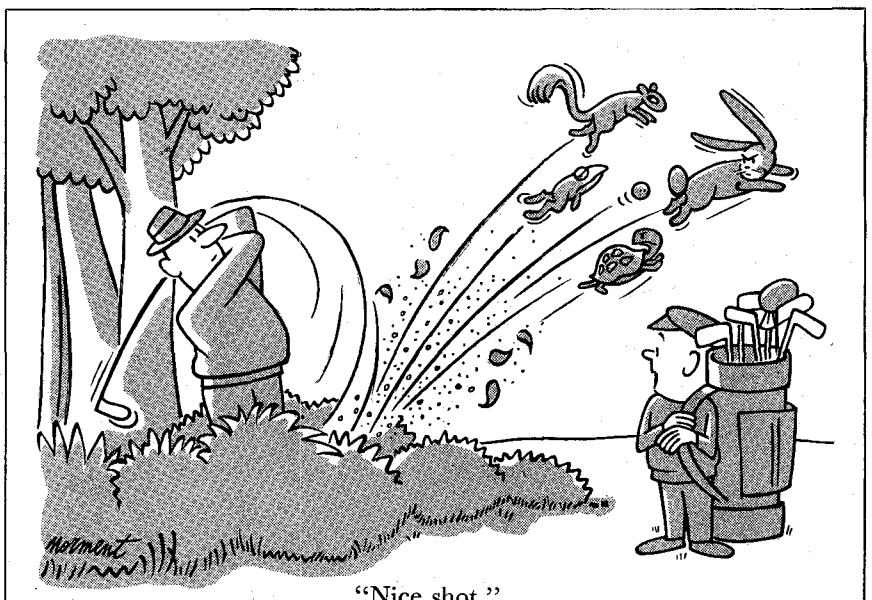
In the entire history of the Roman Church, there have been only twenty of these general conventions of the world's cardinals and bishops, and each of them has dealt with major issues—the last one, held in Rome in 1869–70, served as a platform for pronouncing the dogma of the Pope's infallibility.

Just what will happen at the council, which is not likely to convene before 1962, is anybody's guess. Observers here do not believe that John will try to use it as an instrument for the unification of the Catholic and Protestant world churches. "The Pope," one cardinal exclaimed, "is not naïve!" More likely, the historic meeting will be a sounding board for many of the problems besetting the Vatican. What, for example, about the modern trend toward centralization of the church that is burdening the Holy See with many matters the bishops could decide under their own local authority? What of the Catholic Church behind the Iron Curtain, where priests are under growing pressure to come to terms with the Communist regimes? How to regain in many regions of the western world the contact with the working class that used to form the granite base of Catholic Christianity?

Pope John's decision to let the bishops of the world face up to some of these perplexing issues affirms both his humility and his acumen. Aware that the Catholic Church, to move ahead, had to shift first from autocratic rule to a collective form of leadership, he has found a way to take that turn without harming the big structure.

Indeed, what is remarkable about the new pontificate is not so much its contrast with the last, but rather the smooth continuity of apostolic government which it assures. The new, dynamic phase that takes up where the static reign of the late Pope left off would not be possible without the great achievements of Pope Pius who, in his frequent statements, had addressed himself to the innumerable problems of the modern age—thus leaving his successor free to deal with the internal problems of the church.

This dovetailing of papal reigns disposes, too, of the often-asked question whether Pope John would be a mere "pope of transition." Each pope, as he adds his own building blocks to the main structure, must look both backward and ahead. In doing so he may create something peculiarly his own. And, judging by his acts so far, Pope John is likely to go down in history as something of a pioneer rather than a mere transient. Already those who, at the start, saw in him an ingenuous countryman who would at best fill in a gap, recall an old Italian saying about the farmers around Bergamo where the Roncallis have long tilled the soil: *Scarpe grosse, cervelli fini*—Big shoes, fine brains. Future historians are not likely to remember Pope John XXIII for the size of his boots. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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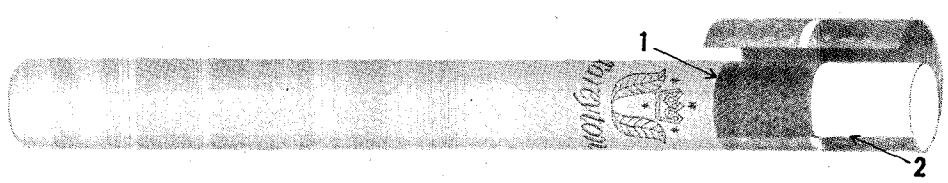

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The Jerry Giesler Story

(Continued from Page 39)

At first I offered to have her put on—for the court, at Ciro's—the same show which had stirred up the ruckus, but the court declined. Instead, the trial was held in a courthouse on San Vicente Boulevard. Next I demanded a blue-ribbon jury. That term baffled everyone. People were asking, "What do you suppose Jerry means by a blue-ribbon jury? What's a blue-ribbon jury?"

To some people it meant a jury composed of wealthy and aristocratic people. What I really had in mind was introducing a touch of irony. The ordinary definition of a jury means: "Twelve of the accused's peers"—peer meaning "an equal." As I saw it—perhaps whimsically—in its purest sense if an attorney is charged with a criminal offense and he demands a jury composed of his peers, that jury must be twelve attorneys. My original idea had been to begin laughing the prosecution out of court by demanding a jury composed of twelve strippers, but I fought back the puckish notion in my mind and subdued it.

I decided that that kind of humor would be too broad to be effective, so when I did show up in court, I said, "Your Honor, my client is accused of indecent exposure. It is our contention that far from being indecent, the performance for which she was arrested is artistic. We therefore demand a jury made up of people capable of judging such things on their artistic merits."

> Some women don't plan marriages—they plot them.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Of course, I was not given such a jury; I don't think there were any artists, actors or dancers on the jury at all, but as outlandish as it seemed, my request accomplished one point. Everybody began to look at Miss St. Cyr and wonder if they could possibly have made a mistake in thinking of her merely as a stripper who made her living by peeling to the buff, when what she was doing might have some artistic meaning.

When the trial began, two policemen testified how horrified they had been to see the defendant in a condition of near nudity and to "have to look at her" indecent bumps and grinds. I pointed out that I suspected that there was a certain amount of hypocrisy on the part of the prosecution's two large, burly male witnesses, who had had enough experience in non-Sunday-school forms of human behavior not to be "shocked" by Miss St. Cyr's act.

The prosecution next put a deputy sheriff on the stand. It was my guess that he was supposed to influence the women on the jury into ganging up on my client. Said this sheriff, "Miss St. Cyr's show was terrible. I couldn't help noticing that at one point she was in the nude. I was horrified." Obviously net bras and G strings were garments unheard of in the sturdy, no-nonsense circles in which that deputy sheriff lived.

When I cross-examined him, I asked, "You said that Miss St. Cyr did bumps and grinds?" Then I gave the jury a long, slow, meaningful look—the press described it as a pixy look—and I turned to the witness again and said, "Would you call what she did a bump or a bumpity-bump?"

The deputy sheriff's face turned red and there was no reply.

The first witness for the defense was Ciro's plump and stocky owner, Herman Hover. I asked Mr. Hover to do a bump and a grind. If there was any preconceived notion in the minds of the jury that Miss St. Cyr had committed a serious offense, by the time Mr. Hover finished revolving his body sensuously in the witness box, the serious aspects of the affair had evaporated. It is hard to believe a show is lewd when you are laughing about it so hard tears run from the corners of your eyes.

Florabel Muir, one of the very best—certainly she is the most colorful—reporters who ever worked for a Los Angeles newspaper, was our second witness. She had also been in Ciro's the night Lili was arrested. Mrs. Muir is not the soft, baby-faced, petite type. She is a hearty, sturdy woman. Her hair was flaming red.

When she appeared on the witness stand, I asked, "Did you see anything wrong with Miss St. Cyr's performance?"

"No," Mrs. Muir replied.

"Where were you sitting?" I asked. She said that she had been sitting in a spot where she had an unobstructed view of the proceedings and she had seen nothing wrong with Lili's performance.

The deputy D.A. made a mistake in cross-examining her. He didn't call her Mrs. Muir. He used a sarcastically formal type of address. "When did you arrive, madam?" he asked. "Had you been drinking that evening, madam?" . . . "Where were you sitting, madam?"

This went on for five minutes, and I could see a slow tide of red start up her neck. Finally she could take it no longer. Leaning her arms along the front edge of the witness stand, she glared at him and said in stentorian tones, "Young man, don't you call me madam!" It broke up the whole courtroom.

The young D.A. was thunderstruck. Then he said feebly, "No further questions."

But the biggest help to the defense was that all the witnesses for the prosecution testified that when Miss St. Cyr stepped out of the tub, she had been nude, which the D.A. insisted constituted indecent exposure. Some of the prosecution witnesses even said that they could see Miss St. Cyr's nakedness through the towel the maid was holding up. To counteract this testimony the same towel was produced in court which had been held between Miss St. Cyr and her audience. I asked Miss St. Cyr to hold the towel up to herself on the witness stand. There was nothing diaphanous about that terry cloth.

To clinch our defense against the nudity charge, I also showed the jury and court the actual net bra and the G string Miss St. Cyr had worn during her performance, only somehow, since I am an old-fashioned, country-type lawyer, I kept referring to her abbreviated panties and bra as her shorts and her brassière. My lack of familiarity with the modern nomenclature for those trifles seemed to amuse the ladies of the jury—there was even some unworthy talk afterward that I had deliberately *tried* to amuse them. Anyhow, since both sexes on the jury had been convulsed at the efforts made by Mr. Hover to produce an acceptable bump or grind, I think that it is fair to say that I succeeded in having that case laughed into acquittal.

There was no crushing burden of public prejudice resting upon Miss St. Cyr; in fact, as her trial wore on, the public began to howl with delight at some of its aspects, but in (*Continued on Page 74*)

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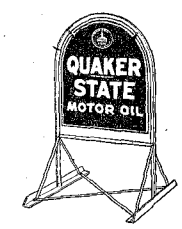

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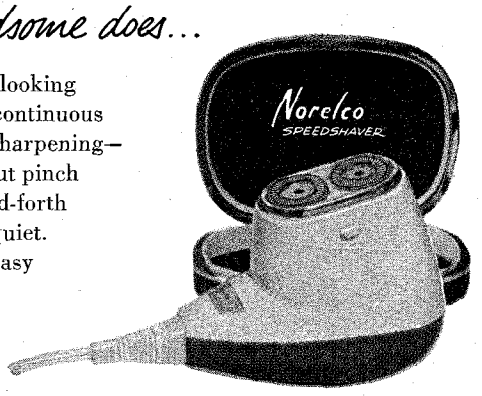

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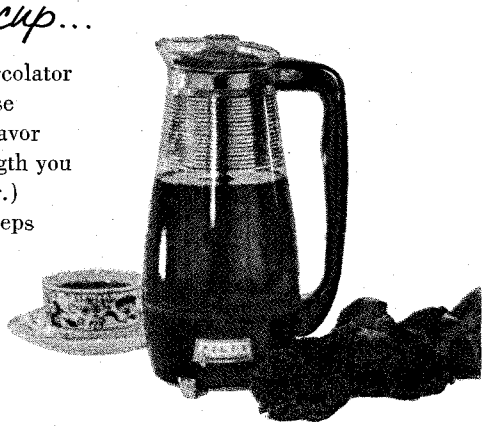

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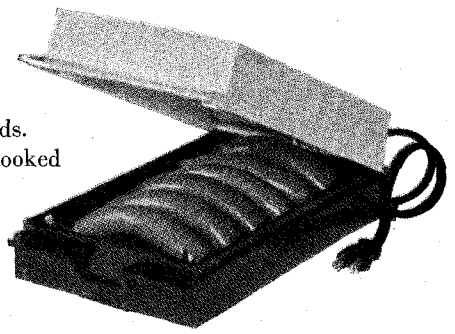
Hot diggety dogs...

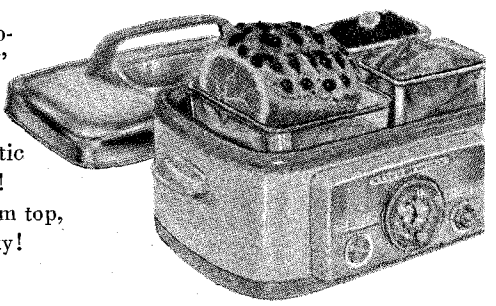
Newest, happiest idea in ages for meals or snacks: "Dog-O-Matic" Hot Dog Cooker cooks 6 hot dogs just right . . . in just 90 seconds. And they're so good, 'cause they're cooked from the inside out — automatically. All the juicy flavor *stays in*. Easy to use — even for the kids . . . lightweight . . . a breeze to wash.



WESTINGHOUSE
"DOG-O-MATIC" ELECTRIC HOT DOG COOKER

Mostest for the hostess...

Bakes, roasts, cooks, bastes automatically! The "Select-A-Recipe" control gives perfect results every time! "Dinner-Watcher" clock timer operates like automatic range timer — set it and forget it! Pyrex window, polished-aluminum top, fully insulated, 18-quart capacity!



NESCO
ROASTRYTE ROASTER

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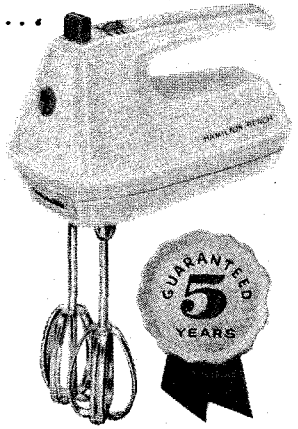
Most helpful handful...

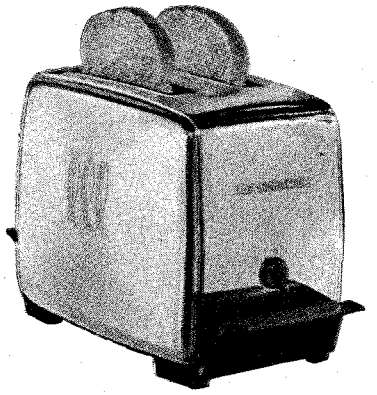
Here's the most powerful lightweight mixer made. All controls—switch, speed control, beater ejector—are centered on top of handle for greatest convenience. Perfectly balanced for easier one-hand operation. Stands on end when not in use. Easy to clean. Only portable mixer guaranteed for five years!



HAMILTON BEACH
MIXETTE

It's golden magic...

Imagine—this 2-slice Powermatic® toaster lowers the bread automatically—as if by magic! And the magical Superflex® Timer insures perfect, golden toast every time! You get extra-fast toasting action . . . toast-control dial . . . easy-to-clean crumb tray . . . thick chrome for beauty and long wear. Also available in 3-slice "family-size" model.



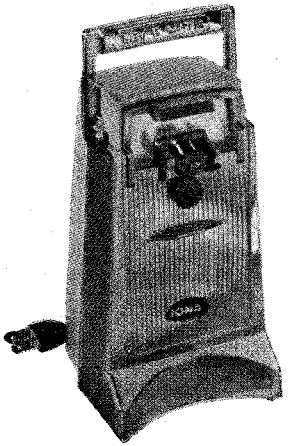
TOASTMASTER®
POWERMATIC TOASTER

N THIS ALL-ELECTRIC GIFT PARADE!

TURN PAGE

Just touch and go...

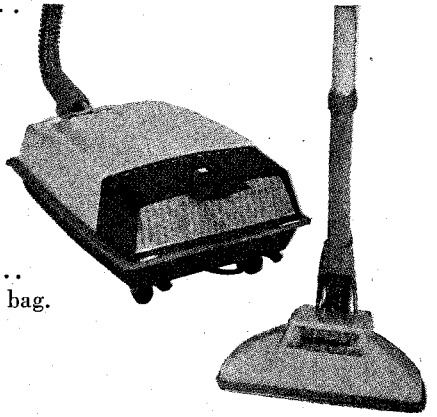
The only automatic can opener with the operating lever and carrying handle all in one! Just press handle down to open any size or shape can. Shuts off automatically, holds can and top till you're ready. Lightweight . . . works on AC, DC. In gleaming white or soft turquoise — both with polished chrome.



IONA
LEV-R-MATIC CAN OPENER

Cheer up the clean-up...

Now, two cleaners in one—it's an upright cleaner and a canister, too! Beautifully designed canister rolls anywhere, gives controlled-suction cleaning of draperies, furniture, Venetian blinds. Plus snap-on, motor-driven brush for deep-down rug cleaning. Built-in attachment compartment . . . convenient cord storage . . . toe-touch switch . . . extra-large disposable bag.



RCA WHIRLPOOL
IMPERIAL MARK XII CLEANER

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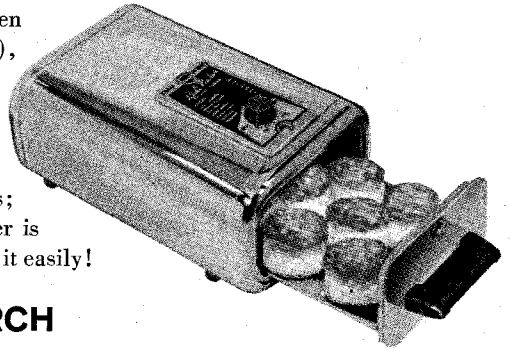
Serve 'em in style...

A portable oven . . . to bake frozen foods, biscuits (a full package!), meat loaf, package cakes right at the table . . . or keep snacks warm in any room. "Dial-A-Recipe" automatic control for proper temperatures; signal light to show when baker is ready! The modern way to bake it easily!



KNAPP-MONARCH
REDI-BAKER

Make meal time magic time...

Here's a completely automatic fry pan that braises, roasts, fries, sautés, pan-broils—even bakes. It's all aluminum for lightness . . . has a sure-grip handle that always stays cool . . . can be completely immersed for easy washing, once heat-control plug is removed. Pan is 11″ square, 2¼″ deep and has full 4-quart capacity.

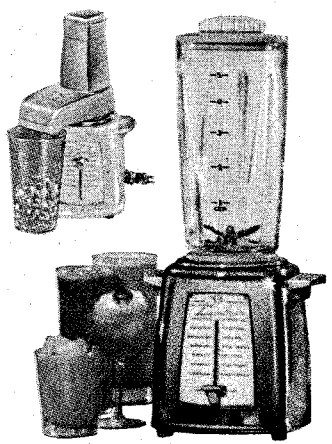
MIRRO-MATIC
ELECTRIC FRY PAN

TURN PAGE

LOOK! THERE'S A GIFT TO PLEASE EVERYON

Give the gourmet touch...

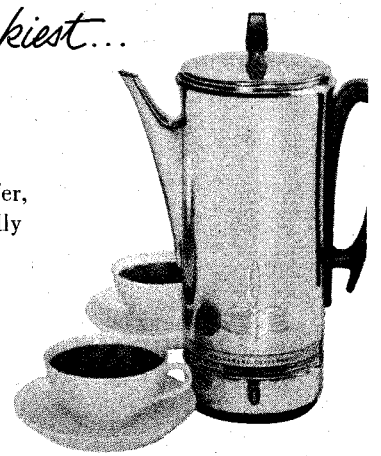
The modern way to bring out all the subtle flavors of foods and beverages, too! Versatile homemaker's helper beats, blends, chops, grinds, liquidizes, pulverizes, shreds, purées —and exclusive icer attachment makes crushed ice in a jiffy. Handy "Dial-A-Speed" switch lets you dial the right speed for every need. 44-ounce mixing jar is largest of any blender. In chrome and four decorator colors.



KNAPP-MONARCH
MULTI-SPEED LIQUIDIZER

Please 'em with the perkiest...

Now in beautiful stainless steel . . . the lifetime metal that's always friendly to your coffee. Simply set the Flavor-Selector to the strength you prefer, and Coffeematic does the rest automatically . . . brews to perfection, signals when ready and keeps coffee hot without increasing strength. Ten-cup capacity. Other models in eight- and ten-cup sizes.



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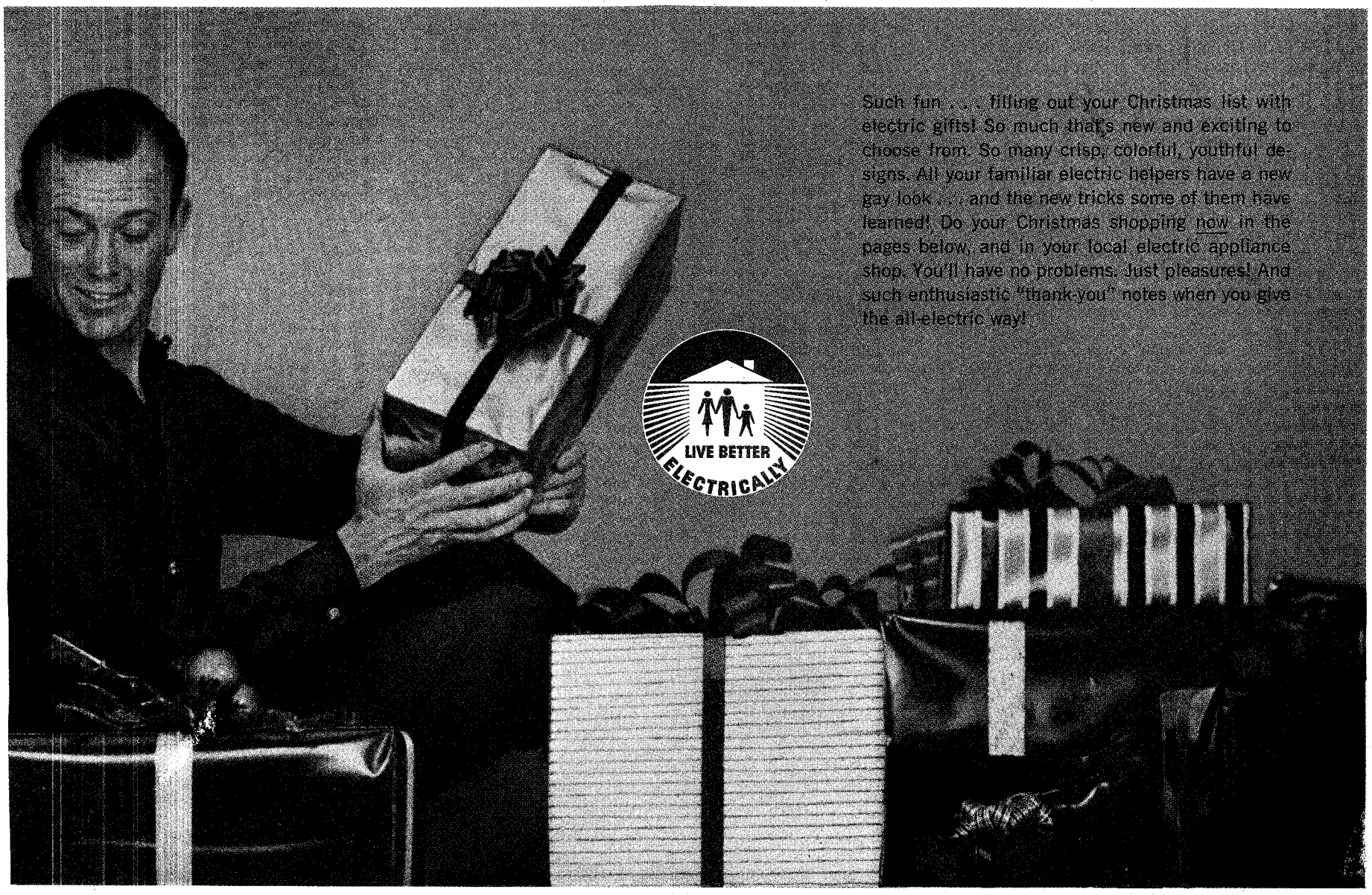
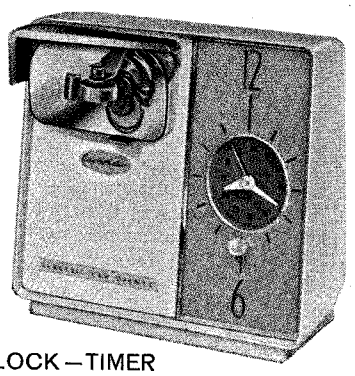


Such fun . . . filling out your Christmas list with electric gifts! So much that's new and exciting to choose from. So many crisp, colorful, youthful designs. All your familiar electric helpers have a new gay look . . . and the new tricks some of them have learned! Do your Christmas shopping now in the pages below, and in your local electric appliance shop. You'll have no problems. Just pleasures! And such enthusiastic "thank-you" notes when you give the all-electric way!

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Give her a triple treat...

Here's the "aristocrat" of automatic electric can openers— it's a precision clock and timer, too! Really new — nothing else does so much in the kitchen. Just press lever to open any can in 4 seconds. Exclusive retractable legs for extra-tall cans. Elegance you'll be proud of in gold and turquoise with sparkling white case.

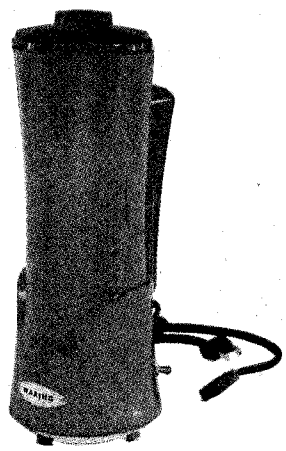


RIVAL®

CAN-O-MATIC CAN OPENER—CLOCK—TIMER

Mix up a masterpiece...

Leave the blender in the kitchen; this portable electric mixing marvel goes *anywhere!* Mixes any drink that should be mixed — from a daiquiri to a double malt and everything in between — and makes it more delicious than ever! Ideal for dips and dressings, too. Self-cleaning . . . lightweight . . . 5 stunning colors . . . AC/DC motor.



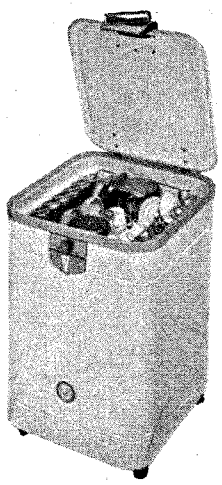
WARING

DRINK MIXER-SERVER

N THIS ALL-ELECTRIC GIFT PARADE!

Merrily she'll roll along...

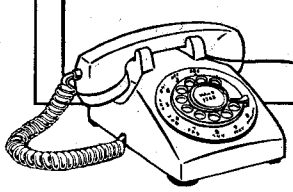
New KitchenAid portable dishwasher rolls out of the way when not in use . . . goes with you when you move! Holds service for ten—tall glasses, 12-inch plates. Revolving power wash ends hand rinsing. Hot-air drying leaves dishes sparkling bright. *All porcelain* for easy cleaning . . . with *all the quality* of KitchenAid built-in dishwashers!



KITCHENAID

PORTABLE DISHWASHER

Find Local Dealers Fast In The Yellow Pages Of Your Telephone Directory



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(*Continued from Page 67*) strong contrast to Miss St. Cyr's tussle with the law, the trial of Charlie Chaplin carried with it the heaviest weight of bitter public loathing for a client of any case I've ever handled—with the possible exception of the two Alexander Pantages trials and the three times I defended another client of mine, Busby Berkeley, against the charge of murdering three people with his automobile.

I am no longer defending Chaplin. That is over and done with, but it is only fair to say that he went through that experience like a man. Prejudice hounded him most of the way through his lawsuit, and it was only after we had had an opportunity to cross-examine the chief prosecuting witness, Miss Joan Berry, that that prejudice began to change. I could not only feel it change, I could hear it. Each noon, as we walked down the Federal Building hallway going to lunch, a few, then more of those who watched us pass had kind words for Chaplin.

Miss Berry, a curvy, ambitious redhead, met the immensely wealthy comic genius Charlie Chaplin in the spring of 1941. Neither of them had any inkling of the trouble that meeting would get them into. It is not too much to say that Chaplin's two Berry trials are among the reasons why he is spending the last years of his life in Europe instead of in California.

Miss Berry had come west from Brooklyn to do what was then called "making good" in Hollywood. Not long after they met, Chaplin had Miss Berry under contract as a "potential leading lady." His interest in her grew, and soon he was having her take dramatic lessons and announcing his intention of putting her in a projected film, *Shadow and Substance*.

She had begun the routine known in Hollywood as "being a protégée." First a protégée is signed to a contract; after that there is talk of giving her dramatic lessons or singing lessons or dancing lessons to help her with her "career." Somewhere along the path the protégée may become her patron's mistress.

According to the testimony of both Chaplin and Joan Berry, their relationship quickly became intimate. As nearly as it could be determined—and once she was on the witness stand Miss Berry was positive about it—this situation lasted from one to two years.

As 1942 blended into 1943, Chaplin's ardor faded. Miss Berry testified that at first her patron delighted in having her visit him five or six times a week, but by midwinter her visits had dropped off to half as many. By the end of the following year Chaplin had decided that she was "not cut out for motion pictures" and had let his contract with her lapse.

Even Miss Berry's sympathizers—and at the beginning of the Chaplin trial they were legion—could not claim that she had been despoiled against her will. Two things were obvious: She suffered from a compulsion "to get a break in pictures," and she found Chaplin fascinating. Which of these two impulses was uppermost in her mind was anybody's guess, but after two final assignations in Chaplin's home in December, 1942, she must have realized that her hold upon him was almost nonexistent. At that point she took an overdose of barbiturates.

She was found in time. The Beverly Hills police pumped her out. She was booked on a vagrancy charge and was released on probation after a stipulation that she go back East from whence she'd come. A representative of Chaplin's saw to it that she was given $500 and a ticket to New York.

Then suddenly the roof fell in on Chaplin. His protégée announced that she was pregnant and slapped him with a paternity suit. Chaplin denied the charge. Whether Chaplin was actually the father of Miss Berry's daughter or not—and in a later trial he was judged her parent, in spite of the testimony of pathologists who declared that he couldn't possibly be because his blood and the mother's blood could not have produced the baby's blood type—he never should have taken up with Miss Berry.

She did a lot of brooding. After a few months of brooding she was back in Beverly Hills, creating what the police called "a disturbance" at Chaplin's mansion. Chaplin complained. She was arrested for violating her probation and was put into the county jail.

These matters were called to the attention of a Federal grand jury, and as a result of a trip Joan made to New York in the fall of 1942, Chaplin was indicted for violating the Mann Act. The grand jury thought it more than a coincidence that he had journeyed to New York at the same time to make a speech at a rally supporting a second front in Europe.

No one claimed that Chaplin traveled with her either way or even that he paid her hotel bill. The defense went even further than that. We contended that going to New York was her own idea.

When Miss Berry went into the details of her trip East, she said that she and Chaplin had somehow become members of the same party at a night spot. Then she got down to earthier facts. Departing from the night spot, she said they repaired to the Waldorf-Astoria, where they were unduly intimate. Miss Berry testified that Chaplin also had relations with her in Los Angeles upon their return.

That was where I came in. Chaplin asked me to represent him against that criminal charge.

I do not plan to inflict a verbatim account of my examinations and cross-examinations in this trial upon those who read this story, but I would like to mention one point I brought out; the Mann Act had been made a law by Congress to stamp out commercialized vice. None of those who spoke in its behalf thought of it as aimed at private romance. Nevertheless, it is sometimes—and I think unfairly—used to crack down on an individual who pays a lady's fare from one state to another, even if that fare is only a taxi ride across a bridge spanning a river. Considered in this light, it is an enticement to blackmail or to help women "get back" at a man for wrongs imagined or actual.

On March 24, 1944, the *Los Angeles Times* reported the line the Chaplin defense proposed to take. The *Times* did this with gratifying accuracy. It might throw light into this corner of my life if I give excerpts from the *Times*' version:

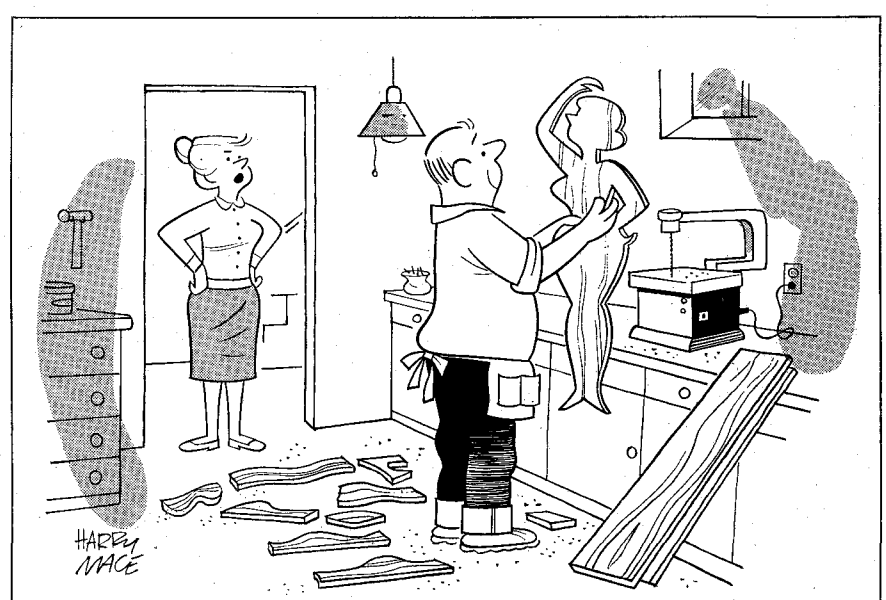
"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury"—I was quoted as saying—"at this time it is my duty to outline my defendant's case. We hope to establish to your satisfaction that he is innocent of violating the Mann Act as set forth in regard to the young lady, Joan Berry. She came to Los Angeles in 1941, met Chaplin and began to go out socially. We will show that he interested her in pictures, that he believed a screen career was possible for her, and that, following up that belief, he arranged a contract for her. Thereafter he provided for her dramatic education with Max Reinhardt. He also instructed her himself. We will show that her teeth were fixed at the expense of the Chaplin Studios, that he bought a story for her, the purchase price of which was $15,000. Further, she received a bonus of $1000. In September, 1942, she was irked at the long delay in preparing her story for the screen and told Chaplin that she wanted to go to New York with her mother and live. Chaplin said, 'I have a lot of money invested in you.' She said, 'I am going anyway.' Mr. Chaplin said, 'All right, go. Arrangements will be made for your tickets.' It was all open and above-board. The canceled checks which paid for her tickets will be produced.

"We will show that prior to October 1, 1942, she and her mother were occupying the same apartment in Beverly Hills and that she gave up the apartment and went to visit her aunt in New York City. She arrived there on October 5, moved into the Waldorf-Astoria, checking out of there on October 10. Mr. Chaplin did not arrive until October 15. Miss Berry checked in at another New York hotel which was owned by a man she knew and had seen in Mexico. She stayed there from October 10 until October 25. During that time she went out with the person who had checked her in. This person took her to the Stork Club. Mr. Chaplin happened to be there and saw her dancing with another man, but the two parties did not join.

"The sole occasion when she saw Mr. Chaplin in New York was that night at the Stork Club. On that occasion she did accompany him to the Waldorf hotel, but Mr. Chaplin will deny that there was any intimacy. We will show that she was willingly and gratuitously available to him to have relations at any time before her trip to New York, but at no time which involves the Mann Act charge against my client.

"Mr. Chaplin stayed in New York until October 27 and did not see Miss Berry again. He did not pay her bills at her other hotel, nor did the Chaplin Studios.

"Briefly, it is the position of this defendant that he did not transport Joan Berry to New York for the purpose of having intimate relations. Nor did he insist upon her returning to Los Angeles for purposes of intimacy."



"I thought you were going to build a bird feeder."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As the evidence began to unfold I sensed the first crack in the iceberg of anti-Chaplinism. During the course of the Chaplin trial, particularly during the session of that trial held on March 28, 1944, I made efforts to find out through questioning Miss Berry whether anyone had made any attempt at blackmailing my client or shaking him down. Among other things I asked her was: "Isn't it true that on May seventh, nineteen forty-three, you telephoned Miss Katherine Hunter, Mr. Chaplin's secretary, and instructed her to tell Mr. Chaplin where you were so that he could have you arrested, and when Miss Hunter said that he didn't want you arrested, you said, 'I'll put his name in headlines anyhow,' whereupon Miss Hunter said, 'You're acting foolishly; that sounds like blackmail'?"

Asked if she said that, Miss Berry replied, "I did not."

I asked her still another question. "Isn't it a fact that on June first, nineteen forty-three, in the yard of Mr. Chaplin's home, when you were alone with him, you accused him of being the father of your unborn child, and didn't you tell him that unless he gave your mother sixty-five thousand dollars and placed seventy-five thousand dollars in trust for the baby, you'd make trouble for him; that the press was on your side, and when they got through with him, they would blast him out of the country? And didn't he deny the paternity charge and refuse to give you the money?"

Miss Berry announced that that conversation had not taken place.

I still don't believe that Chaplin, who could have enjoyed Miss Berry's favors in Los Angeles for as little as twenty-five cents' carfare, would pay her fare to New York, plus her expenses as a guest at the Waldorf-Astoria, so she would be there for improper purposes.

In that case the most extraordinary thing was the testimony of Miss Berry herself. She testified that she went to Chaplin's house one night in an effort to see him; that she saw Chaplin enter his house shortly before one A.M.; that her rings and knocks went unanswered; that she broke into the house by smashing two windows; that she went to his second-floor bedroom with a loaded gun in her hand; that she held the loaded gun pointed at the comedian for an hour and a half while she talked to him, refusing Chaplin's requests to give the gun to him; that she put the loaded gun on the bedside table while she was intimate with him; that afterward she picked up the gun again and went to another bedroom where she spent the night, and that the next morning she surrendered the gun to Chaplin and his butler after Chaplin agreed to give her money.

It was hard for us in that courtroom to believe our own ears, yet Chaplin himself corroborated that what she said was true.

To me it proved that Chaplin had not transported her to New York for immoral purposes some two months earlier, or insisted upon her returning to Los Angeles for such purposes, as the Government contended. Miss Berry was more than readily available in California, without the asking.

I've called Errol Flynn the second-best witness I've ever had. No matter what he had done before or has done since, Chaplin was the best witness I've ever seen in a law court. He was effective even when he wasn't being examined or cross-examined, but was merely sitting, lonely and forlorn, at a far end of the counsel table. He is so small that only the toes of his shoes touched the floor. He looked helpless, friendless and wistful as he sat there with the (*Continued on Page 76*)

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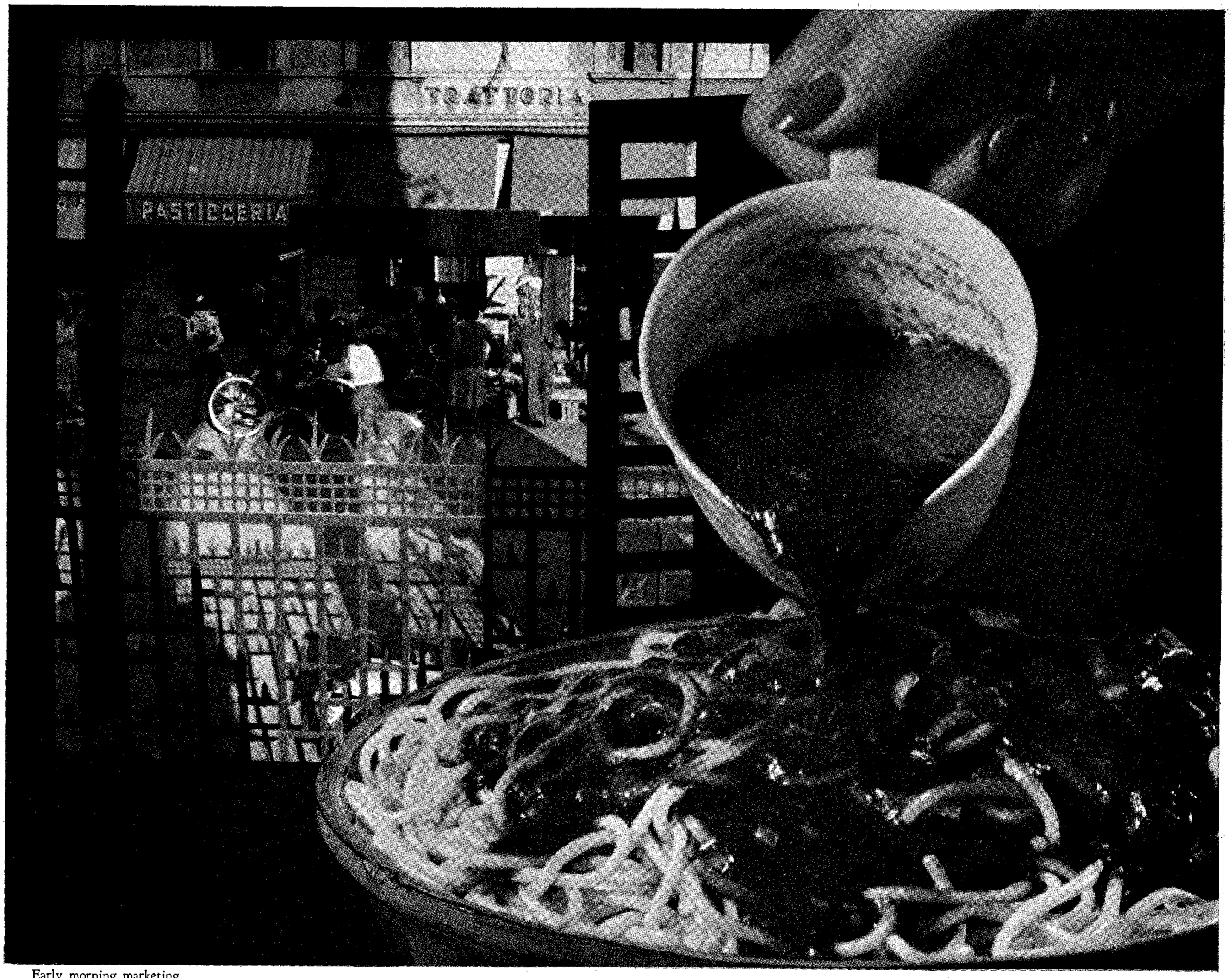
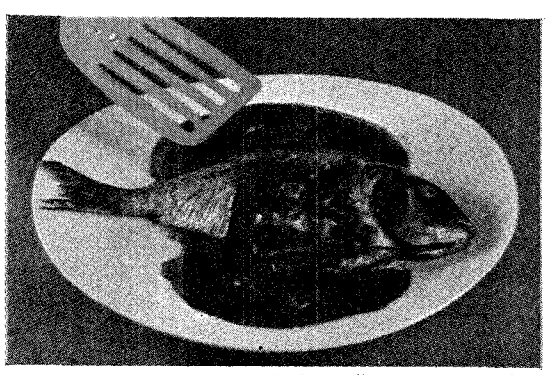


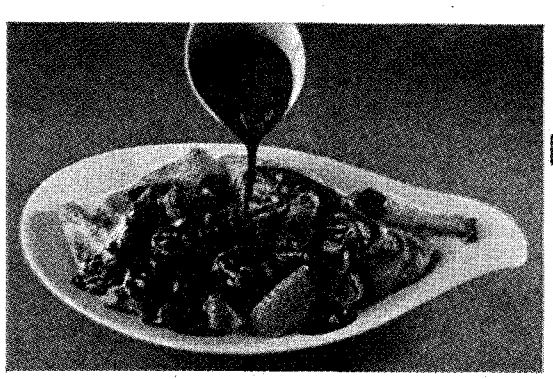
Early morning marketing in medieval Mantua.

Italy is minutes away with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee on your shelf! And every meal's a masterpiece when you let Chef Boy-Ar-Dee make the sauce. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee makes so many wonderful sauces . . . at such low prices. Like this Spaghetti Sauce with Meat, full of juicy beef and seasoned to perfection. Keep a hearty supply on hand.

You're never at a loss for sauce with CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®



NEW! Marinara Sauce—Need an all-purpose sauce for meat, fish dishes, to perk up pasta, potatoes, rice? Pour on Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's newest sauce—Marinara Sauce, made from ripe tomatoes, heavenly herbs and spices.



Mushroom Sauce—Add zest to leftovers and spaghetti with this tempting sauce. It's full of the plumpest, tenderest mushrooms, added the day they're picked! Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms is perfect for meatless days, too!

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(*Continued from Page 74*) weight of the whole United States Government against him.

Much was made of a trick he did for the newspaper shutterbugs. There was a water cooler in the corner, one of the kind into which someone upends a huge jug; then, when a plunger is pushed, bubbles float to the surface while a paper cup fills. There are two versions of what Charlie did. One was that he placed a conical cup upside down on his head, then swept it off swiftly, before the photographers could lens it, chuckling at their frustration at missing such a photograph.

Another version had him doing an almost impossible juggling act. Supposedly he tossed the paper cup upward and end over end with such skill that it landed on its wide end on top of his head and stayed there.

Chaplin's greatest quality on the stand was his outward humility—whether he was inwardly humble or not. He wept as he described his relations with Joan Berry and said, "Yes, I was intimate with her. I liked the girl." Both during direct and cross-examination he gave the appearance of utter sincerity. He wasn't arrogant, nor did he duck the verbal blows flung in his direction.

Among other questions, he was asked when he had last been intimate with Miss Berry. He said quite calmly that he couldn't remember. He added that sex wasn't important in his life.

I've heard it said that I did a very clever thing during that trial. I prefer to call it a psychologically sound thing. The Chaplin case was tried in our Federal court, and a lawyer has far less leeway in the Federal court than in the state court. For instance, when selecting a jury, he doesn't have the right to question the prospective jurors. The judge does that for him, although he sometimes accepts suggestions for questions.

A Federal judge is touchy about the questions a lawyer may ask during his cross-examination. There were many questions I wanted to ask Miss Berry, but I knew that the judge wasn't about to let me ask them. To cope with this, I adopted a device which, so far as I know, was a departure in forensic tactics. I wrote forty or fifty questions on as many sheets of paper, then took them to the judge and asked, "Which will you allow me to ask?" He struck out almost all of them, leaving only ten or twelve I could put.

But those few questions the judge O.K.'d let the jury in on the fact that Miss Berry was far from being an innocent and unsophisticated young woman, and that Chaplin couldn't be blamed too much legally—although, of course, his conduct was morally reprehensible—for having been intimate with her.

My next move was to stand as close to the jury box as I could get—in fact, at the very edge of the jury box. It had already been my habit to do that when I was questioning a witness in the courtroom. In our Federal court, unhappily, an attorney is expected to take up his position behind the lectern, but in the Chaplin trial the judge was lenient about where I could stand.

In that way I faced the witnesses, and the witnesses faced me and the jury too. I held the long sheets of paper on which I had written the questions I'd submitted to the judge. I'd ask a question, the jury would hear it, the witness would answer, then I'd say, "That was question number one. Now, Your Honor, in accordance with your ruling I will skip the other questions you have ruled that I am not permitted to ask and I will go to question number nine."

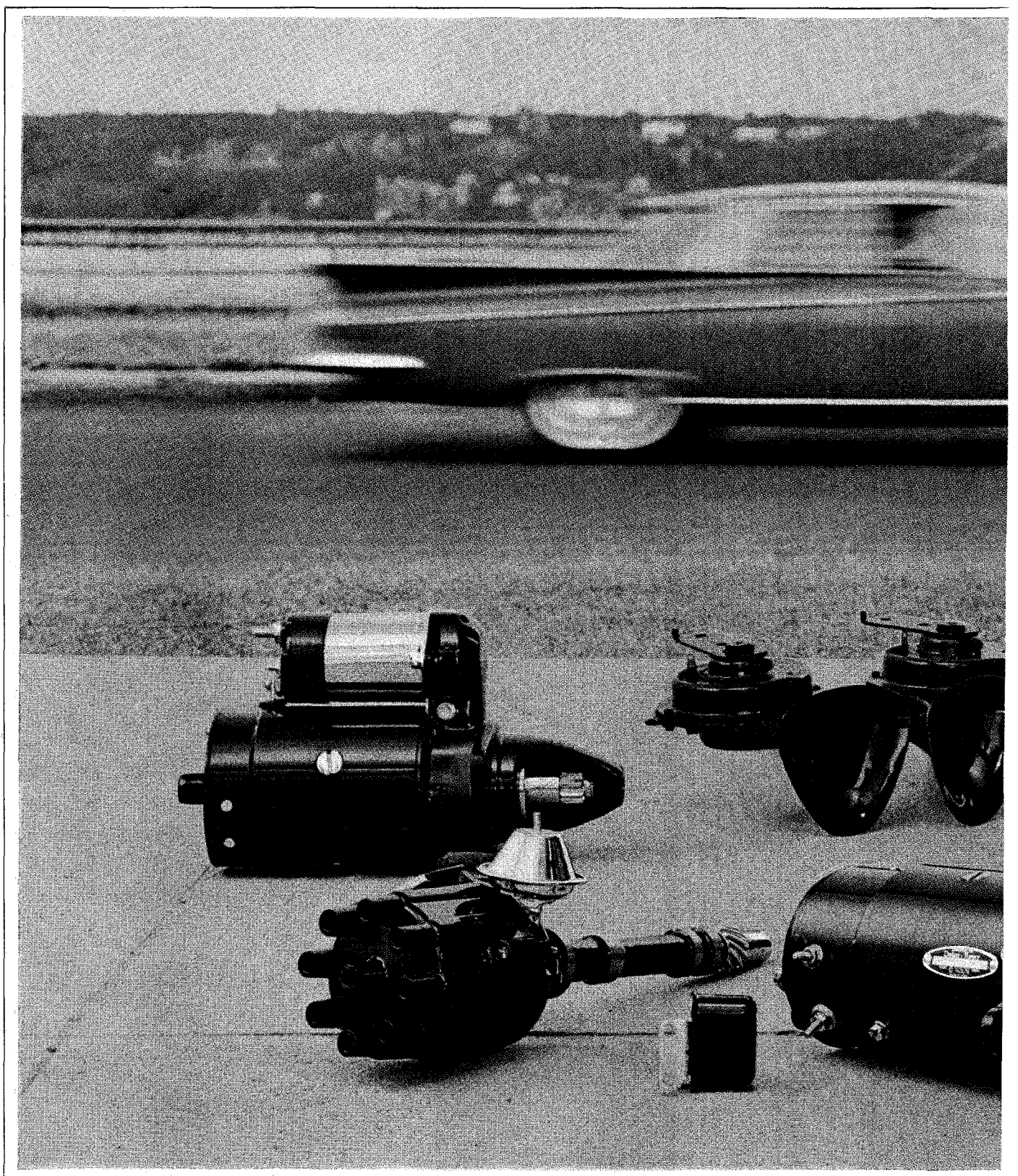
Instinctively the jurors wondered what they'd missed in the missing seven questions. Then, after a while, I'd say, "That was question number thirty-one—now, since Your Honor has ruled out the next six questions, I will resume with question number thirty-eight." The questions I did ask were not diabolical or tricky, so the effect of this procedure was to make the jury wonder why anyone could have been afraid of my unasked questions. There was nothing improper in this, and strategically I think it had some effect.

All of these things added together had a curious result. The frozen hatred for my client thawed noticeably until, at the end of the trial, the audience was more pro-Chaplin than anti-Chaplin.

When the final arguments before Federal Judge J. F. T. O'Connor were made by the United States attorney and myself, the issue was clear. Did my client have the "intent or purpose of engaging in immoral relations" with Miss Berry in New York when he contributed the money which was spent on a ticket to transport her there?

It was my job to convince the jury that this charge was nonsense, that the Government had offered no valid proof that that was Chaplin's purpose. There was no doubt that Chaplin had bought her ticket to New York, but I held that there was nothing calculated about that. Unless the twelve people on the jury were convinced that Chaplin was incapable of doing anything helpful for anybody, that ticket had been bought in a spirit of helpfulness.

In my final argument to the jury I said, "I wish the Government had not said that the defendant is an actor. What difference does it make whether he is a barber, a butcher, a lawyer or an actor?



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When he came through that door, he came as a human being, with all the emotions of a human being. He is to be judged on that basis only. It is likewise immaterial that the defendant is a British subject, although much has been made of that in this room. In this country we are fair to foreigners too."

I concluded by saying that I was not there to excuse any mistakes my client might have made or to condemn Miss Berry for anything she might have done. There was only one issue: Was the defendant guilty of a violation of the Mann Act within the restrictions of the indictment? And in my opinion, Chaplin had no immoral intent when he gave Joan Berry and her mother railroad tickets to New York.

The jury didn't think he had either, for they brought in a verdict of acquittal. When the not-guilty verdict was handed down, the courtroom audience cheered. No one who didn't live through that trial can even vaguely comprehend what a switch that was.

After the jury freed him Chaplin said, "I believe in the American people. I have abiding faith in them. In their sense of fair play and justice, their instincts are correct." Whether he still believes in those two things is something anyone who has read his statements since he left this country must decide for himself.

I don't suppose that anyone who knows Chaplin will be surprised to hear that he paid me my fee only after months and months had passed. In fact, there are those who have told me, "I'm surprised you ever got it."

The trial of Norman Selby—Kid McCoy—was the one in which I waited ninety-nine hours for the jury to come in. The tension of that waiting was so great and the emotional strain during a major trial is so tremendous that, when they finally did come in, my head rested on a supporting frame formed by my hands.

When that jury found Selby guilty of manslaughter, the verdict was regarded by the press as a victory for the defense, since he could easily have been found guilty of murder. If it was a victory, Selby and I owed thanks to a maiden lady who served on that jury who liked his looks. We found out later that it was she who had held out for the more merciful decision until all the others came around to her way of thinking. I had had no more notion that she was for Selby than a jack rabbit.

I'd picked out another juror as being favorably inclined to him, but I'd selected the wrong person. As any lawyer does, I had studied their facial expressions and their general attitudes. I had noticed whether they looked at the defendant or refused to look at him. But these actions of mine were instinctive; I'm not sure that anyone can prejudge a jury.

As Kid McCoy, Selby had once been the welterweight champion of the world, but that was in the past. He was living in Los Angeles, on West 7th Street, with a woman he hadn't married, although, in his slaphappy fashion, he was crazy about

An old-timer is a man who can remember when a person who wanted something saved up instead of paying down.

DAN BENNETT

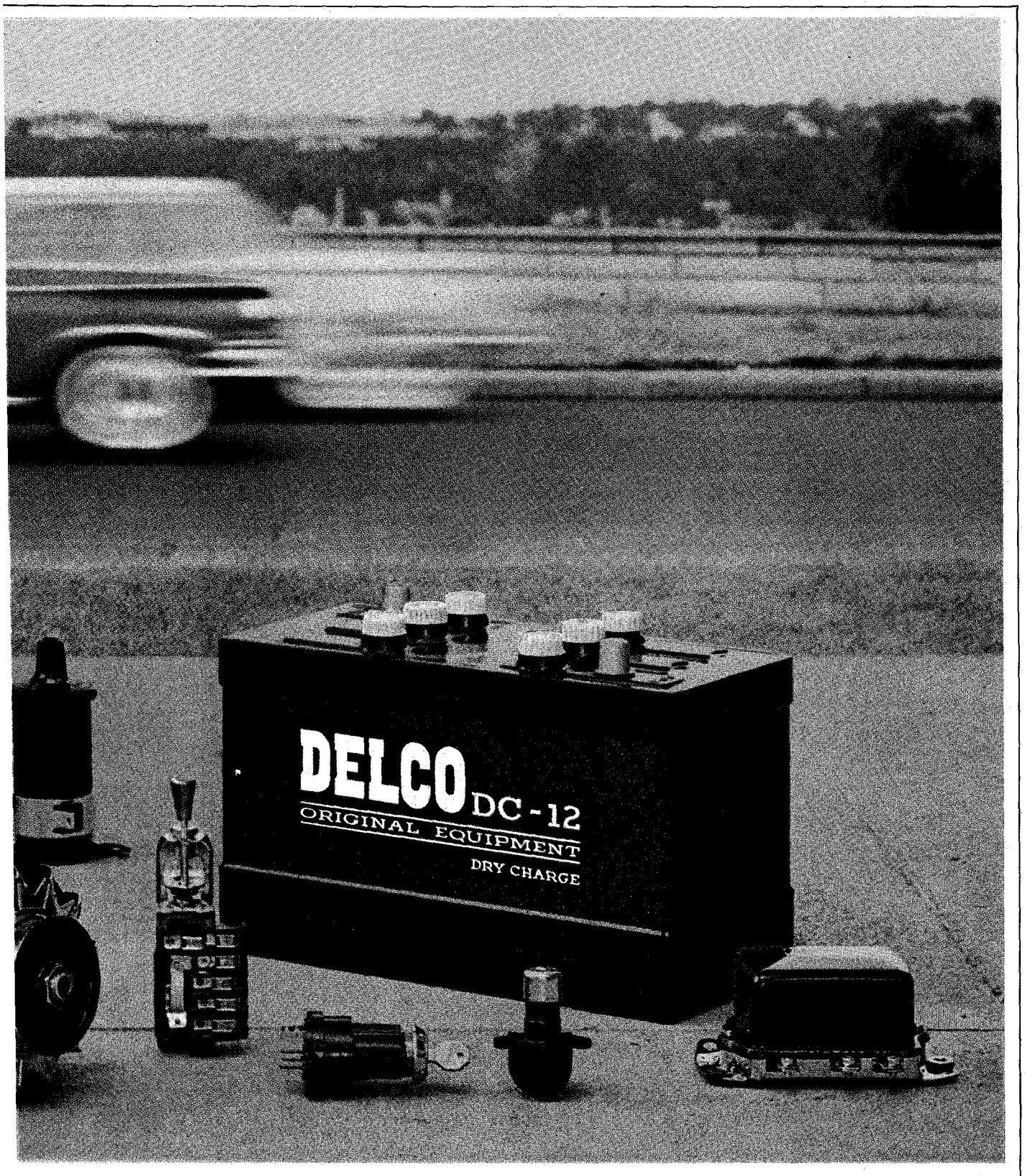
her. For one thing, he couldn't marry her because she was still legally married to Mr. Albert Mors, an antique dealer, although she was doing her best to dissolve that marriage.

Selby was a guard at a Los Angeles airplane-manufacturing plant. As such he was permitted to carry a gun. Since it was heavy and awkward, when he came home at night to the apartment where he lived with Mrs. Mors, it was his custom to take off that gun and put it on the table.

One hot August night he came home, put his gun down, took off his coat and sat down. He and the woman who shared his bed shared a number of drinks. When they had had a lot to drink, Mrs. Mors appeared, carrying a butcher knife. She announced that she was going to commit suicide.

Such a gruesome announcement didn't come out of the blue. She owned a store on 7th Street in which she sold *objets d'art* and antiques. Not only was she in the midst of trying to divorce her husband but she also had been questioned by the United States Government about some diamonds which were said to have been brought into the country illegally and which she was supposed to have. There had been talk of her guilty knowledge of smuggling. The customs inspectors had frightened her.

When she told Selby that she was going to kill herself with a butcher knife and thus rid herself of her troubles, he grabbed at the knife. As he grabbed, the knife went through her blouse. This was borne out afterward by the fact that when she was examined there was a minor stab wound in her breast. She then made a lunge with her left hand at The Kid's gun lying on the (*Continued on Page 79*)



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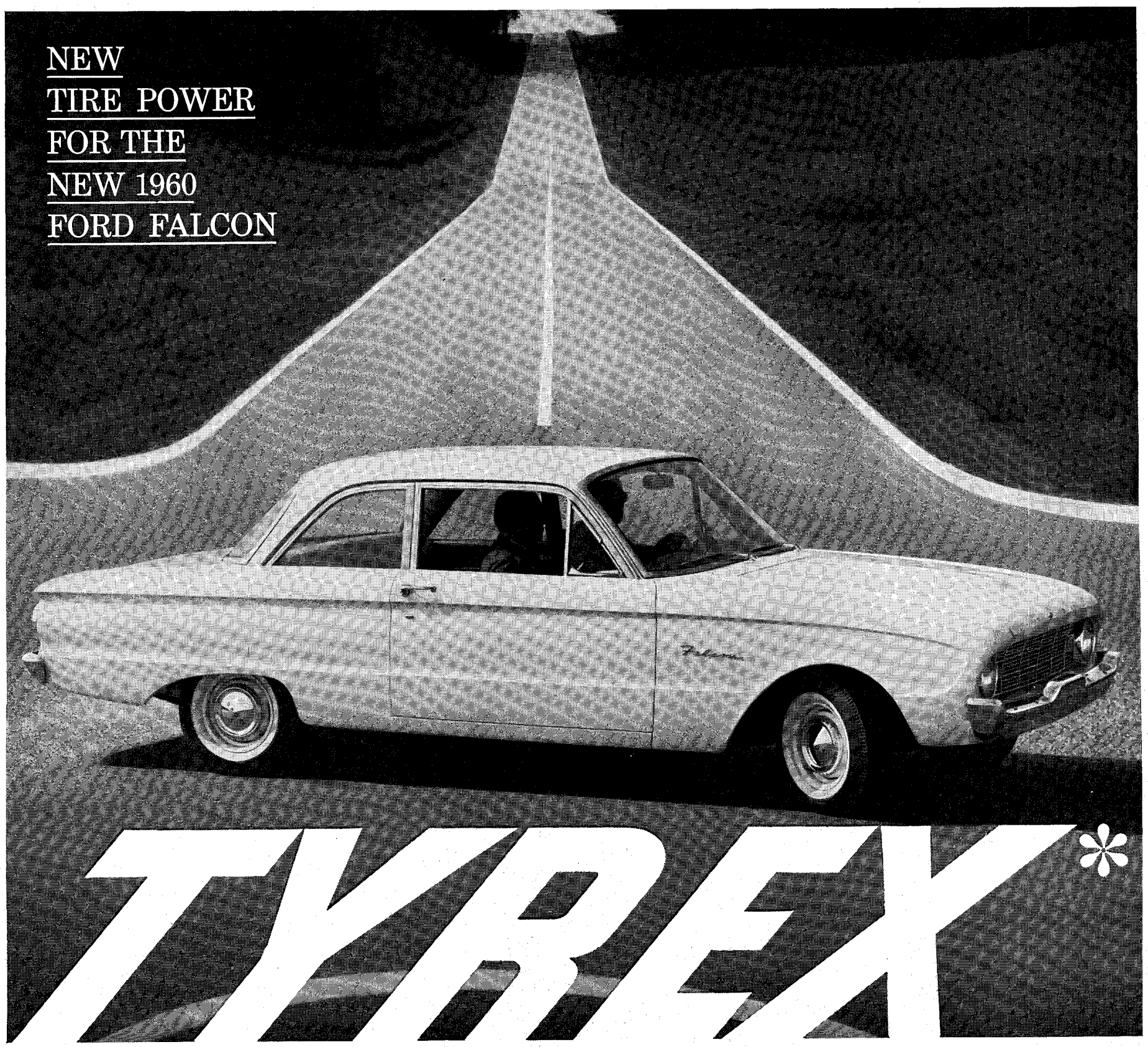

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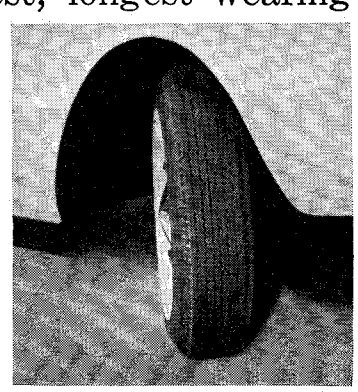

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(*Continued from Page 77*) table, picked it up, fired it at her own head and killed herself.

One of the difficulties facing me as Selby's attorney was that Mrs. Mors was not left-handed, although, if she had fired that shot, she had done it with her left hand. To make things even tougher for Selby, she must have pulled the trigger with the thumb of her left hand. I reached those conclusions myself after hours of trying to reproduce the woman's movements as Selby described them.

He said that after she shot herself he'd kept on drinking. When he was asked why he hadn't called for help, he said he'd been too drunk. However, he hadn't been too intoxicated to find a photograph of himself which Mrs. Mors had liked and placed it on her breast. Then he lay down beside her. In addition to having consumed vast quantities of hooch, Selby was also more than a little punchy as a result of absorbing countless head blows during his fighting career. He said he wanted to die, too, so he kept sucking away at his booze bottle, thinking that if he drank heavily enough he might kill himself. That didn't happen. He merely passed out.

When he came to, he got into his car and drove aimlessly around Los Angeles. In the middle of the night he showed up at his sister's house. He waked her by scratching at her sleeping-porch screen with his fingernails. Waking her, he told her a rambling and incoherent tale of having killed Mrs. Mors. He gave her what valuables he had with him, said that he was going to commit suicide, too, and left.

He was next seen in a little restaurant in downtown Los Angeles having a cup of coffee. Leaving there, he went back to Mrs. Mors' art-antique shop and waited outside until the janitor, a youngster who opened the place each morning, arrived. Selby followed him in and made the boy sit in one spot while he played music for him on an antique music box. Selby still had his gun, and, when customers came in, he made the ones he liked sit on one side of the store. He made those he didn't like sit on the other side and, if they were men, take off their trousers. Then, in a kind of screwball Robin Hood gesture, he took money away from those who had it and gave it to those who didn't. When another customer came in and saw what was going on, he turned and ran. Selby shot him, although he didn't injure him seriously.

Forgetting the customers he'd lined up and his Robin Hood role, Selby then ran next door to a lingerie shop. The proprietors were a man and wife, and in his confused state Selby took a shot at this harmless couple, too, and hit one of them; then he ran out and jumped up on the side of a passing automobile, commandeered the car and told its driver to drive him up West 7th Street. By that time the police caught up with him, arrested him and took him to his apartment, where they had found Mrs. Mors' body.

When he was questioned by the police, Selby insisted that he'd shot Mrs. Mors himself. If he hadn't been so adamant on that point, he probably would never have been convicted of harming her; instead, an innocent man might have been accused of causing her death.

To explain this it is necessary to backtrack. Mrs. Mors had had the husband from whom she was seeking a divorce arrested and charged with attempting to break into her shop to take things which belonged to her. She had afterward filed a criminal complaint against him. He was released on bail and he'd moved up on the hill above Hollywood and Vine, where he lived alone. But on the night of his wife's death, for no apparent reason, he left his home and moved into the Westgate Hotel, near 5th and Western, registering there under an assumed name. From the room assigned him, he could have gone down the hotel's back stairs, out of the back door, into an alley. From there it would have been only a short walk to the apartment where his wife was living with Selby.

In the apartment under the one where Mrs. Mors' body was found lived a woman who worked in the Broadway Department Store. She told the police that after hearing a noise overhead, she heard someone coming down the back stairs and, looking out of her window which faced the areaway at the back of her apartment, she had seen a man pass. She identified that man as Mr. Mors.

She definitely refused to identify that nighttime prowler as Selby. It is apparent, therefore, that if Selby had not made his impulsive confession, the evidence of the woman who lived in the apartment under Mrs. Mors' and the trouble between Mors and his wife would have made it difficult for Mr. Mors to have avoided a charge of murder himself.

But none of this came out until the trial. By that time I had been retained by Selby to represent him. He had retracted his confession of murder and had told the story of Mrs. Mors' suicide, which I am convinced was the truth. During the course of that trial I did several things. I had Selby tell the jury how she had seized his gun to commit suicide and how it had gone off in her hand, with the thumb of her left hand on the trigger. I put Mors on the witness stand and questioned him, but I was unable to get a satisfactory answer as to why he had registered on that particular night at the Westgate Hotel under an assumed name.

The result was crazy and mixed up, and if Selby hadn't made his earlier confession and if he hadn't done the crazy and violent things he had done that night and the next morning, I might have got him off, and Mors would probably have been tried for murder. But added to the murder against Selby was a charge of armed robbery—when he took money away from the men he had lined up the next morning—and a charge of assault with a deadly weapon—because of the shots he'd taken at people that morning. He'd done about all a man could do to get himself into deep trouble.

One of the witnesses for the defense was Damon Runyon. He came all the way from New York to testify as a character witness for Selby. I had other character witnesses for Selby, but Runyon was outstanding.

From time to time the jury came back into the court and asked questions about the testimony and requested further instructions on points of law. The custom was for the jury to push a buzzer three times if it had agreed on a verdict. In the meantime, if they wanted something like water or sheets of paper, they buzzed the buzzer once. When I heard that buzzer, it went through my stomach like a blunt knife. To get away from it I stayed in the hallway outside of the courtroom and paced up and down when the jury was out.

In the end, after its interminable ninety-nine-hour deliberation, it brought in a verdict of manslaughter. Selby was then put on trial for the other charges against him. He retained another attorney to defend him against those charges. He was convicted and was sentenced to San Quentin. When he'd been in San Quentin for almost eight years, Henry Ford Sr. got him out by agreeing to employ him to handle the exercise-and-health program for his employees in the Ford factory in Detroit. Selby worked for Mr. Ford, on parole, until he died.

I am still convinced that the shooting for which Selby drew a manslaughter penalty was accidental and that Mrs. Mors shot herself. Selby confessed because he wanted to die.

Next week in his third installment Mr. Giesler will tell how Barbara Hutton moved—maids, butlers, and all—into his house while he handled her divorce from Cary Grant. He will also recount the strange story of the Little Fellow in the Attic, the most sensational case he has ever had anything to do with. —THE EDITORS

Too Many Ghosts (Continued from Page 51)

"You haven't changed, Isobel—except to look lovelier," Meg said, smiling brightly. She pulled at her gloves, dangled her fashionable handbag from one arm and, carrying a small and delicately colored rolled-up umbrella, passed with Lord Paradine and his sister in that inimitable slow conversational saunter of the *haut monde* out of sight through the portals of Paradine Hall, followed by butler, chauffeur and handyman carrying the cream-and-mauve banded luggage.

The sight of her warmed Hero's heart, and he smiled contentedly to himself as he thought, *If you only knew what naughty things my dear sister has in those cases!* Meg would need time to settle down a bit before he paid her a visit, and so he busied himself with certain matters that were on his mind. He remembered the tide table he had asked about, and looked in the telephone closet in the hall where Isobel had said it would be. It was there, attached to a bit of string, available to anyone. He consulted it, looked at his watch, did some calculations and lifted an eyebrow.

He went to the music room and found it unlocked. Nothing seemed changed—the great golden harp stood in the corner by the window, the cover of the grand piano was closed, the shades half-drawn—and yet there was something different about the room, and he could not tell what. The music was still in orderly piles, undisturbed; none of the pictures of composers, or statuary had been moved, and yet he had the feeling there was something missing. Try as he would, he could not discover or remember what it was.

Noreen poked her head in at the door and said, "Hello. What are you doing?"

Hero said morosely, "Still looking for ghosts." He felt troubled and at a loss.

Noreen said cheerfully, "Come and see ours—it's making mummy good and sick. It's a real one, too, but I'm not frightened of it."

"When?" asked Hero.

"This afternoon, when mummy's there," said the child. "It hates mummy, but it loves me." She went skipping off.

When, a half hour later, Hero strolled into Meg's room, she looked up from her unpacking with just the slightest air of guilt and anxiety. "Oh, Sandro," she said, "was I just too awful? I thought perhaps you might like something a little impressive."

"My dear Lady Margaret," Hero said and kissed her cheek affectionately, "you were absolutely superb."

He eyed appreciatively an expensive-looking brown leather lady's handbag that stood upon her dressing table. "Ah," he said, "Little Snooper." It contained her own adaptation of a German minicamera loading the most sensitive of films and operated by a small, delicate and practically noiseless clockwork motor. The lens peered out invisibly from the fold of the handbag. When tucked under Lady Margaret's arm, Little Snooper took pictures of everything going on behind her at the rate of an exposure every three seconds.

"We'll be wanting her," Hero continued. "We've been invited to see a poltergeist."

"Oh," asked Meg, "by whom?"

"By the poltergeist, I rather fancy," Hero said, "though I may be wrong. The real nasty bits of work are the parents," and he told her about the Spendley-Carters and the manifestations taking place about them, and concluding, "I'd prefer to get that one settled first."

"That one?" Meg raised an eyebrow.

Hero said somewhat bitterly, "Huh, wait until you've been here a bit. This place is riddled with ghosts. I can't break them until I sort them out." He told her about the attempts to drive Susan Marshall from the Hall, and the horror of the acid splotch outside her door, the sinister manifestations in Isobel's room, including the hurling down of her father's portrait, and the harp that played inexplicably by itself in a locked room.

When he had finished, with wonderful irrelevancy Meg asked, "Who was that terribly attractive woman who was watching me when I got out of the car?"

"That was a Mrs. Wilson, one of the guests at the country club. Her husband's an Army major."

"She looked dangerous to me."

Hero snorted. "She? I'm sure she had nothing to do with any of it."

"Oh, no," Meg said. "I meant to you. Has she made eyes at you yet? She looks the type."

"Heavens," Hero said, "I'm in enough difficulty as it is without that!"

"Is Susan Marshall very attractive?"

Hero said irritably, "Confound it, yes—but what's that got to do with it?" He felt that exasperation that comes to all men when women appear to stab in the dark and hit the bull's-eye. "We're in trouble, Meg; there's something wicked loose in this house. We must stop it if we can before someone gets hurt. This place is a nest of torments," he said, "and if we don't move carefully ——"

"Pictures?" Meg asked tentatively.

"Yes. Ghosts that conceal themselves in a nun's habit and come bearing acid ought to register on film. And confound it, a harp cannot play by itself in a locked room in which there is nobody."

"Not even if it were played by a ghost?" Meg asked.

Hero threw his sister a poisonous look. "It was not only seen but heard," he said. "Paradine woke up some time toward four in the morning and heard the harp playing in the music room. It was playing an old air supposed to be connected with the murder and disappearance of the nun. Lord Paradine

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leaped out of his bed and ran into his wife's room."

"Why that?" asked Meg.

"He said he went after her keys. He knew that the music room was kept locked because they didn't wish guests of the country club to use it without permission. Lady Paradine had a duplicate bunch of keys that confirmed her nominally as head of the house, but of course it is Isobel who runs everything. He secured them from the desk and ran downstairs. On the way he encountered Sir Richard, who had also heard it. They unlocked the door, he said, as the last strains of the song were heard coming from the instrument inside, rushed in and switched on the light. There was no one in the room and they swear nothing could have passed them. They ran over to the harp, the strings were still vibrating. They saw them."

"Could they have imagined it?"

"Neither Lord Paradine nor Sir Richard is an imaginative man. A few moments later Isobel came in. She had heard it too. Together they searched the room. There was no one there."

"Shall we try the infrared outfits—the X-100?" Meg suggested.

"Yes," Hero said and then struck his forehead with the heel of his hand. "But I should be able to work it out for myself. There's something wrong about that music room that I can't get at, and it's driving me up the wall—something missing out of it that was there the first time I went in." He looked fiercely at Meg and said, "Even if I find out how, there's still the 'why' to know before this house is dehaunted."

Practical Meg said, "Let's see if we can't settle the 'how' first." She opened one of her chaste bags full of equipment—the small boxes containing the tiny but powerful mercury batteries to set off the infrared flash and which, attached to the picture molding, would be hardly noticeable, and the astonishing little cameras that worked in the dark.

Hero nodded. "About four ought to do. I'll show you where I want them set up. How long will it take you? People go to bed fairly early here."

"About an hour."

"Plenty of time. The main event doesn't go on until about five minutes past two in the morning."

"Main event?"

"We've been practically promised a performance by Poltergeist Number One this afternoon. Number One is a kind of student poltergeist; it ought to carry an 'L' tag for 'Learner.' Poltergeist Number Two is the old pro. When it cuts loose around two A.M. there's going to be hell to pay."

"How do you know?" Meg asked.

"Fellow in the hydrographic office," Hero said cryptically; then, "You'll have to work fast. There's more confounded creeping goes on here after dark."

Meg murmured innocently, "I wouldn't doubt it," and then couldn't suppress a giggle.

Hero thought of Mrs. Wilson again and wondered whether he had been wrong in his estimate of her, or whether th major had suddenly become trouble with insomnia. "By the way," he said "I've encountered your charmer, Fred die. But I didn't realize he was the nex heir to the throne after young Mark. An he enjoys making mischief."

"Dear me," exclaimed Meg, "I hadn' thought of that. Do you suppose ——"

"I've got him on my list. O.K., then If you'll have Little Snooper ready I'l pick you up about three."

After lunch Hero managed to isolat Sir Richard Lockerie and maneuver hin into the library, where he talked to hin earnestly for ten minutes, told him some thing of his fears and enlisted his aid. " probably shan't have another opportu nity to talk to you alone. I'm not entirel certain what kind of a performance i scheduled for tonight—only there will b one. What I need is one more of our sid on the alert, so to speak."

Sir Richard said, "Yes, yes, you ma count on me," but he was not yet exactl sure that he completely trusted the youn man he had been instrumental in bring ing there to solve the hauntings at Par adine Hall.

"Good," Hero said. "Whatever yo see or hear, or think you may see, don' pursue and don't try to touch; leave tha to me. The first rule of spirit hunting i 'Don't grab.'"

"Ah," Sir Richard said, "then you'll b setting a trap for the ghost?"

Hero looked at him curiously and re peated, "'For the ghost?' Not at all. Fo people! What on earth would be the us of setting a trap for a ghost? I shoul say that one of the conveniences of bein a ghost is that you no longer have t worry about such things as traps—o locked doors, eh?"

Sir Richard asked, "But what if I wer to see the nun?"

Hero repeated, "Don't grab. Whateve it is, let it be, or you may regret it all you life. I prefer her on the loose. By th way," he asked, "have you a gun?"

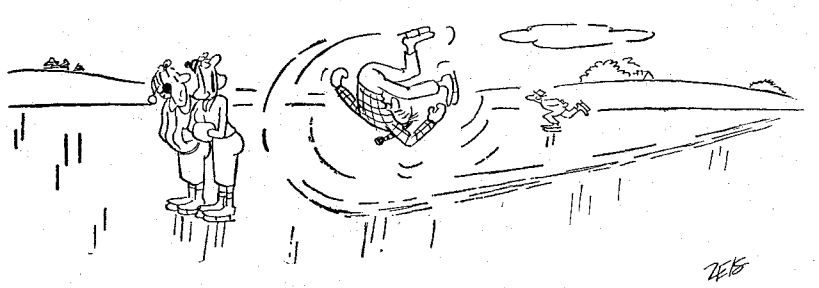
Sir Richard suddenly looked embar rassed and shifted in such a manner tha Hero knew he had it on him. "Put i away," the investigator said. "Lock it u somewhere where you can't get at i Don't ever think of going after a ghos with a gun." He paused significantly "You never know which one of us yo might kill."

Sir Richard looked disturbed an shocked. "By Jove, Hero, then you mea that someone here in the house—one o us—is playing a series of very nasty an dangerous jokes?"

"I couldn't tell you," Hero replied. " only know that up to the present, wit the possible exception of the harp, ther is not a single thing that has happene here at the Hall that could not be pro duced naturally."

"But dash it all, Hero," Sir Richar protested. "What about what all of u saw that night at the dinner? You your self would have had to have believed ther was something supernatural about."

Hero said, "I'll believe right enoug when I have (*Continued on Page 82*



"Here comes Everett now." THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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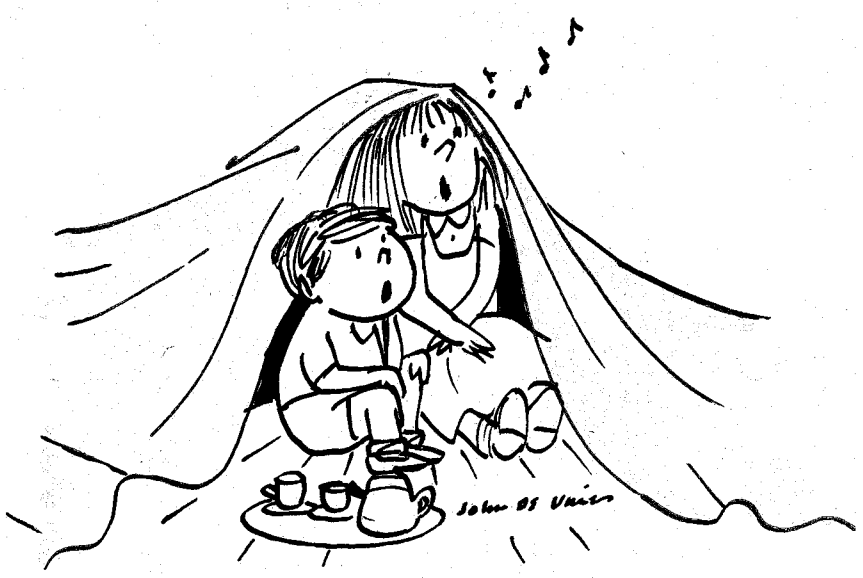

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(*Continued from Page 80*) seen something that I cannot reproduce myself. There is a difference between seeing and knowing what it is at which you are looking."

Sir Richard said, "Aren't you taking rather a strong line, Hero?"

Hero suddenly smiled. "One has to if one wants to keep out of trouble in this business."

The smile thawed Sir Richard. "Right you are," he said. "I'll do my best. I think you may count on me not to do anything foolish. At what time might one expect ——"

Hero glanced at his watch. "At about two o'clock in the morning there will be one hellish rumpus; it will come from the neighborhood of Isobel's room. From then on I shall be fairly busy. There is someone here—I need not mention names—who means a great deal to you. I want her watched."

Sir Richard looked up sharply. "Ah," he said, "then you know?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hero, "I know." It was his first and only serious mistake of the entire investigation.

Lady Margaret Callandar, in a brown tweed ensemble and clutching a brown handbag under her arm, gushed in her reserved-for-bazaar-opening tone of voice, "So good of you to let me come, dear Mr. and Mrs. Spendley-Carter. Is it frightfully rude of me to be so curious?"

Mr. Hero said, "Lady Margaret is most interested in occult phenomena."

"Of course, we are supposed to have a ghost at Heth Castle, you know. My father claims to have seen it when he was a boy. Dear Mrs. Spendley-Carter, I think you're so extraordinarily brave."

Sylvia Spendley-Carter rose reluctantly from the couch on which she was lying and limply took the hand that Lady Margaret held out to her. "I'm not brave," she said in a voice that trembled; "I am absolutely terrified."

"What's that?" Spendley-Carter brayed, impressed to death with Lady Margaret. "Oh, come now, Sylvia my dear, it hasn't done anyone any harm. If Noreen and I can stand it, I guess you can. Why, this could be the most important thing that has ever happened with my name connected with it; I'll be written up in every scientific journal. You ought to write it up yourself, young man."

Hero said, "I would if I were convinced of the phenomena. Unfortunately the spirits don't take kindly to my presence."

Noreen was sitting with her back to them at the entrance to a small curtained alcove, a kind of offshoot from the main room of her parents, which contained her bed and a dresser with a mirror, as well as a window looking out on the park and the east pergola. She sat at a small table beside one of the drawn-back curtains, one of a pair which could be closed at night to shut the alcove off somewhat from the other room, and painted with water colors. She had made a passable enough sketch of the ugly white pergola, the trees and the river, and the priory ruins in the distance, and was engaged in filling in the water colors with such concentration that she hardly so much as looked up from her task.

Hero wandered across the room and looked over Noreen's shoulder. "That's not bad, young'un," he said. "Wants a bit of black mixed in with that green, and then you'll get those shadows just under the trees." He inspected her drawing a moment longer and then sauntered back to the group, being careful not to stand near his stepsister.

"It wouldn't be your imagination, would it, Mrs. Spendley-Carter?" he asked. "Forgive me for being incredulous, but often in cases like this ——"

Spendley-Carter blustered, "Confound it, I guess I've got eyes in my head. You'd believe it soon enough if it happened to you. I only wish it might."

An object came sailing through the air and fell to the floor with a crash of breaking porcelain. Mrs. Spendley-Carter gave a wail of terror.

"Ha!" cried Spendley-Carter, "There you are! Now are you convinced?"

The object was a small vase, apparently one of a pair from the mantel, for the other, a not very expensive affair in blue china, was still standing at the opposite end. Apparently one had risen of its own volition and shattered at their feet.

The shower of stones dropped seemingly from the high ceiling—dark flint pebbles—and scattered into the corners of the room. Mrs. Spendley-Carter, her face in her hands, began to squeal agonizedly like a muffled pig.

In the corner, painting imperturbably, Noreen giggled shrilly, and carefully mixed black with the green as instructed.

... ...

November Night

By Adelaide Love

The wind goes keening
through the dark,
Disconsolate for what is
lost—
The rose, the leaf, the lyric
stream
Now songless under ice and
frost.

The moon, behind a sable
film
Of cloud, this night looks
doubly pale,
A widow who has hid her
face
Behind a mourning veil.

... ...

There was a swish and a thud, and a plucked, dressed chicken ready for the pan landed on the floor close beside them. Mrs. Spendley-Carter screamed, "I can't bear any more!" and started shaking all over. Her husband was too triumphant even to notice her. Hero knelt suddenly by the chicken and drew a small dark instrument with a glass panel and indicator dial with oscillating needle from his pocket. Swiftly he clicked a switch on the instrument and held it close to the apport on the floor—the dressed chicken. The indicator needle quavered and jumped halfway up the dial and then fell back.

"What the devil's that?" Spendley-Carter asked.

Hero replied, "Just a little idea of mine. Supersensitive to heat, you know. Nothing to worry you."

In the corner of the room there was a tall slender wooden flower stand, and upon it a brass bowl containing roses. The stand now suddenly teetered and fell over, and the brass bowl with a clangor and splashing of water scattered its contents over the floor. Mrs. Spendley-Carter rocked and moaned. Meg remained seemingly rooted to the spot by what was happening.

Hero took up the overturned stand and bowl and replaced them. "Are you satisfied?" Spendley-Carter asked.

"Quite," Hero replied.

Noreen came over with her sketch. "Is that where the black should go?" she asked.

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Hero inspected the drawing. "Yes, but straight lines are better than wavy ones."

The child nodded and then suddenly went on tiptoe to reach his ear. "How do you like our ghost?" she asked. "Isn't it fun?"

"No," Mr. Hero replied, "not very."

She went back to her table with her drawing and picked up her brush again, but Hero watched her and caught her looking at him in the mirror; and when she saw his reflection she smiled a funny, friendly, doubtful little smile at him.

Hero went over to Mrs. Spendley-Carter and laid a hand on her shoulder, and for a moment it seemed to calm her. He said, "You must try to pull yourself together. There's nothing to be afraid of," and to Spendley-Carter he said, "If I were you I'd have the doctor to look at her. I think she could use a sedative."

He then said, "Thank you," and picked Meg up with his eyes. Lady Margaret breathed, "Oh, yes, thank you very much," and they went out together.

Mr. Hero did not undress but, hooding his reading lamp so that its light would not be revealed beneath the door, sat in his easy chair and gave himself up to reflection and what would come out of this night. He thought that if but one paranormal manifestation or ghostly appearance could be proved true or untangled from the skein of human wickedness and sometimes sheer perversion with which invariably such manifestations seemed to be enmeshed, what a different world people would arise to the morning after such a discovery had been confirmed—confirmed scientifically and beyond any shadow of doubt. He wondered if he would ever see the day.

His speculations drifted back to the tensions and cross currents in the coffee room after dinner that night; the flags planted on him by Mrs. Wilson and which did not escape the wry glances of his stepsister; the curious and almost ill-mannered behavior of the otherwise sweet-tempered Beth Paradine toward her "Uncle Dick"; the febrile gaiety of Susan Marshall and the sullenness of Mark Paradine over the attentions paid to Susan by Sir Richard. Mr. Hero was not unaware of the odd paradox of the relationship between Sir Richard, Susan, Mark and Beth. The two girls were of an age; Sir Richard was obviously courting Susan as an equal; and yet to Mark and Beth Paradine, as an old neighbor whom they had probably known as children he was "uncle."

There was, Hero reflected, nothing premonitory about the tensions, not even following his own contribution, which had been to warn them that in case there should be any manifestations that night, they were under no circumstances to leave their rooms. It would be his job to look to whatever might happen.

He remembered Lord Paradine's irritability, his wife's roving eyes which always came to rest upon her son, the beaming joviality of Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, the ugly acidity of Cousin Freddie. It was the people rather than the house who were haunted, Hero had felt, for of that atmosphere of eerie apprehension and impending catastrophe which was part and parcel of every ghost story there was none.

He thought, too, of the role that Isobel played. If there was powder beneath the surface, she was the one who kept it from exploding; she was the catalyst amongst them, pouring coffee—and oil—now listening with fascinated attention to the fatuous Spendley-Carter, soothing her brother, who was in a mood to complain about everything, listening to army tales from Major Wilson, joining in conversations, keeping things somehow in control. There had been nothing Nornlike about Isobel.

The lamp by Hero's side went out as the bulb simply ceased to glow. The investigator waited until his eyes had become used to the darkness and then glanced at the luminous dial of his watch and saw that it was a quarter to two. "Lovely," he murmured, "right on schedule." He was almost pleased; Meg's little boxes did not depend upon current, but functioned from the powerful jolt of mercury batteries no thicker than a ballpoint pen. He parted the curtains of his room and let in the milky light of the moon, felt in his pocket for his flashlight and waited.

At two o'clock he silently opened the door of his room and stood in the shadow of it. His calculations were out by only a matter of minutes; it was exactly eight minutes past two when the far too many ghosts of Paradine Hall reported for duty.

It began with a dull subterranean thudding and thumping as of something elemental striving to break out from its prison, and was followed by a great crash and the sound of breaking glass and shattering china. It came from the direction of the west wing, and simultaneously a man's voice—Lord Paradine's—bawled, "What the devil's the matter with the lights?"

From the east wing—Hero's room was centered practically between the two—came a knocking, rapping and tapping, and a woman's shrill scream. That would be Sylvia Spendley-Carter.

Hero remained motionless. He had no intention of prowling at this point; Susan was in no danger, her door was bolted, and besides, Sir Richard would be keeping vigil should anything go wrong. The one thing that Hero wanted was not to interfere with the work of Meg's little black boxes.

The opening of his door threw a slice of moonlight into the corridor, and toward this came a rush and scurry of light footsteps, an envelopment of perfume and a soft cry, and then there was a woman in his arms.

She was in nightdress and negligee, as warm, scented, soft and appetizing as he had always known she would be; and before she spoke a word her lips were on his and, trembling himself, responding to the passionate instant, he held her close and wondered whether it was thus in dreams one sank into oblivion with the witchwoman. Was this yet another of the hauntings of Paradine Hall? But it wasn't. It was Mrs. Wilson.

Yet somehow he managed to maintain control, to bring his brain into command over his senses, to part his mouth from hers.

"Alexander," she whispered, "I'm so frightened—I've seen the nun."

Instantly he knew that she was lying. He said, "What about your husband?"

"He's asleep. Nothing ever wakes him once he's taken his pill and gone to sleep."

He felt the urgency of her body, and was suddenly aware of a distaste and resistance within himself. He remembered that the witchwoman also exacted her penalty. The most absurd phrase suddenly rattled through his head, *Mr. Alexander Hero regrets he cannot accept the kind invitation extended by Mrs. Vivian Wilson.* He disentangled her firmly and said, "Go back to your room at once and remain there, or I cannot answer for what may happen—there is danger!" Somewhere a door slammed, and then another. Hero did not like that. He turned her about and snarled, "Get on with it." She ran off whimpering softly.

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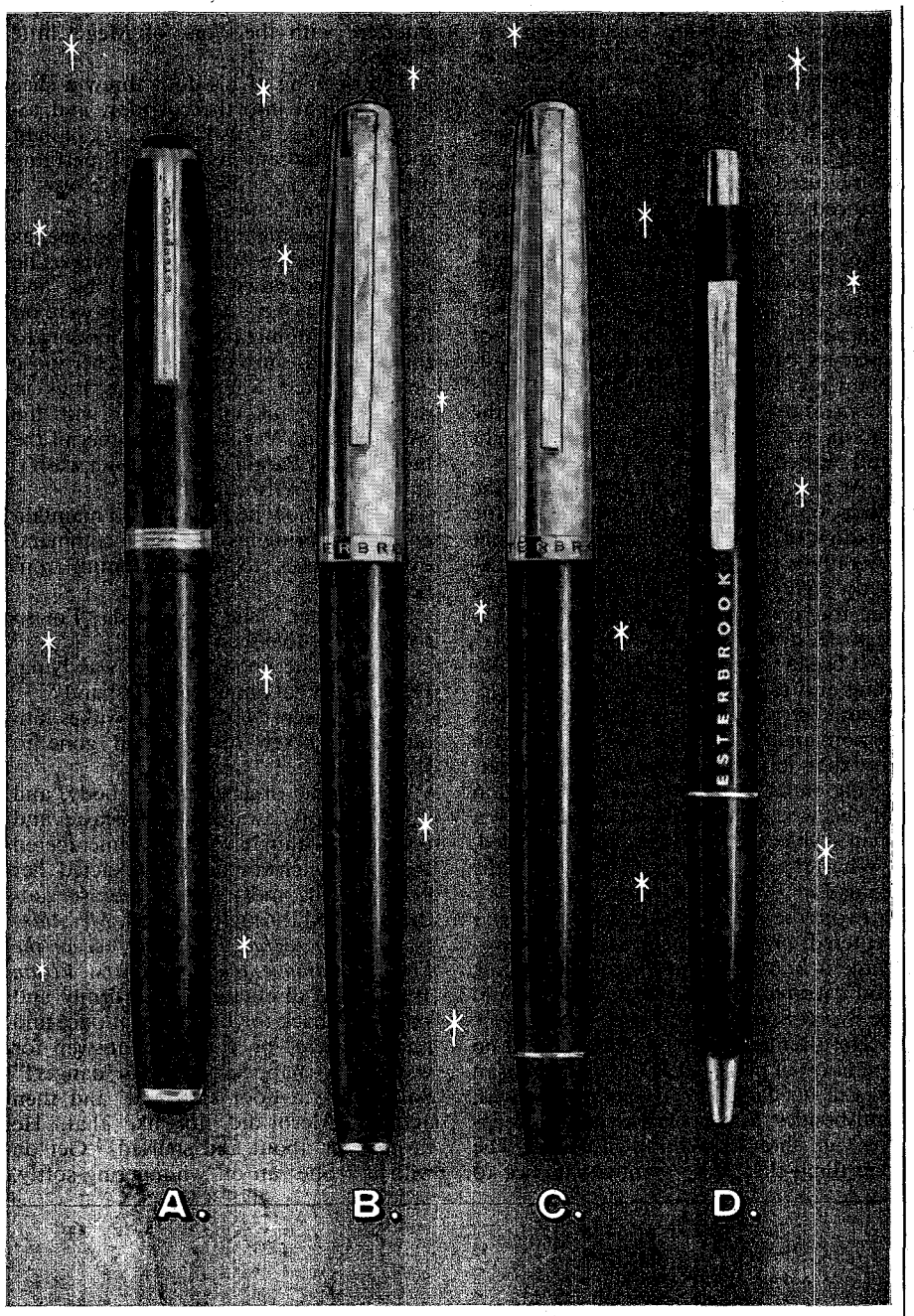

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Hero shook himself and wiped his brow. Her perfume still enveloped him, but now it only made him feel a little sick. The visit had shaken him. The result of his jangled nerves was to doubt suddenly his own arrangements. If something were to happen to Susan ——

He scrapped his plan and went gliding along the corridor. The first room he passed was that of Beth. The door stood open. He flashed his light inside. There was no one in the rumpled bed—there was no one in the room. Unease quickened his steps. On the same corridor was Sir Richard's room; it, too, was empty.

He ran on swiftly, turning the corner, and then stopped with relief, for Susan's door was closed. Through it he whispered to her, "Susan—Susan, are you all right?" There was no reply. Gently Hero tried the door. To his horror it opened, when the bolt shot from within should have kept it firm. Sick and cold at the pit of his stomach, sweating again, he went inside. His flashlight showed that the bed had been slept in, but she was not there now. He ripped open her closets and searched the room, but it was empty. He turned his light to the inside of the door. There was no bolt there now—only the empty holes where the screws that had held it had been.

Sir Richard Lockerie was as cool and brave a man as had ever kept his head under fire, but now as he groped through the corridors of the darkened Hall in search of that one who in Alexander Hero's words "meant a great deal to him," he was sweating with fear and close to panic; for when the manifestations had begun, he had rushed to her room to find it empty, the door wide open.

The thickness of the night within, the noises and his love rattled him badly; he did not know which way to turn, where to go, what to do, but blundered about blindly in the dark, seeking her.

He almost fell down the narrow stairway leading to the floor below. Beyond, in the pitch black, there was an edge of light he saw proceeding from a door that was open somewhere along the wide corridor that flanked the ground floor. He ran to it and burst through, to find himself in the library, where silver moonlight filtered in through the curtains. There beside the window he saw the figure and the white, terrified face of the girl he sought, who was more to him, and always would be, than life itself. She swayed where she stood, and he feared that she would fall before he could reach her. He called to her, "Beth—Beth darling, it's I, Richard."

She cried, "Dick, oh, Dick—I'm frightened! I thought I saw the nun—I followed her. . . . Dick—come to me," and held out her arms to him. And thereafter there were no longer any years between them, or strangeness, or shyness. The pseudo old family uncle and the little girl niece had vanished; there remained only a man and a woman who had long been in love and who had found each other.

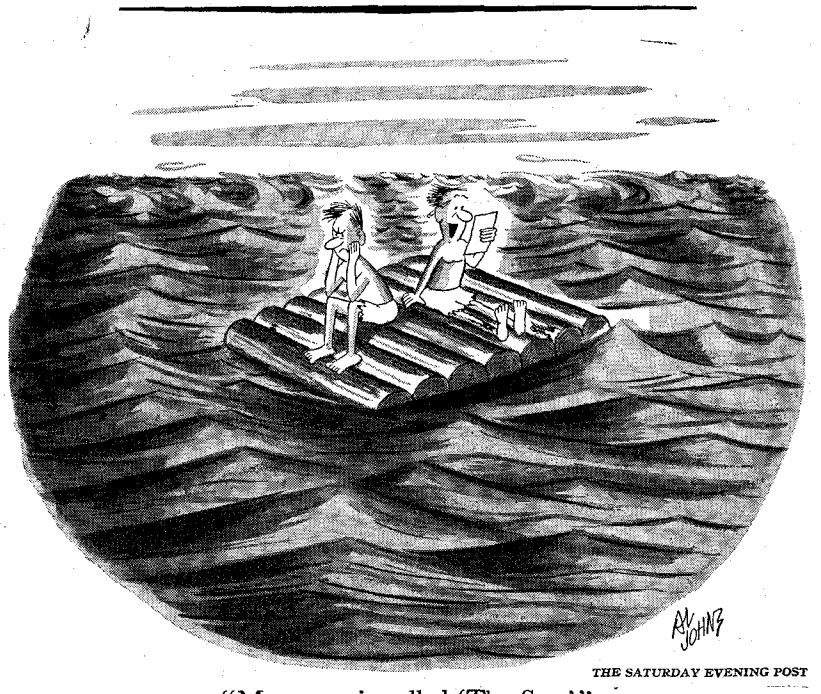
There were deep shadows at the end of the library where the light from the night sky did not penetrate. Within these shadows something lurked—a dark shape, faceless through the shrouding of the nun's cowl. The lovers did not notice; they were at those murmurings of endearments and the immediate necessary clearing up of misunderstanding and what had kept them apart. The barrier between them had been the ridiculous word "uncle" even more than the difference in their ages.

"Dick—Dick darling—I thought it was Susan you loved. I couldn't blame you, but I loved you and Julian so much I thought I would die."

"Beth, dear Beth—we need you, we want you. We love you greatly—we both ——" And then there were little cries of hunger to touch and hold and cling, cries that were then hushed by the stilling of that hunger.

Silently the figure—wraith or ghost—in the shape of a nun glided noiselessly and unseen toward the door and paused there for a moment as though listening to the love-drunk murmurs of the two by the windows, and then vanished.

Alexander Hero pulled himself together and tried to think swiftly what to do. Matters were not going at all as he had planned them. His first concern was for Susan Marshall. He had no doubt but that this time if whoever or whatever it was that hated her had been enabled to get at her, the consequences might be grave. This would no longer be a warning. Then in the darkness he heard a cry, "No! No! Let me go!" It was Susan's voice. He ran thither, switching on his flashlight, whose spot of beam for a moment only showed her struggling with someone, then with the same suddenness with which they had been extinguished, all the lights that had been left switched on came alive again; shafts penetrated the corridor from the open doors of the rooms. The (*Continued on Page 86*)



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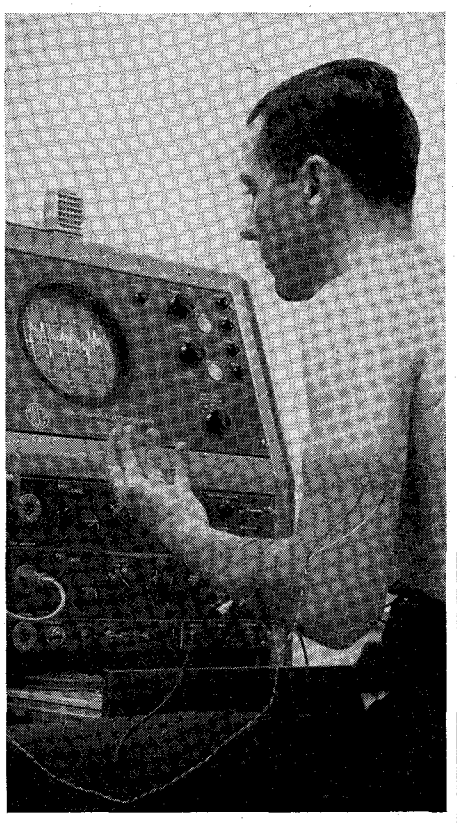

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(*Continued from Page 84*) one in whose grip Susan was clutched was Mark Paradine.

"Hold still, you little fool!" he was saying. "You unutterable, headstrong little fool—didn't you hear Alexander say to keep to your room and keep it locked? Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

"Oh, stop being so male and let me go! I'm sick of what Alexander says—and all of you."

Mr. Hero felt such relief as he had never experienced in his life before. "Not exactly the ideal time or place for a row," he said. "Sorry to have to interrupt. Susan, why didn't you come and tell me when you found the bolt had been removed from your door?"

She turned upon him now hotly and said, "Because I'm tired of all this secrecy and slinking around the house and trying of my door and being told what to do! I didn't notice it until just before going to bed, when I went to slip it and saw that it was gone. It made me so angry that I decided I'd go after whatever it was and have it out."

Mark Paradine was morosely examining a scratch upon his wrist. He said, "I went to see whether she was all right and ran into her in the dark. My word, she didn't half claw!"

At that precise moment the harp began to play. The sound of the music came as a shock to them all, but even more to Alexander Hero, as much for the fact that it was happening—for he simply had not believed it possible in those circumstances—as for the totally different aspect it threw upon all those whose word and motives he had doubted.

He stood rigid there in the corridor, listening to the ancient strains drifting to them from the music room below and in his mind fitting the words to them.

My bonnie dear, thy face so dear
to me—
So fair art thou that none shall dearer
be. . . .

Anger and temper subsided in Susan Marshall as swiftly as they had risen. "Why, Alex," she said in surprise, noting his attitude, his pallor and the expression on his face, "You're frightened."

Hero replied, "You're blasted right I am. Do you think that just because I know a few tricks I am less than human? Well, come on then ——"

He ran for the small back staircase leading to the rooms below, with Susan and Mark at his heels. Over their footfalls and rapid breathing the strains of the harp were still to be heard. Below they encountered Lord Paradine. He shouted to Hero, "By Gad, Hero, we'll get at it this time, and no mistake!"

Hero saw that Lady Paradine was likewise there, that there seemed to be a kind of convention gathering. He noted Beth and Sir Richard together in dressing gowns, and that there was something strange in their attitudes; also, stout Mr. Jellicot was there in somewhat odd attire, for he was wearing his daytime trousers over his pajama bottoms, and slippers, and Hero wondered how he had managed to arrive so quickly from his room in the east wing on the other side of the house, and also how he had heard the harp from there.

The music, tinny and tinkling, still filled the corridor. Lord Paradine, with a glare of savage satisfaction, made for the door of the music room. Hero said, "Sir, *if you don't mind, let me. One never* knows ——"

Susan Marshall breathed, "Oh, Alex, be careful."

Hero turned the knob of the door—it did not yield. "Why, it's locked!" he cried. "I thought I gave orders it was to be left open."

"What? Locked?" yelled Lord Paradine.

"Where's Isobel?" demanded Lady Paradine.

"She's probably gone to get the keys," Paradine replied. "Go fetch yours."

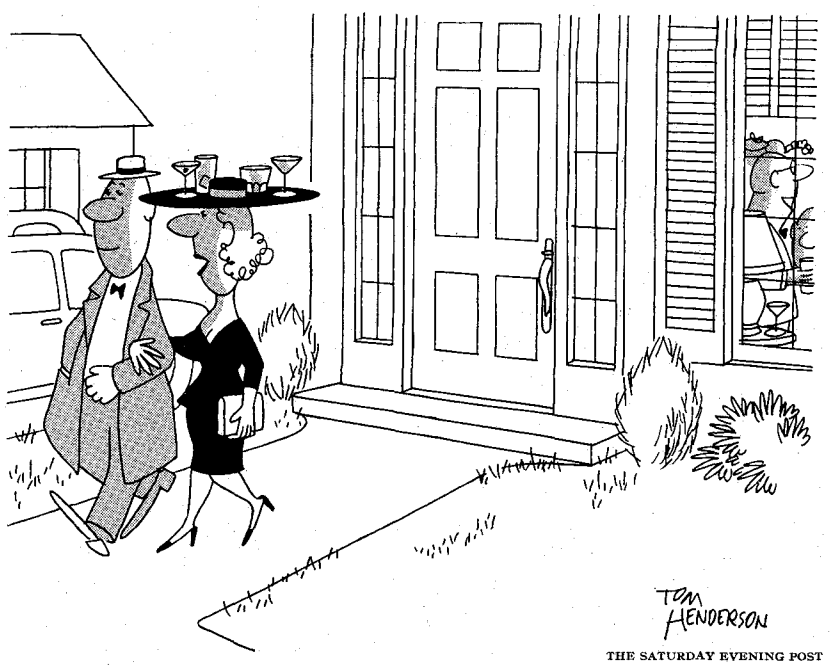
Hero had been counting noses. Professor Paulson, Dean Ellison and Mrs. Geraldine Taylor had arrived. Missing were Cousin Freddie, the Spendley-Carters and the Wilsons.

My bonnie dear, bright are the summer
days, and sweet the nights;
And thou, my ——

The music broke off abruptly. "We won't wait," Hero said, and put his shoulder to the door. The angry power of his thrust smashed the lock, and he burst through, yet caught himself to flick on the wall switch and illuminate the room, which was empty. There was no one there, and no place where anyone could hide. Hero ran across to the harp, closely followed by Paradine and, oddly enough, that quiet and insignificant person, the engineer, Dean Ellison.

The harp stood where it had always been, but the strings were still vibrating.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Lovely party, but it seemed awfully crowded."

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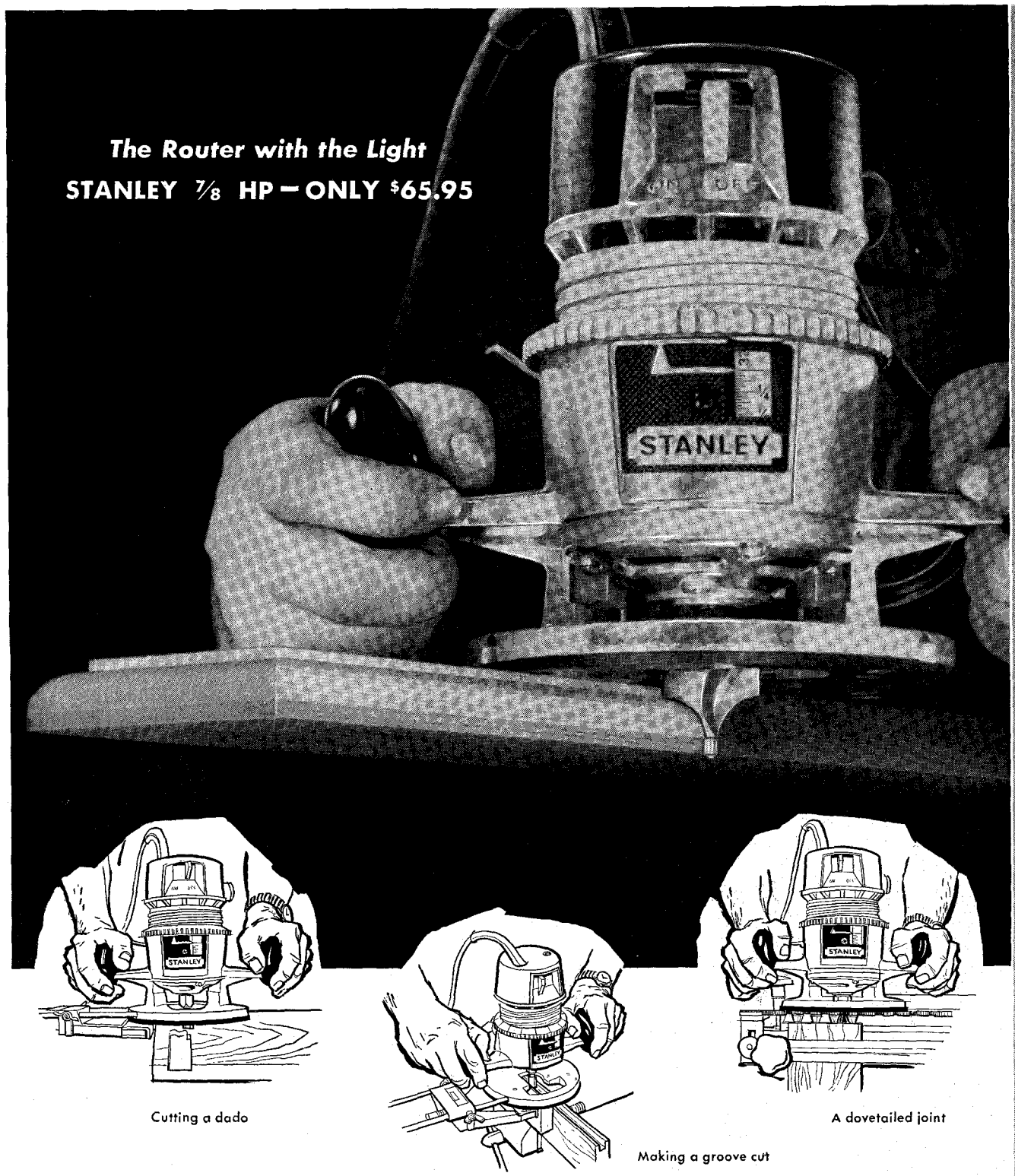

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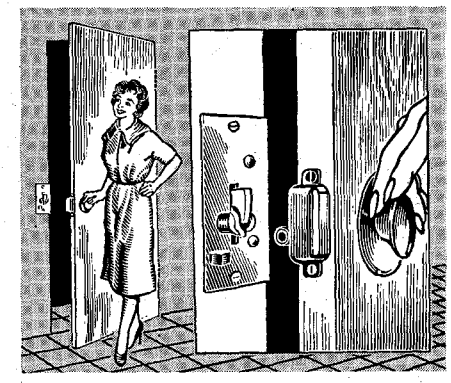

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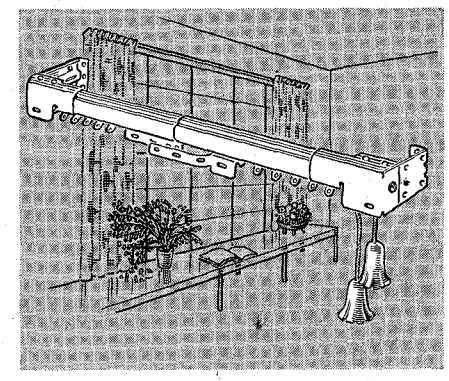

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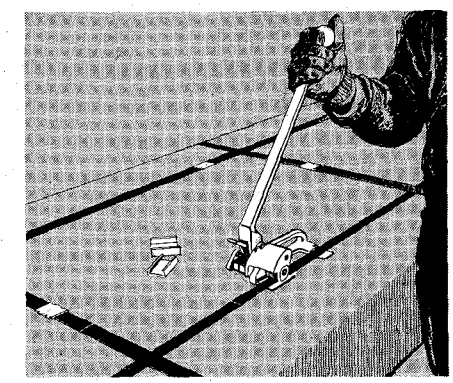

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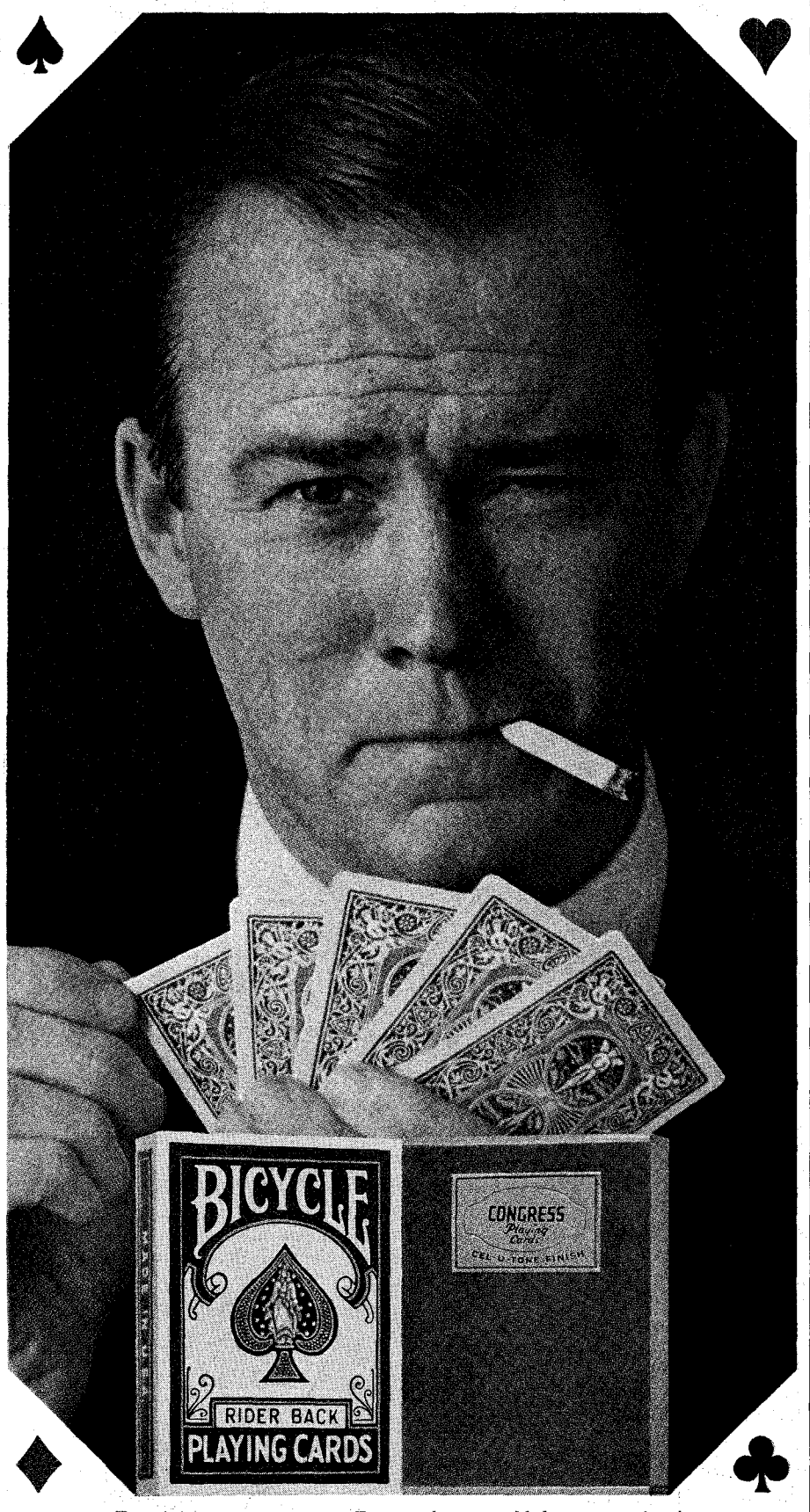

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They Suit the Big Shots

(Continued from Page 49)

administrative assistant, an old customer, when he needed a white dinner jacket in a hurry. Bill had the cuffs put on the trousers while he waited, and the senator recalls, "I felt like he and I had been old friends for ages."

This sentiment was partly the product of the Swartz hospitality. It consisted of Bill's taking the senator to Dave Goldstein's delicatessen at the corner for a corned beef on rye. Only truly important clients are accorded this treatment. Others merely get free coffee or soft drinks while their children are afforded access to bottomless supplies of pretzels and candy. Friends of the house, of course, may wind up with anything. U. E. Baughman, chief of the Secret Service (40 long), once came in looking so fatigued that Bill maneuvered him into his office and insisted on an immediate treatment on his vibrating table. Sen. Karl E. Mundt (Republican, South Dakota, 42 portly short) was once sent home with a large loaf of Jewish pumpernickel.

By that time the senator and the Swartzes had been through a lot of portly shorts together, including several which the gentleman from South Dakota needed in a terrible rush when he was suddenly named chairman of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee during the Army-McCarthy hearings and had to make an appropriate showing on television.

Like quite a few VIP's, Senator Mundt rarely travels to the Swartz store alone. "I've taken people up there just for the show," he says; "it's like going to a ball game. Lots of times I don't buy anything. I just go to look." His guests, who have included Sen. Styles Bridges, chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, invariably appreciate the entertainment and buy a suit or two or three. Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark brought along Justice Hugo Black, who also shopped. Another time Justice Clark spent hours patrolling the place with his nephew and all but waited on the customers.

Some highly placed personages find the Swartz operations taxing on their credulity. One of these was Mrs. Marjorie Merriweather Post May, the Post Toasties heiress and one of the world's richest women. When she first heard about the brothers, she asked a secretary to call for an appointment. Mrs. Elsie S. Kenigson, the Swartzes' sister, who is known as "Miss Elsie" and supervises the sale of women's suits and coats, booked Mrs. May without difficulty—"I'm only free eight hours a day," she commented. A secretary, a masseuse, a chauffeur, a footman and an Italian princess arrived with the distinguished visitor.

"Mrs. May looked very startled," Miss Elsie remembers.

Continuing to look startled, Mrs. May made the rounds of the workshop, where many Swartz clothes are made, and inspected the 10,000 suits, coats, sports jackets, slacks and items of male formal attire, all hanging from unpainted iron pipe. She viewed the chipped mirrors, the customers standing on enfeebled benches—so the tailors don't have to bend too far to fix the cuffs—the unpainted wooden floors, the three Swartz brothers flitting about like splitting atoms as they waited on a handful of clients each, and such signs as Bill scrawls on wrapping paper and then pins on tweed coats—$150? No! SSS $47.90!—or on cashmere jackets—VERY PERISHABLE: FOR MILLIONAIRES ONLY!

"Very unusual," commented Mrs. May. She then made purchases for herself, her staff, her children, her grandchildren and her house guests and has been a more or less regular client since. "An amazing organization," she says.

From Dr. Winifred Overholser, another devotee, comes clinical confirmation of the sign welcoming each visitor to the store. "It is a madhouse," says the doctor, who is superintendent of Saint Elizabeths Hospital, the Federal Government's model mental institution in Washington. Bill Swartz, who always wanted to be a doctor and relaxes over books like Surgery of the Stomach and Duodenum, approves of Doctor Overholser medically. "The guy's a saint," he says. But he deplores the doctor's posture and diagnoses him as "absolutely unfittable."

Actually the brothers consider Doctor Overholser one of many challenges faced and conquered—like Sen. A. Willis Robertson (Democrat, Virginia, 44 long), for example, of whom Bill says, "Stooped neck, kangaroo step, lost in reverie all the time and his position changes every second"; or Lincoln White, the Secretary of State's chief press spokesman, who stands so straight that his shoulders must be squared off so his coat won't ripple across the back; or Roscoe Drummond, the columnist, who measures five feet three and a half inches, weighs 126 pounds and must have a specially tailored "cadet" model, a 36 short short.

Most Swartz customers buy their suits straight off the old iron pipe rack. Anybody who wants or needs them tailor-made is charged fifteen dollars extra.

Occasionally a customer at a fitting can impose his will on the collective determination of the Swartzes. One of these triumphs was scored by Gen. Thomas D. White, the Air Force Chief of Staff. The general wanted the pants on his new summer uniform tailored without pleats. Jerry Swartz, who is president of the firm because the brothers tossed a quarter for the job and he lost, did not want to make the pants without pleats because it is against regulations. The general insisted.

"All right," said Jerry finally, "we'll give it to you but at your own risk."

"I'll take that chance," said General White.

More typically, Bill collars an undisciplined client and demands, "Look, am I making this garment or you?" In case of great extremity Swartz will make a sale under protest and inscribe on the bill: "This model given at customer's request." One entire organization, the Interstate Commerce Commission, is blacklisted by the brothers as "almost impossible to please."

Disapproval is not the sole hazard faced by Swartz clients. On Saturdays when the clamor for SSS garments reaches near-hurricane proportions, the brothers and their salesmen are frequently so swamped that shoppers must help themselves. If they arrive with vacant seats in their cars, the brothers fill them with strangers requiring transportation back to Washington. In case of crisis customers are drafted as delivery boys. The French military attaché once carried a tuxedo to Col. George Moore, brother-in-law of the President's wife, who needed it the same evening for a White House function.

Yes, there are dissatisfied Swartz customers. One Saturday morning when I was on the premises the new ambassador from Pakistan, Aziz Ahmed, was stalking about unhappily. He had ordered three summer suits. The coats were ready; the pants were not. The ambassador had to leave the next day for Cuba and Mexico. "How can I go without pants?" he asked me. He was fitted with one substitute suit, peered at the tumult that swept around him and exited smiling; but I wondered whether he would ever be back.

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There also was an Admiral Charles (Oyster Forks) Fox who, during the height of one Pentagon crisis over unification of the services, mistakenly received a summer uniform ordered by an Air Force general named Fox. The normal percentage of delivery deadlines is missed. Overseas shipments get lost, pants are occasionally made too tight, too short or too long. And some folks wander in, gaze about and stalk out like one general who muttered, "Hell, I'm not going to stand around and be shoved by this herd!"

Why do so many dignified citizens put up with the place? Why, in fact, does anybody?

"It has puzzled me for years," allows Ed Swartz, who is fifty-eight, portly, bald, tense, the family intellectual and the firm's canny buyer of cloth. "Why should they make the trip? I just can't get it through

ington and enough other places to legitimize the Swartz slogan: THE SUN NEVER SETS ON SSS SUITS. The rest is sold to "better stores" throughout the country, which market them under their own labels, often for 40 to 50 per cent more than at Swartz and Sons.

The present state of the Swartzes' fortunes would no doubt give vast satisfaction to the brothers' father and the firm's founder, Tobias Israel Swartz, who arrived in Baltimore as a teen-ager from Kaunas, Lithuania, in the 1880's and died in 1941. As a traveling man, "T.I." walked his territory, Adams County, Pennsylvania, with a pack on his back. By day he peddled buttons, underwear, oilcloth and shirtwaists. By night he slept in haylofts. In 1895 he had saved $800 and started jobbing men's clothing in Baltimore.

His boys grew up in the store. Bill, whose real name is Walter, packed and shipped. Edward helped with the books. Jerome swept and ran errands. They received no salaries. "T.I." simply said, "Take what you want—you can't steal from yourself." In 1920 at Ed's suggestion they started manufacturing "the world's standard blue serge" for $16.50, including vest. Their retail sales of civilian clothes on a major scale did not begin until after World War II, when Bill pointed out that the company had sold a lot of veterans their uniforms and that it would be a nice idea—and good public relations—to help them through the clothing shortage and get them back into civvies.

"The place"—as the brothers call it—stocks fifty-eight sizes and variations, from 35 short to 50 extra-long, including regulars, shorts, longs, portlies and portly shorts. They seem to wear well too. Or so I was informed by the Secret Service men whose SSS garments were pelted with tomatoes and worse while they guarded Vice President Nixon during last year's South American riots. And the Rev. Burdette Wiles, of Great Falls, Montana, on leave from his Assemblies of God church in Kumasi, Ghana, assured me that SSS wash-and-wear suits held up superbly when he journeyed through the jungles on missionary work among the Ashanti tribesmen.

Their antics notwithstanding, the Swartzes are not really tactless. When Bernard Goldfine's affinity for vicuña caused him pain before Congressional investigators, Bill Swartz pinned onto his vicuña display a sign reading: LOOK WHAT IT DID FOR GOLDFINE—THINK WHAT IT CAN DO FOR YOU! But brother Jerry phoned three senators' wives who were about to take delivery of vicuña coats and suggested that they might want to cancel their orders. They did. Delegations from both the Israeli and Egyptian embassies in Washington have been in the store simultaneously but, thanks to the Swartzes' traffic engineering, never met. And when Owen Lattimore, the controversial Far Eastern expert, walked in the front door, Bill Swartz fast-talked another Swartz friend—and Lattimore's archfoe—the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, out the back door. "I think Joe was always a little awed by Bill," muses brother Jerry. Which also may explain why the senator frequently spent hours browsing about the store on Saturdays and usually wound up buying considerably more than he had intended.

Obviously the Swartzes are not impressed by rank. Once, at a Gridiron dinner in Washington, Bill's neighbor introduced himself as Crawford H. Greenewalt, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company. Bill said he was a pants presser from Baltimore. Greenewalt asked how business was. Bill looked at Greenewalt's (*Continued on Page 92*)

... ...

Greenhouse Grandpa

By Elizabeth Landeweer

He plants his gnarled
thumb in a pot,
And petals open on the
spot—
Snapdragons breathing
burnished fire,
And sweet peas frothing up
a wire
To shower in rainbow-
colored sprays.
So green and growing are
the days
Inside his garden under
glass,
He scarcely notes the
seasons pass
And, nearing eighty, only
smiles,
Foreseeing flowery future
aisles,
And heaven stretching on
before,
As through a further
greenhouse door.

... ...

my skull." President Jerry, fifty-three, the family's bachelor, sports fan, lone Republican and the company's "inside" man, speculates: "It's a fetish. They're not in the swim unless they buy clothes from Swartz." Brother Bill, fifty-six, who would make a good model for a perpetual-motion machine and is the sales-and-promotion genius, emits a shriek of anguish and shouts, "Because they're gettin 'em for nothing! Their own mothers couldn't do better for 'em."

They probably couldn't. Most ready-made Swartz suits cost $47.90 plus alterations. This is just eight dollars more than the pre-World War II price. "Think of your steel!" shouts Jerry. "Think of your milk! Think of your loaf of bread!"

"I don't know how we do it ourselves," says brother Ed, sighing.

Smart buying of fabrics, mass manufacturing, high turnover and low overhead are largely responsible. The brothers employ 200 workers in Baltimore. Another 600 labor in out-of-state factories. The Swartzes have substantial interests in these plants, and the employees work for them about half the time. All told, the firm sells some $5,000,000 worth of clothing yearly. About $2,000,000 worth is snapped up by retail customers from Baltimore, Wash-

it's fun to ride the train

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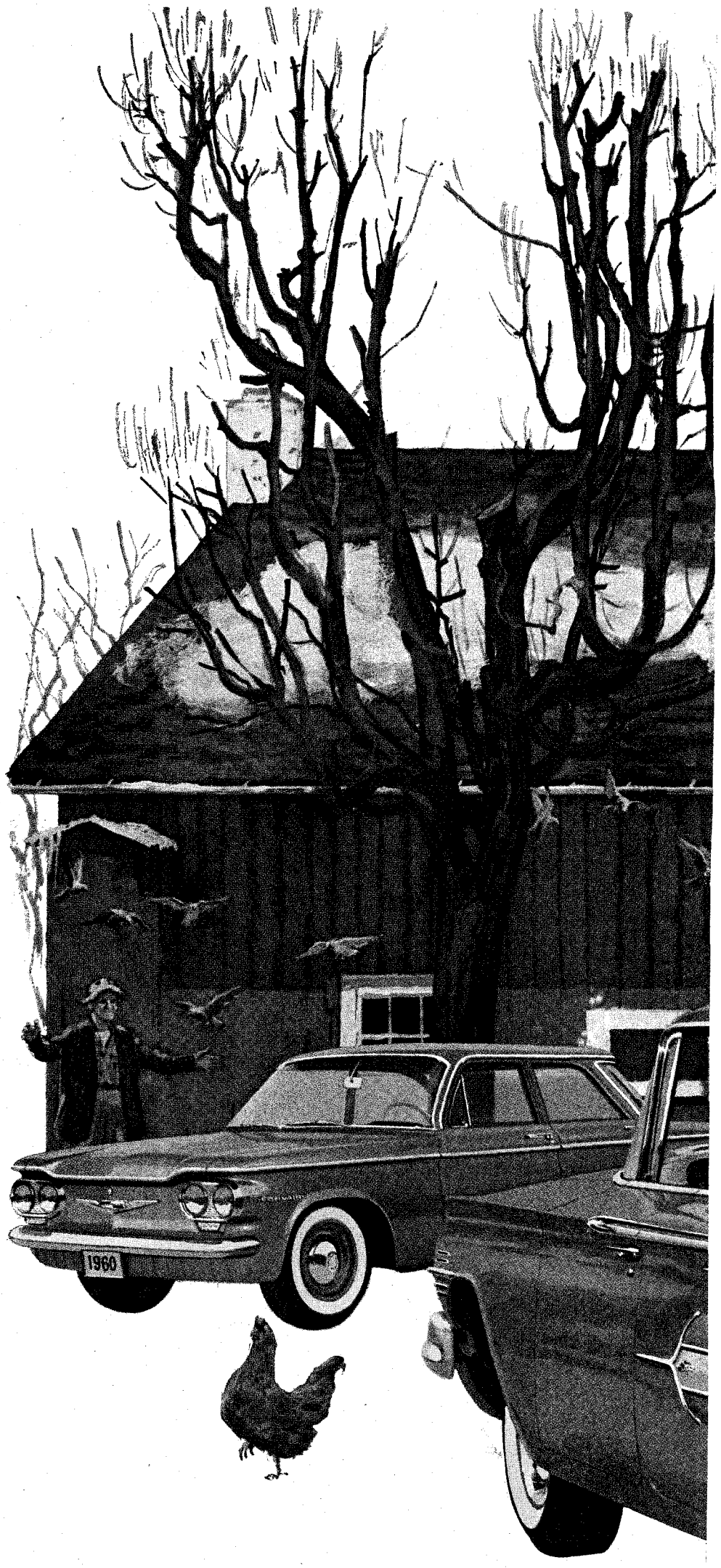
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR FOR MORE FREQUENT FAMILY VISITS



Each year the new cars are better—and this year, all makes offer more for the money in pleasure and convenience than anything else you can buy. Of course, we're partial to our new General Motors cars for 1960, and we hope you will be, too.

Family visits are a lot more fun (and a lot more frequent) when you own a new car. And so are all other kinds of pleasurable, interesting and educational trips.

For a new car standing in your driveway seems to say, "C'mon, let's get moving. Let's explore. Let's go places and see things."

And away you go, happy and confident. You know that the whole family is safer and more comfortable in that sweet-running new car—and that nothing else you could buy means so much pleasure for everyone.

That's true of *all* new cars. But we believe that the new 1960 General Motors cars have some very special rewards for their owners. This year their roomy Fisher Bodies offer more comfortable seating than ever before—plus the safety that only Safety *Plate* Glass all around can provide. And with the addition of the new Corvair by Chevrolet you have an even greater choice in models and sizes.

General Motors designers and engineers, and the men all along the line, have gone all out to make GM cars more exciting and more satisfying for you. We're sure when you compare a new car to anything else for the money, you'll find it offers the most in pleasure, convenience, comfort and safety for the whole family. See your GM dealer soon and check the facts and figures.

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All with Body by Fisher

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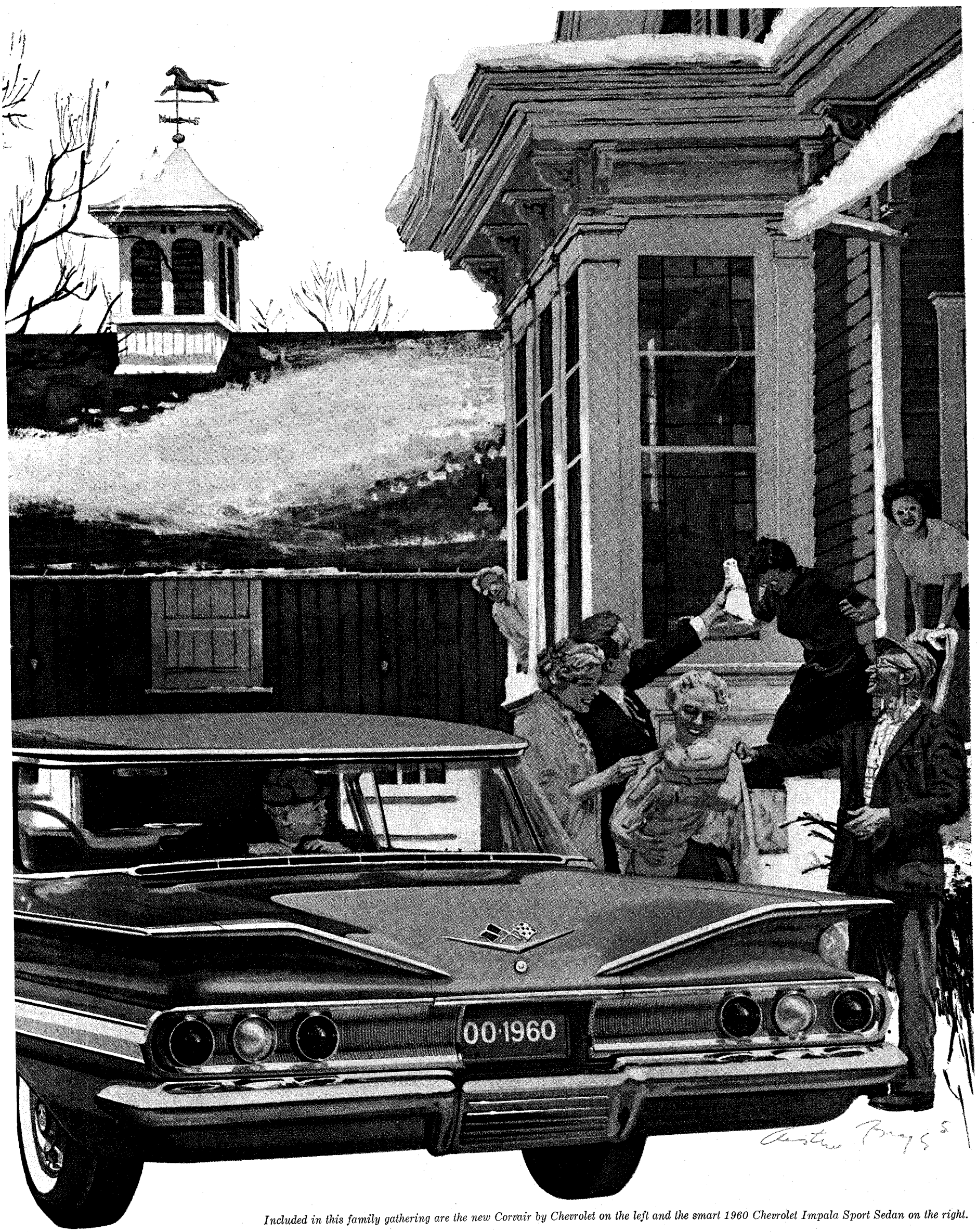

Included in this family gathering are the new Corvair by Chevrolet on the left and the smart 1960 Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan on the right.

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(*Continued from Page 89*) Tuxedo and inquired how long he had worn it. Greenewalt mumbled something about college. "Ha," cried Bill, "and you ask me how business is!"

None of this fully explains the success of the house of Swartz. The real key is that buying clothes from the brothers may bear only superficial resemblance to a mercantile transaction. It can be more like adopting a new set of godparents. It is true that the Swartzes' exuberance has an air of high-pressure salesmanship elevated to a new plateau of refinement; that the brothers push themselves mercilessly from 7:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. on weekdays and most of Saturday; and that their business has made them rich—"You couldn't buy it for five million," says Jerry. On the other hand, they are imaginative, college-educated men whose conversation is found stimulating by their VIP clientele; they pay themselves only that which they need to live well, and when the last veneer is scratched away they consider themselves in business—after the bills are met—primarily to have a good time and make people as happy as decent clothes and friendly service can make them.

It is not easy to swallow this about any commercial enterprise. Yet this is my conclusion after looking up a couple of dozen Swartz customers of the type that is not easily duped.

"Bill has talked me out of buying more stuff than I've bought," testified Lincoln White, the State Department spokesman. Columnist Drummond described his visits as "a combination of sartorial satisfaction and a gay day off." Earle D. Chesney, a special assistant to the President for legislative liaison, said, "I think everybody gets a kick out of the Swartz boys. They're refreshing and relaxing." Rear Adm. B. W. Hogan, the Navy's Surgeon General, told how the Swartzes like to help medical students and how Bill not long ago refused to sell him a new uniform and mended the cuffs of his old khakis instead. A Midwestern businessman who used to be in the State Department told me, "I count these guys among my very best friends. If I called and said, 'Jerry, I'm in a crack and need a thousand dollars,' he'd send it to me."

I questioned Jerry about the last assertion. It developed that this customer, who is no more of a friend than anybody else who has bought Swartz clothes for years, had been financially embarrassed some years ago, asked for a $1000 loan, got it without interest and repaid it. The same is true of several other customers, including an Ohio businessman who required $2700 to cover debts his wife didn't know about. "We considered the guy a nice guy," Jerry explains.

This makes it easier to understand some other Swartz customs. Any shopper walking in with a button missing or his pants unpressed is offered emergency repairs—"What do you wanna walk around like that for?" Long-distance telephone orders are routine. There is no credit department, but if a State Department man shyly asks for sixty days' grace, a Swartz brother has been known to say, "How about ninety?" Checks are usually accepted without identification and there has never been a loss. FBI and Secret Service agents get their jackets tailored with ample room for guns either under the shoulder or over the hip. Leftover "ends" of fabrics—enough to make a shirt or hat—are doled out to the ladies; and the President's pastor, the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson, of the National Presbyterian Church, always gets enough free material for a clerical vest to match his suit.

> If at first you don't succeed, you'll get a lot of unsolicited advice.
>
> FRANK G. MCINNIS

In one recent month parcel-post shipments of clothes—privately insured, sprayed against moths, double-wrapped, crated in corrugated cartons which are then taped and bound with wire—went to such State Department outposts as Aden, Kabul, Kuala Lumpur, Léopoldville, Amman, New Delhi, Luanda, Angola. Much of the correspondence, therefore, is international. Here, as a sample, is a 1958 letter, signed "Ray," from Raymond A. Hare, ambassador to Egypt:

Dear Jerry, Bill and Ed: I would be very appreciative if you would help me out in my sartorial needs by sending me an Oxford-gray flannel suit cut the same as the previous suits you have made for me. Frankly I have never been as satisfied with any suits as those which you have made for me, and I think of you with pleasant recollection whenever I don one of your creations. . . .

Jerry wrote back:

Dear Ambassador: There is certainly something to be said for telepathy. The last couple of days the new ambassadors to Thailand, Alexis Johnson, and to Jordan, Pete Hart, have dropped in to spend their hard-earned money, and in each case the conversation got around to you, and I might add you did not come off second best. . . . So much for the soft soap. I have booked your order for the Oxford-gray flannel, which unfortunately has just been sold out of immediate stock. I hope the back of your lap will hold up until we ship this suit early next month. . . .

Among a stack of other complimentary notes was one from L. D. Mallory, ambassador to Guatemala, who had presented a Swartz suit to Guatemala's President Miguel Ydigoras as a good-will gesture. The president was traveling in the interior, but sent Mallory a wire which the ambassador sent to Baltimore. It said: "I am wearing the SSS suit of Swartz and Sons which you sent me. It fits very well. Many thanks." All these dignitaries are in step with such other ambassadors as Scott McLeod (Ireland), the late Jack Peurifoy (Greece, Thailand) and George Kennan (Russia), who were outfitted by Swartz. For Russia-bound diplomats, who sometimes spend $1000 or $1200 before leaving, the brothers fashion special superwinter suits with extra wool interlining.

There is little, sartorially, that the Swartzes will not do for a diplomat away from home. They shipped on credit a top hat to Monrovia, Liberia, a cummerbund set to Kabul and heaven knows what else to where else—all bought at retail in Baltimore stores because Swartz does not carry accessories. Wearily they have argued one diplomat after another out of buying expensive cutaways, unless a man was bound for certain small but dressy nations like Ethiopia, Ghana or Thailand.

All three brothers travel extensively abroad, often encountering customers who, as soon as introductions are made, flip open their coats to display their SSS credentials. Wherever the Swartzes go they drop in at the American embassy or consulate. The mere showing of their calling card to a receptionist sometimes produces a respectful, "Are you *the* Mr. Swartz from Baltimore?" A red-carpet welcome follows. The brothers take no orders on trips. They just show the SSS flag and make sure nobody is suffering from shiny trouser bottoms.

Their Baltimore headquarters has turned into something of an American institution to be sight-seen by foreigners. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America sent a group of visiting Italian labor leaders, so that they might inspect a happy union plant—and get themselves some suits too. For similar reasons the Austrian embassy in Washington one summer sent over a delegation from the Vienna Chamber of Commerce. Its members arrived perspiring in their heavy suits and departed in new SSS lightweight garb.

Not long ago a Swartz customer who heads the American foreign-aid mission in Pnompenh, Cambodia, sent along Cambodian ex-Premier Chheam Van, a banker who was studying American business methods. He arrived with a cluster of officials from the International Cooperation Administration and a wife in native costume. The Cambodians walked out muttering, "*Un dynamo!*" and "*Formidable!*" after Bill handed Mr. Van a suit—altered, cuffed and boxed—just eight minutes after the try-on. I was furnished an eyewitness account of the proceedings by an ICA man who described himself as still "shell-shocked."

Turnover among Swartz employees is small. At Christmas and New Year's the brothers furnish beer, hundreds of sandwiches and a three-piece band, and everybody dances, including the customers. Before the company moved into its current, larger quarters, the loud-speaker system played chamber music recorded by Bill (violin), Miss Elsie (cello) and Mrs. Bill (piano). Occasionally Bill cocked an ear, smiled rapturously and inquired of a customer, "Have you ever heard anything played so beautifully?" The new system broadcasts only summonses to telephones, sports scores and Jerry's appeals for customers to be patient, please.

Amidst the havoc the brothers argue with one another about anything at all, always violently but never seriously. One topic is Bill's appearance. "It's the shoemaker going barefoot," Jerry complains. "He's a disgrace to the profession—the worst-dressed man in the world. We're lucky if we get him to a party with matching shoes."

Bill just smiles and reminisces. I asked about Senator X. "He's my errand boy!" Senator Y? "He'd go to hell for me!" Then I asked about a deceased senator. "He was buried in my suit!" crowed Bill.

Violence on the Plains (Continued from Page 35)

that. I'm traveling a hundred and sixteen miles on a horse to go to preach to those folks that say they'll listen. It acts on me like a powerful drug when I hear folks are willing to listen to me."

Amelia realized she was moving her head from side to side, wondering at all this.

"But that's not the only reason I'm here, Mrs. Rankin, ma'am. I heard about you on the way down. I heard about you as far as up in Oklahoma. I heard that down here was a widow woman whose husband had died and left her a sight of land. And that she was a good manager of the land and was a smart and pretty woman, and now that I see you I'm sure of the last, for you surely are a handsome woman. But what just naturally floored me was that some of the land you was giving away. That there were men who worked for you to whom you gave land for farming. That you even gave some of your land to strangers. I sat down then and thought. Thinks I, if there's a woman like that, I want to see that woman. I aim to see that woman and shake her hand. May I shake your hand, ma'am?"

Before Amelia could move or say anything, the man's big hand was lying open before her, and she put her smaller hand with the scars of last winter's chilblains in his. She saw the fingers move around it gently, there was a pressure and a slight shake, and her hand was dropped.

"Now I'll be getting on." He turned to his horse, took a few steps. "I've got a lot of country to travel."

"Wait. Mr. Lambert."

The big man turned around. She felt she had to say it.

"I don't like to sail under false colors. I'm not a generous woman."

"What say?"

"I said I'm not a generous woman. The reason I'm parceling out land to friends and people who've worked for me and to others is that I've got views about the land. I think some of it should go to this, some to that. If I've got land that should grow corn, why not grow corn? It's not all fit for cattle. It's a practical consideration."

"Say, then, that you're trying to work God's will with the land."

"Not in my mind. I never—that is, not often—think about such things."

She had hurt him and she saw it. His eyes had turned to the horizon. He looked down at his hands and the reins in them. "*God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.*" She knew he wasn't speaking to her. He mounted his horse and sat thoughtfully, running his hand over the saddle horn.

"Mrs. Rankin, may I say something without offense? I see a hunger in your face. I can't understand why, because I've always wondered if religion is only for those who are not self-sufficient, and you surely are self-sufficient."

"You think I need religion for the hunger you see in my face?"

"Not quite certain." He seemed shy as he said the words, like a sizable shy boy.

"The look of my face may be that I haven't quite got over losing my husband. We were very close—did everything together ——"

He shook his head. "I know, it's hard—I know."

"But it may be other things." She heard herself saying then that the great land of Texas often looked dismal to her and she wanted to prettify it. She ended, "Maybe that's what I feel about farmland. I was born in Pennsylvania. A farm is a mighty pretty thing."

"Oh, it is, it is," he said. "And I can grow stuff. I've proved it."

She was conscious of the spell of his voice, which made everything about him extraordinary. She closed her eyes and listened as he quoted: "*The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.*"

She had always liked the sound of this verse, and it came to her from a great distance in the past.

"Mr. Lambert," she said impulsively, "we need men (*Continued on Page 95*)

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★ *From your BAKER . . . to celebrate Brown 'n Serve's 10th birthday:*

Quick Brown 'n Serve ways to make the

for breakfast: *Sticky Buns . . . with Brer Rabbit Molasses, Brown 'n Serve Rolls*

BRER RABBIT STICKY BUN RECIPE

In each section of muffin pan put ¼ teaspoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon Brer Rabbit Molasses (Green Label) and a sprinkling of nuts. Place Brown 'n Serve Rolls upside down in each section. Bake at 400°F. for 9 minutes. Remove immediately from pan and drizzle buns with molasses mixture.

BETTY CROCKER PINEAPPLE-CARAMEL-NUT ROLL RECIPE

¼ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses (Gold Label)
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup butter
9-oz. can crushed pineapple
½ cup pecan halves
12 Brown 'n Serve Rolls

Heat oven to 375° (quick mod.). Stir molasses, sugar and butter in small pan over medium heat until butter is melted and a smooth syrup forms. Put about 1 tbsp. syrup in each of 12 medium muffin cups. Sprinkle 3 or 4 pecan halves over syrup. Drain pineapple; divide equally between muffin cups. Place unbaked Brown 'n Serve Rolls, right-side-up, on top of mixture; bake 15 min. Invert immediately. Let stand a few minutes before removing. Serve pineapple-side-up.

for lunch or supper: *Hot Tuna Salad Ring . . . Breast O' Chicken Tuna, Brown 'n Serve Rolls*

HOT TUNA SALAD RING

6½-oz. can Breast O' Chicken Tuna, chunk or solid pack
1 cup thinly sliced celery
1 cup toasted Brown 'n Serve cubes
¼ cup chopped toasted almonds
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated onion
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tbsp. lemon juice
¼ cup grated cheese

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Combine all ingredients—except ½ cup toaste cubes and cheese. Pile lightly in 1-qt. baking dish. Sprinkle with chees and cubes. Bake 10 to 12 min. 4 servings.

Separate 1 pkg. Brown 'n Serve Cloverleaf Rolls. Brush sides wit beaten egg white. Arrange close together in buttered 10" ring mol rounded side up. Bake 10 to 12 min. at 425° (hot). Remove from ove and brush tops with melted butter. Turn out onto serving plate rounded side-up, and fill center with Hot Tuna Salad. Garnish with pimient slices of lemon, twisted, and sprigs of parsley around edge of plat

"Just 10 years ago this month, General Mills presented the revolutionary new Brown 'n Serve process to the bakers of America. For the very first time we homemakers could serve the family piping hot rolls baked by a baker, browned in *our* ovens! To celebrate 10 years of Brown 'n Serve progress, we in our kitchens have created a booklet full of easy, delicious meal ideas like those pictured above. Each takes advantage of the truly remarkable speed and convenience of Brown 'n Serve Rolls. And each is almost a meal-in-itself family and guests will *enjoy.* Ask your baker for our 'New Ideas in Brown 'n Serve Quick Cookery.' And happy cooking!"

General Mills

Betty Crocker

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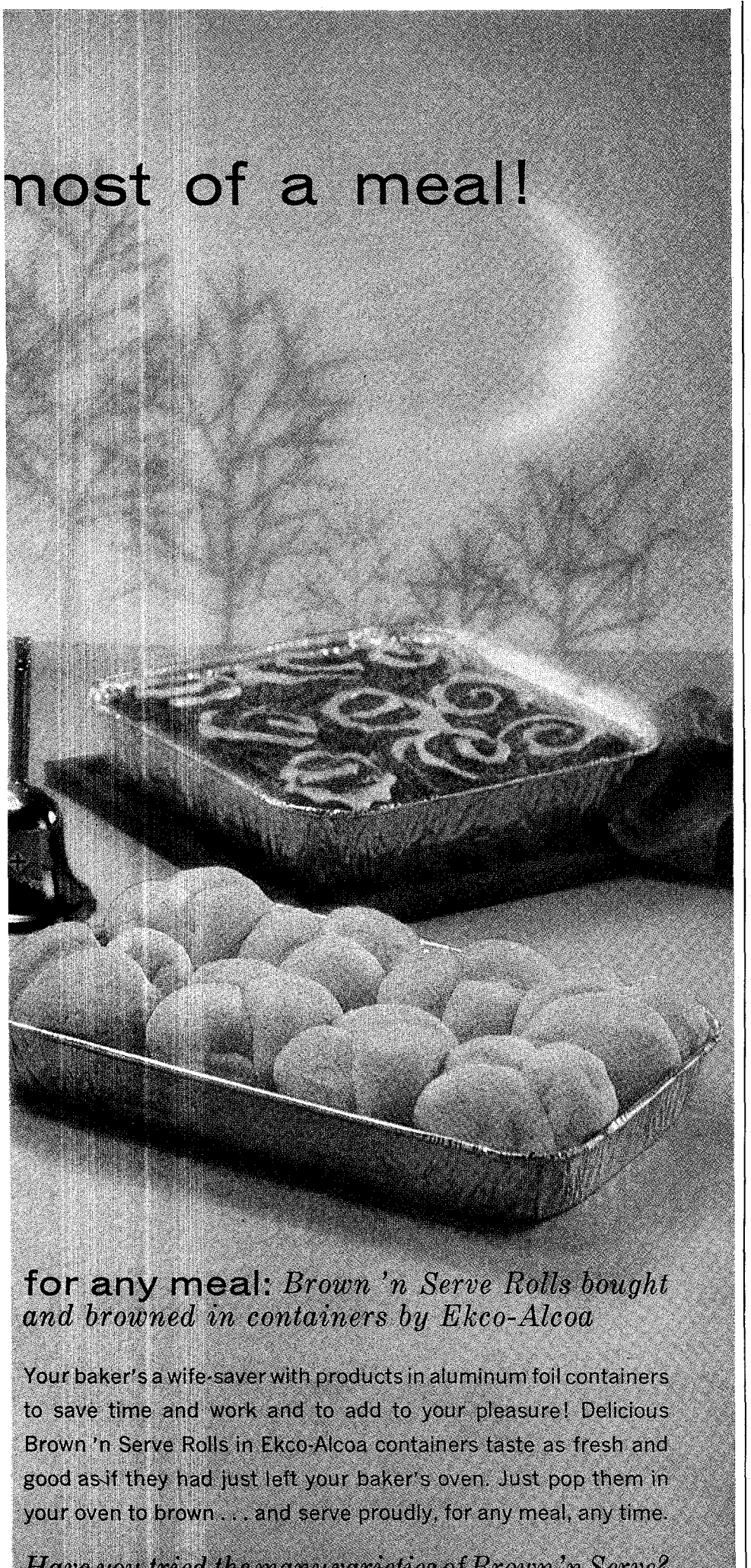

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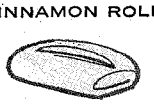


CLUB ROLLS

(*Continued from Page 92*) like you in this part of the country. I should hate to tell you how far my ranch house is from the nearest church. It's a good ways. I've often thought we ought to have more preaching around us." She smiled. "It all goes with my liking for milk on the place and flowers growing and ——"

He broke in. "The things most women want and many women miss in this country."

"When you get through with your work down south, drop in on us when you come by and visit us awhile. We like visitors."

"Thank you, ma'am. I surely will. I mean it." He gave her a look as if testing the sincerity of her invitation.

"So do I."

He started to turn his horse, then hesitated. "I think I should speak of it. I had a bite from your chuck-wagon cook back up there, for which I thank you. But then when I came around the bend of the hill away from the crick, I heard some shots. I think I heard two of them. Maybe somebody hunting."

He looked at her carefully as he said this, and she supposed he saw the way she stiffened, as she knew she did; but all she said was, "Yes, probably hunting. The men know they can take all the birds they want and any of the small game."

He looked reassured and said good-by.

Even with the worry on her mind that he had put there, she was willing to wait to watch him go, as if she were in a trance that he had put her into. It was not only his voice and his appearance that charmed her but the great wind of the past that he evoked. It rose about her, not angrily, but slowly, like a soft plains zephyr of the spring, but choking her at the same time, less like wind than water.

She was still in the same state of mind when she went back to her team and looked more carefully at the cheek straps of the horse that was the bit thrower. She examined the old chafe mark where she had put the buckle after readjusting the length of the strap and was unable to understand why it had been changed. Her watching for details like this one was the secret, if there was any, of the moderate success she had had in running the ranch after Henry's death. It had not been Henry's way at all, for he had been careless of details. Over toward the creek, she thought, the birds are scarce, and no one would be hunting at this hour. There had been trouble in that crew, the home crew, since the hands had complained of a new assistant foreman by the name of Red Johnson. She had hired the man in a quick, weak moment, but her hiring of him had been O.K.'d by Bill Snow. She knew that Jess Albright, who sometime was to be replaced permanently by Johnson, was glad at his age to get rid of the job. But he had also been doubtful about the new assistant, claiming that his bitter face with its pulled-down chops was the kind that makes trouble wherever it goes.

She got into the wagon seat and absent-mindedly whipped the horses, to their surprise, so she had trouble holding them down after they wheeled too fast. She slowed as she came to the end of the ride and saw the cottonwoods, very low and sparse, and then the chuck wagon's top among the thinner mesquite.

It seemed to her from that distance that Old Wooster, the cook, was more nervous than usual, and there was nothing relaxed in the postures of the hands, walking stiff-legged as they waited for early supper. Also there were too many idle hands for this hour. She had herself well under control as she began a slow, deliberate walk to the cook fly. She was prepared to hear Wooster say, "Eat with us?" as he always did. He was dropping raw potatoes into the skillet, and the fried steaks to one side of the pan smelled good.

She stopped, slapping her gloves one against the other; Wooster, as if to match the half-defiance of her posture, faced her with the pancake flipper in his right hand. Then she knew.

"You're right." He made his voice low so as not to reach the others, who were watching from a distance. "Jess Albright'll be along. There's been trouble."

"I thought so. I met the preacher you fed. He said he heard some shots by the creek and thought it was hunting."

"It wasn't. Red Johnson just shot Howard Blaine."

"Just repeat that."

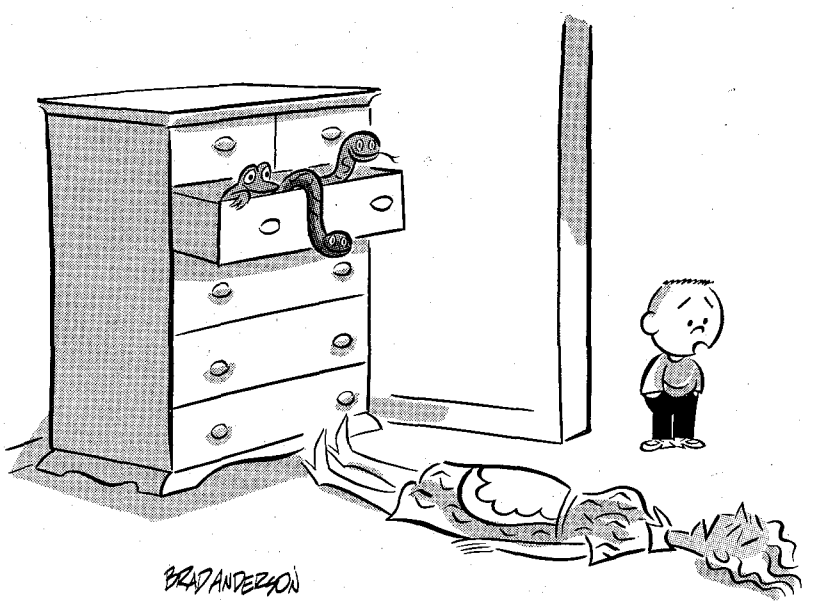
"Red Johnson shot Howard Blaine."

"Shot and killed him?"

"Yes."

She sat down on a campstool under the fly, and Wooster handed her a cup of coffee backhandedly, without turning or taking his eyes off the stove.

She tasted it and kept looking into the cup and was still wondering what to say and do next when Jess Albright came through the cottonwoods toward the creek. She decided her face must have told Jess she knew, for he made a gesture of despair as he passed her quickly and downed almost in one drink the coffee in the cup Wooster shoved at him. Then he spoke, and she was sorry for him, knowing what he'd been through. She decided (*Continued on Page 97*)



"I suppose this is the end of my zoo."

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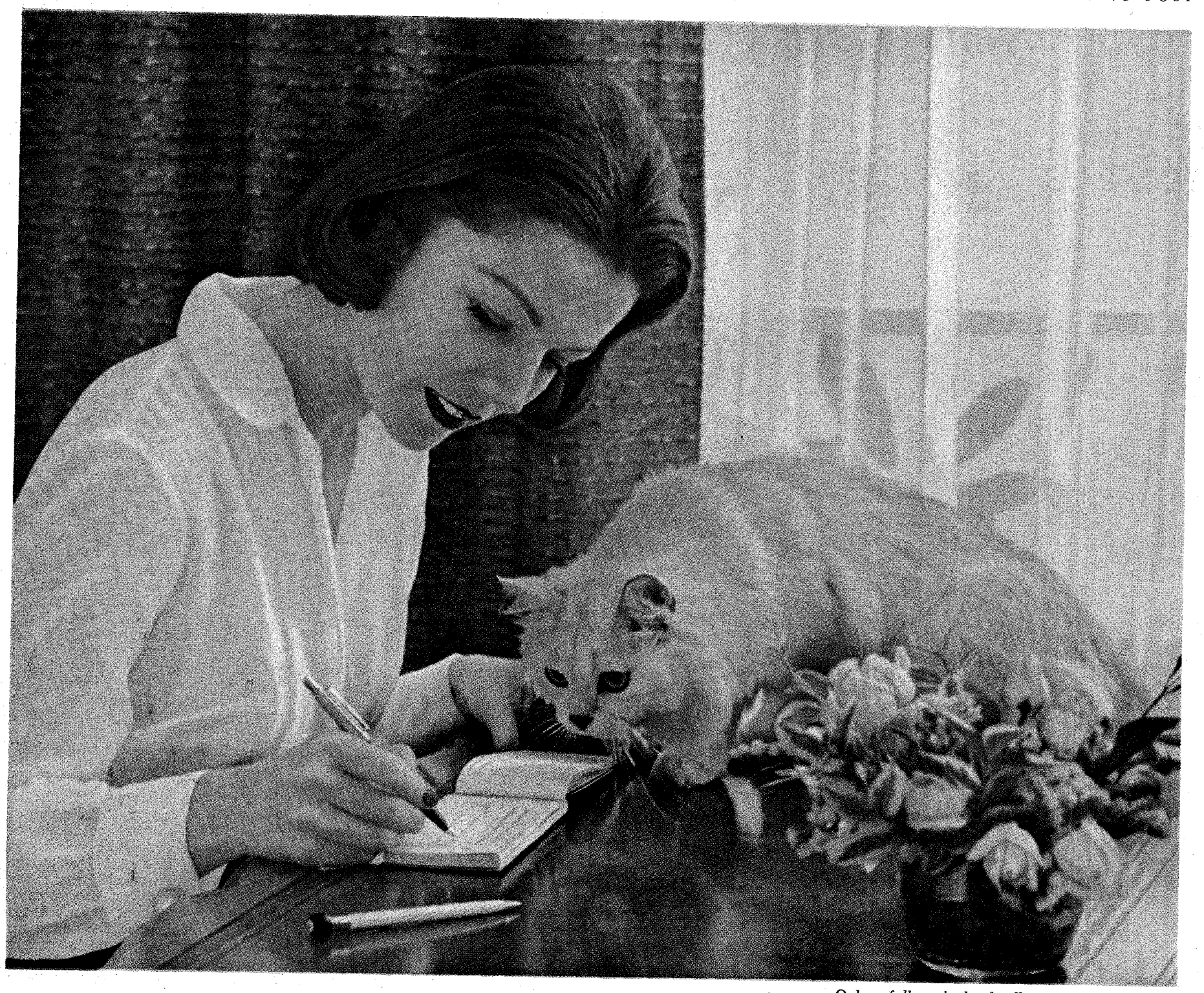

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	Full-Service Bank	Other savings institutions
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Car loans	YES	no
Home loans	YES	YES
Business & farm loans	YES	limited
Bank standing	YES	no

You'll find exceptions to this chart in certain States. Nationally, however, it reflects the services offered.

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(*Continued from Page 95*) she'd been cruel to keep him in charge so long after he had asked relief, complaining that he was beginning to feel his sixty-six years.

"Are you sure it's Howard Blaine?"

"No doubt about that. I had to go up there myself to see with my own eyes. And mark my words, Mrs. Rankin, I called the turn on Johnson, much as I wanted someone to take my place. And I call the turn on this situation, for it was no hothead shooting as they'd make it appear." He was very excited.

"Have you any idea, Jess?"

"No—just a suspicion so strong I can't throw it." He got another cup of coffee from Wooster. She had only tasted hers, so now she drank it.

Jess spoke, glancing at the hands who had gone for their plates and cutlery at a signal from Wooster, who was getting ready to fork out steaks. "They're over by the crick, the hands you may miss. They're watching Johnson. Howard was up here with two other fellers and they had a wagon, so it's"—he looked at her inquiringly as if for her approval—"just as well to get him home. Floors you, don't it?"

"I don't know what to say. It's insane ——" Jess had to bend near to hear anything.

"Awful too," he said.

"Who gave Johnson permission to unlimber a gun anywhere on my land? There's an order gone out recently that the men were to ride unarmed except in extreme necessity."

"I know that, I know that." Jess put up his gnarled right hand. "Not that I approved of it except under protest, Mrs. Rankin, and you know how Snow felt; and Mrs. Rankin, you know little attention was paid to it, as we warned you it wouldn't be. But permission to Johnson! Who gives permission to Johnson to do anything? He just takes it. If he wants to start a brush fire, he starts it. If he wants to go to town, he goes. He shot Howard Blaine, I'd say, just about as he'd lay a running iron on a calf. It was about water that Howard wanted for that place he's been scratching around in—where we was trying to build that spur from the crick. You told me Howard might cut into a little of that water."

"Yes, I did—specifically."

"Well, Johnson claims he never saw Howard before and knew nothing about the water deal."

Amelia stood up. "We'd better go up there." She started as Jess led the way through the trees, and then stopped him with a word. He came back to her. "How many people saw the shooting, Jess?"

"Well, far as we know, Omstead was the only one ——"

"As far as you know."

"Yeah. Omstead's younger brother was over here and went back to see him just about that time."

"He'd been working for the Catlins before he came to us—the brother, I mean."

"Yeah," said Jess hesitantly.

"Let's go on."

They moved over the half-dry creek bottom. They had to cross the creek again and came to lower ground, a fenced-off horse pasture and a pile of red earth where the spur digging had been done. Two men Amelia had never seen before were there with a spring wagon. Both were farmers, and she saw that probably one of them had been helping Blaine with a horse plow and wondered why he hadn't seen the shooting as well as Omstead. There was a sheeted form in the wagon. One of the men walked to a slight rise near a bend in the creek and picked up a hat. He turned to Amelia and Jess as he did this, as if expecting them to speak. She thought the moment her words were out they sounded stupid.

"Is that Howard Blaine?" She looked at the wagon.

"All that's left of him."

The men got in the wagon. The wagon drove off, and she sat down on a stone and asked Jess if he had a bottle. He said he did and gave her a drink out of it. Jess cursed as he looked around the place.

Amelia said, "This is a situation I'm trying to take stock of ——"

"And getting nowhere. It's put me right down solid on a brush prickle."

"Howard was my good friend—at least I thought so—and for years he was very close to Henry, until almost the last. He was farming on my land and he had a right to the water. I never asked for payment for the land and he never offered—it was that friendly."

"He was doing it like a kind of experiment, wasn't he?"

"More or less. But the farmers will be up in arms about this, Jess."

"Sure will."

"Choice morsel for Hurd."

"Hurd Patchem? He'll celebrate. He's been saying you'd regret your policy about nesters." (*Continued on Page 100*)

The Perfect Squelch

Wealthy Mrs. Brown loved nothing better than exhibiting her carefulness as a shopper. She usually spent half an hour picking out some item, then spent another thirty minutes worrying loudly over its qualities.

So when she went into a smart shop to buy a leather jacket, she soon had the elderly clerk as impatient as the other customers who were awaiting service.

"You know," she said finally, "I must be sure this leather will wear well." She paused to hold up the jacket for the tenth time. "It won't stretch, will it? It won't crack—or give way?"

"Madam," the clerk said quietly, "that leather once held a cow together."

Velma Griffin

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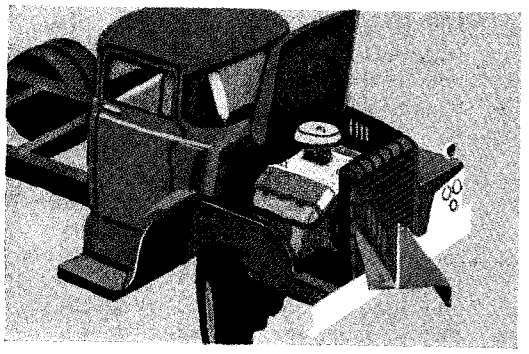
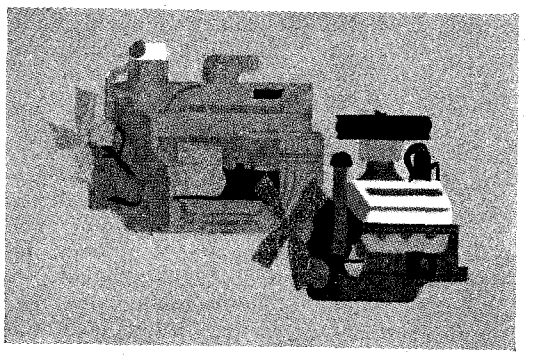
GIANTS FOR 1960



Servicing was never this easy before! Front fenders are hinged at the radiator—unlatch and swing out to let you walk right up to the engine! And the hood opens full 90°.



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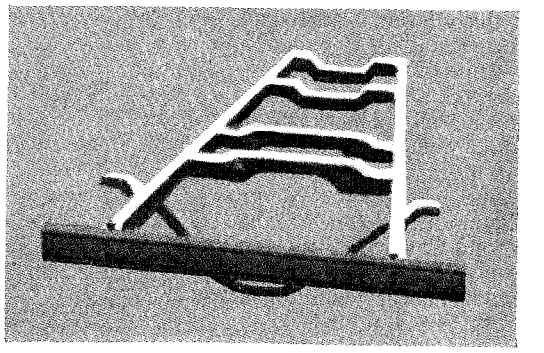

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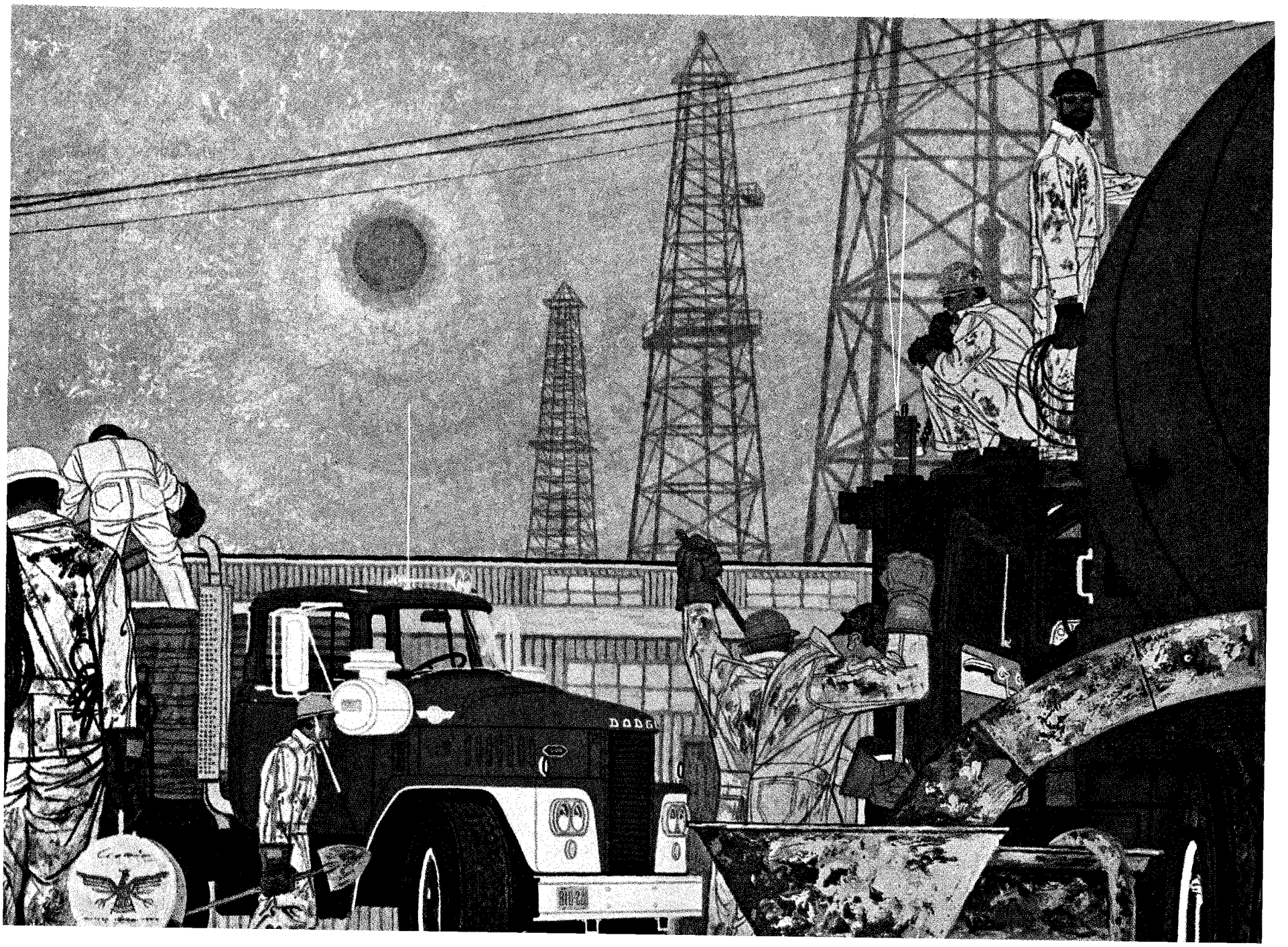

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(*Continued from Page 97*) "Friendly policy, and now I've shot one of them. But that's aside from the point. I've got to get to Elizabeth Blaine as soon as possible."

Jess said nothing, and they moved out of the creek bottom to the wider, cleared land. Jess motioned caution to her and led the way. Amelia saw Johnson sitting about thirty yards up the slope. He appeared to be at his ease, smoking a cigarette while five of her men stood near. Even at that distance she could see that the attitude of the men, some of whom had guns, was half embarrassment, half anger.

She and Albright looked up at them, and they looked down for what seemed like a long time. No word was spoken, except by Johnson, who waved at her with the hand that held the cigarette and said, "Hi, Mrs. Rankin."

It was easy to feel his attitude of swashbuckling contempt, and as she studied him from that distance she again was conscious of a reason for her distaste for him. He had proved that his immense abilities in the corral and on the range were equal to almost any problem of cow handling, but she was sure that his attitude even in that sitting posture had an indecent side, which echoed the mean bitterness that the men had complained of. Etta, her colored cook, had noticed it.

She heard Jess saying, "You don't want to talk to him now."

She shook her head and they moved on to the chuck wagon, where the hands were now eating.

"You going to the Blaines now?" he asked.

"Yes, Mary's over there."

"By gum, I'd forgot about that. Worse and more of it. Your daughter's been seeing a good deal of Johnny Blaine, hasn't she?"

"Yes." She drew a deep breath.

She began to speak and she saw that again he had to strain to hear the words. But she found herself unable to speak in a full tone of voice. "I wouldn't leave you alone with this situation if I didn't know Snow was due here. But you're in charge here. See that Wooster goes right ahead with supper, and when Snow gets here have him take Johnson with a couple of the hands back to the place. Tell Snow that the news will probably spread pretty quickly, and they want to be ready for one of these farmer-and-riffraff delegations who've been making themselves a nuisance."

She started the team.

Jess fumbled in his shirt pocket for a quill toothpick and stood working at his teeth, his thoughtful eyes on the place where the wagon went out of sight. He turned and saw Wooster holding a big skillet.

"I surmise you go back with Snow; she'll want me to take over, and by grabs this here is a swelled-up crew since Saturday, and I got a lot of hungry men to feed. I give Snow my opinion of Johnson when he hired him."

"I spoke my piece to Bill and Mrs. Rankin both," said Jess. "Snow should of been here an hour ago, but I hardly expect him before dark."

Wooster was looking straight at Jess. "What was it, Jess, a hothead shooting?"

"They had a scrap about water. Howard had permission to take what water he wanted from that place in the crick that was meant to feed the tank. Omstead was up there with them, and Red seems to have told Omstead considerable about it; but now Omstead has shut up, scared or something. Course, like a lot of boys, he don't like Johnson."

Wooster grunted.

"Johnson claims he didn't know Blaine could take what water he wanted."

"I doubt that." Wooster backed away from the stove as a grease skillet blazed up. He looked at Jess. "If you ask me, it comes of this land giveaway, with nesters getting so thick on the property you have to starve down a horse to run him between fences. Damn Eastern ideas."

"What's that got to do with Howard Blaine being killed?"

Wooster eyed Albright and stuttered as he always did when his anger was intense. "W-what's that got to do with it? H-howard Blaine was once a cowman, wasn't he? He asked Amelia Rankin to give him some land to farm, didn't he—and why not, this being cattle country, as the dear Lord intended for it."

"You can take it that far, but no farther, I would say. And I would say you already took it a far piece. She's not follering a whim exactly, and there's more to it than crops. She's got some ideas to get the poor graze back in shape. Some kind of farms will freshen up land."

"Did I understand you to say Omstead saw it?"

"Far as we know, he's the only one who did. But he surely don't want to talk. That young brother of his was over to see him just before. He might have seen it too. He's gone back."

"You mean that kid came to us from the Catlin outfit? There's Snow now."

Turning to look at the distant rider who was coming down on the camp from the west, Jess had to focus his eyes carefully. "Omstead's only got one brother, and that's the one I mean. My hunch is there is more to the situation than just water, you're right, that's Snow."

Snow's shape, coming toward Jess, impressed Jess as it always did—that Snow was almost as big as the mount and ought to get off and carry it. This time he was riding a strange, large, yellow horse—the yellowest horse Jess had ever seen. Jess also saw from the condition of the horse that Snow had been pushing hard, and wondered if Snow had already heard of the shooting.

Snow came to a halt near Jess, stiffened his right leg and hooked the other in a saddle slouch.

Jess began to dig at his teeth nervously with his toothpick. "Well, we got bad news."

Snow looked harassed and low-spirited. "We can short-cut a lot of it, since I met up with young Vic Omstead."

"Then you know."

"I just about busted the guts of this horse getting over here, and I'm sorry I didn't."

"Mrs. Rankin was here."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mamma Turns the Tables

By Barbara B. Constant

When teen-age chatter
seems to be
The height of asininity,
And all the jokes my young
adore so
Are just the kind that I
deplore so,
I find that it improves my
mood
To entertain my hapless
brood
With gay and sparkling
repartee ——
Thus boring them as they
bore me!

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"She was?"

"Yes, but she got out fast to go over and see if she can be some comfort to Elizabeth Blaine."

"Well, that sounds like Mrs. Rankin."

Snow dismounted, flipped the double-cinch straps and one-handedly lifted the enormous stock saddle and threw it down.

The leather cylinders Snow wore on his legs creaked as he stooped to pick up the saddle; he put it under the wagon and laid the bridle by. He looked at Jess.

"Got the gun?"

"Red's." Jess pointed to a well-conditioned Sharps carbine that leaned against the meat safe under the cook fly.

"How about Howard Blaine's gun?"

"Gone back with Howard. She hadn't been shot off. I looked at her myself."

"Howard's?"

"Yes."

Snow accepted a cup of coffee from Wooster and drank it solemnly as the rest waited. The hands were shut-mouthed, watchful and waiting. Snow drank through a space of minutes without a word. He put down the cup.

"Now where is this Johnson with the trigger itch?"

"Got him up the crick."

"Anybody caring for him?"

"Five men."

"All right, Jess, let's get up there."

Two miles from the Blaine place, she could see the house. It stood on one of the two pieces of land she had given Howard Blaine, this one for living, the other for farming. She checked the horses as they spurted on the last stretch and brought them down to the trot they had held for miles.

She stopped the team. The Blaine place was not much of a place, but Blaine had seemed to want it that way. It had once belonged to a now-dead assistant foreman of Henry Rankin's, and had virtually gone to ruin before Blaine had taken it over. It had been patched neatly and efficiently, but it was still little more than a range shack with a wagon shed, a tiny corral and a draggle-tail back yard like a junk heap, so filled it was with worn-out wagon and horse gear. The well and pump, which Amelia had practically forced on Howard two springs ago, still stood out like a sore thumb, looking like shiny new spurs on soleless boots.

Amelia walked the horses under tight rein to the half-tumbled fence, which Howard had neglected. She got out and rubbed the numbness out of her hands. The kitchen door opened, and one of the strange hard-hatted men came out, looked at her without speaking, and walked to the wagon she had seen before at the water spur. The wagon was empty now of the sheeted shape.

Amelia Rankin walked to the front door and tapped. She had to tap three times before Mary showed herself. Mary stepped out and closed the door quickly after a glance inside. The two women stood on the small porch. Mary looked strange to her mother, and the sign of shock had not yet worn away.

"Were you here when the news came?"

"Yes, I was here." Her daughter's voice sounded thin and small. "I—I came over to meet Johnny. We were going into Bradford. There's a dance there tonight. But I was alone with Mrs. Blaine when they brought—him."

Involuntarily Amelia put out her hand and Mary took it languidly. The fingers gradually grew tighter as Amelia saw the wetness gathering in Mary's eyes.

"I must go inside—I must talk to Elizabeth."

"Yes," Mary whispered and led the way into the house.

Inside Mary went to the other room of the house, which contained the cook-stove, and Amelia saw her busy about something there.

Amelia, in the half-dark with the shades down, saw Elizabeth Blaine sitting in a straight-backed chair beside a coal-oil lamp, which was lighted. She was staring at the wall. She seemed to be entirely unaware that Amelia had come in.

The bed had been pulled from the wall, and the body was on a plank between the bed and wall. One end of the plank rested on the window sill, the other on a sawhorse. To make the sawhorse even with the sill, four pieces of bright new wood had been nailed hastily as an extension on each leg.

Amelia looked for a chair and sat down. Elizabeth Blaine had not moved a muscle. She was still staring at the wall, a wall that had nothing on it, no ornament or picture, merely a brown leak stain near the ceiling.

"Elizabeth."

There was no motion, no recognition. The woman stared at the wall. Amelia waited what she considered a tactful interval and repeated the name, said it once again.

"I understand that you either can't or don't want to speak. I'm to blame, I know that. This is horrible. It's one of—it's one of those things that you just can't understand how it happened. Would seem some careful planning was done—that it didn't just happen. Howard ——"

Suddenly it was impossible for her to say another word. For the first time she stood at a little distance in her mind and faced Howard Blaine's death and the manner of it. It was a full minute before she could talk again. She was listening now as if another person were speaking.

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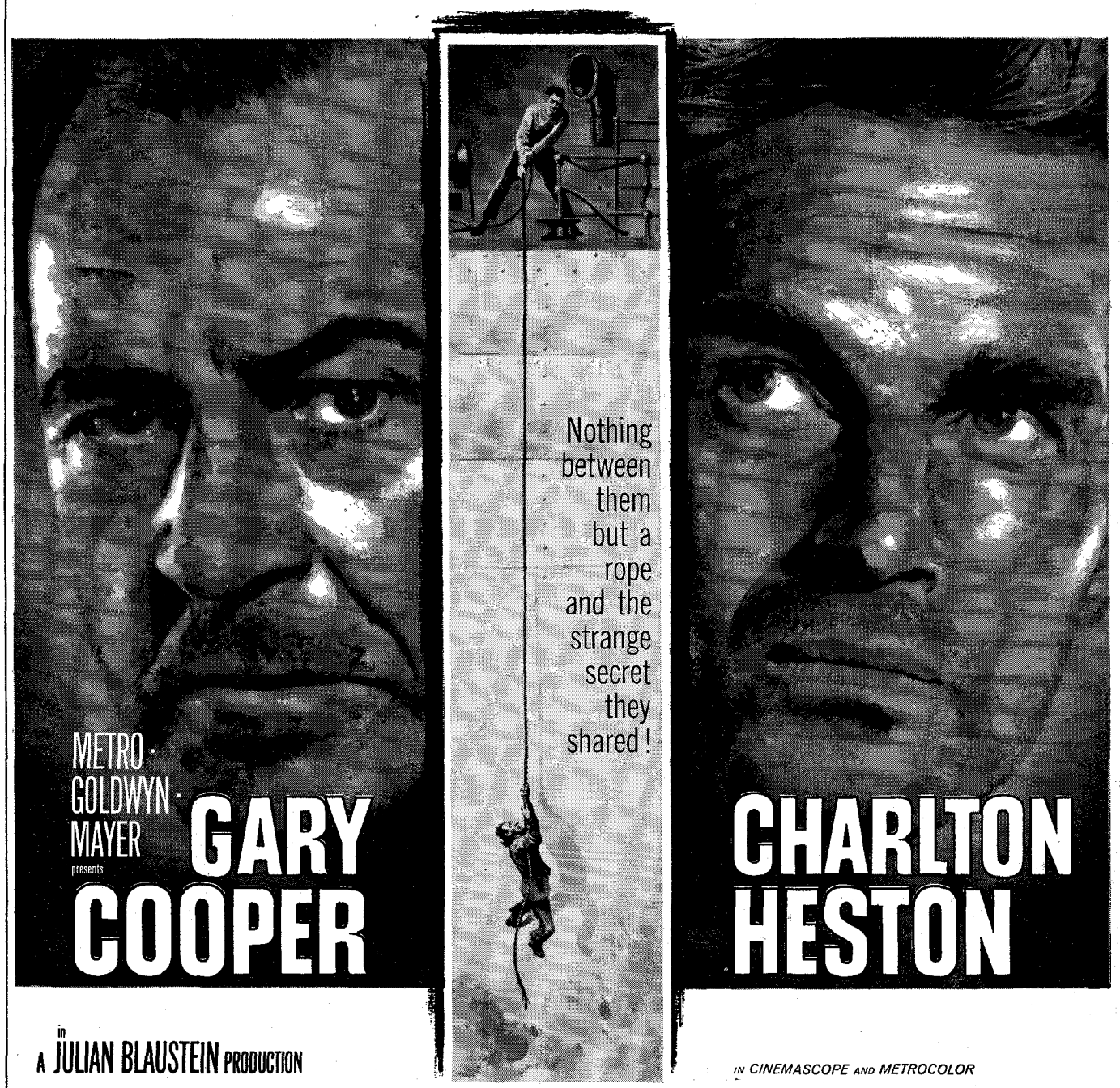

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"Howard was my best friend, I do believe. He was Henry's finest ——"

She failed to find the adequate word and gave it up.

"Elizabeth, when all this is over I want you to come and be with me. And do nothing. Just rest. Just do nothing. Just try to be friends with me in my house ——"

She gave up at last and sat there in silence. She saw that the woman's eyes had dropped from the wall for an instant and were on her dress and her clasped hands.

"If you would look at me once ——"

Amelia was frightened at the result. The woman turned and looked at Amelia. The face was a mask—the face of a woman years older than she knew Elizabeth to be. It was entirely unrecognizable, a face without life or hope. The thin mouth, the sagging cheeks, the set jaw were those of extreme old age. But the woman's eyes were alive. They stared at Amelia with a compression of hate. The hate was fearful because it was calm and relaxed, and the eyes and face turned again to the wall without a sound.

Amelia gathered herself at length and measured the distance to the door. She walked to the back door and opened it and went out into the light and air.

Mary was hanging washed dishcloths on a meager reach of clothesline.

"She won't talk."

"I knew she wouldn't," said Mary, with a clothespin in her mouth.

Mary's face showed as she turned. The passionate mouth and radiant, alert eyes somehow prevented Mary from being pretty. A shadow of Henry Rankin's firm jaw gave her face character and firmness.

"Where's Johnny?"

"He's gone to a meeting of farmers somewhere over near Besom Wells."

"Doesn't know, of course."

"They've sent word to him, but we have no way of knowing how soon he'll find out."

"Well, then the meeting knows nothing about it."

"But they'll know pretty soon."

"They surely will," Amelia said, "and we'll hear from them. Mary, do you want to stay over here?"

"I think I should. She's alone. I think it's time I did something officially for the Rankin family. I've been away. You've been carrying the load alone. Even if Mrs. Blaine ——" She hesitated.

"Even if Elizabeth tolerated me, you'd want to stay."

"Yes, mother, I would. You know the old saying—we're not only friends but neighbors. I can see you're going to blame yourself for this in spite of everything, and I think you're wrong to do it."

"It's not that entirely—it's probably partly Howard's temper. He always had one, with all his good points. But most of all my heart goes out to Elizabeth."

"I don't think there's anything you can do. She's acting strangely."

"Why, of course—she's stunned."

"Well, it might be that. But I don't think it's all that. I'm afraid I'm going to be sorrier for Johnny than for her—maybe I'm hardhearted without realizing it."

"In times like this it's very hard for any human being to know what to do or how to feel. Well, I must get back. Stay as long as you feel you're needed, Mary."

She couldn't finish and walked off to the wagon, telling herself she had to be alone for the long dark ride. It might help. She thought of Lambert.

She must have slept part of the time or maybe dozed a little. But the horses knew the way and they were tired and in no need of close managing. They foot-dragged the sodden miles of Amelia's ride.

At last she came to the bone-dry river which was the reason this autumn for thinner critters, encroaching broom and the malignant mesquite. The river had been dry so long that a trail had been deep-broken there for eight months. Rankin wagons had passed, horsemen and horses had passed, and cattle had scuffed the fresh spring ruts to dust.

The wagon jounced down the bank. The horses slowed as they went, picking their way among river stones. They braced for the rise on the other side, and Amelia heard the hurrying feet of many horses. She drew the wagon behind some cottonwoods and heard the men talking on the other side. She saw they would angle down from where she crossed. While one man lighted a lantern, she moved her team at first cautiously and then at whipped-up speed beyond a creeklike arroyo farther up the shore. The men had started to canter, with the lantern still lighted and swinging, when she circled in front of them with a long whoa. The lantern light flecked some faces she knew.

"On your way to our place?"

There was a mutter that meant nothing, and a horse stamped. She could see they were astounded.

In the middle of the dark and the torchlight shadows she saw one face she was sure of, though her familiarity with it, she told herself, rested on not more than half a dozen meetings. It was Johnny Blaine. He was back a little from the leaders, riding what she was sure was a borrowed horse. The face was square and flat and big-boned, with eyes too small for the face. They stared straight at her, as flat as the face and seeming to be colorless at that distance. Intuition told her he was embarrassed.

She counted fast. Eighteen or twenty men, and she was sure Patchem men were among them. She could not name these. She could name some of the men, so she called them by name, feeling her voice tremble at first. Then it grew strong with the confidence the sound of her voice gave her. She let them know she knew and said, "If you're headed for our place, follow me, I can show you a short cut. I suppose it's about the Blaine killing. I take it right friendly of you men to give us a hand tonight. The way things are going, we'll need all the help we can get. No telling what hotheads may ride down on our place. Big part of my hands are out on roundup, so we'll appreciate anything you can do."

She hesitated, being sure she had them—with the shoe pinching hard. They could not turn back. They had been headed to raid her place. They could not stay. They could not go. Feeble murmurs went up in which her name was used. Chewing men shifted their quids and could not look at one another for answer or approval in the dark above the lantern's swaying light, a lantern with a cracked chimney.

She was nearest the man who held it and she invited him nearer. "Want to pass the light to me and I'll lash it on the seat? Then just keep close behind me and I'll get you there fast."

The accommodating idiot holding the lantern moved up. At that moment, as if by design, the sharp plains night began to weep with a drizzle of wet, and Amelia could not help smiling to herself. She heard a mutter and then a couple of nervous laughs behind her as she urged the team, which shot ahead. The rain seemed to hearten the tired horses.

Snow and a dozen men, including Old Wooster and Troop, the Mexican chore boy, had heard the hoofbeats and met them at the gate with the name RANKIN and the big TRIANGLE NINE above it. She

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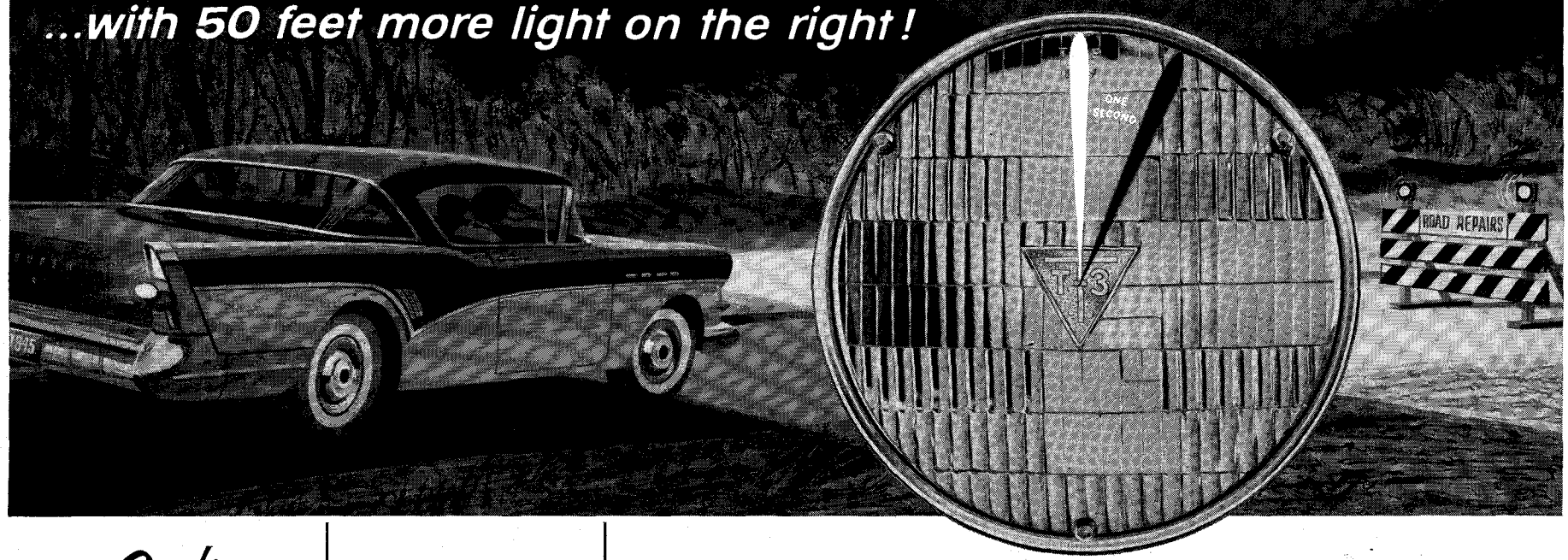

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guessed that every hand of the home crew had been mustered and saw that nearly all of them were armed. Snow and the older hands seemed to understand her strategy right off. She could manage only a few words more—but she did remember to count. Cattle had given her practice. There had been more lynchers, now only about a dozen.

"These men'll want coffee. Woos, help Etta shake up the fire and get some pancakes going or something like ——"

"Yes, Miz Rankin."

"These men have come to help us tonight. Perhaps they'll want to stay till morning."

Her first thought after throwing the lines to Albright was to look for Blaine. She stopped to give a careful look at the men who had trailed her wagon over the miles of thick night and was sure Blaine was no longer with them. If he was, then he was managing to keep himself under cover for the time being.

In the back of her mind and in the quiet of her bedroom as she hurried to get off her wet clothes, she weighed the estimate she was forced to put on his character—or, she told herself, anyone would put on his character: her daughter trying to console Johnny Blaine's mother, and Blaine riding on a lawless mission against people who had been trying to befriend his father and now were trying to befriend him. But Blaine, she knew, saw it differently. She could hardly blame him. It was a hard knot to untangle.

Etta came in with coffee and got her robe down from the hook. She was grumbling to herself. "Miz Rankin, you tryin' to befriend men wants to blow us all up. Heah, take into your robe. Wait—sleeve caught. I bring you more coffee. Pancakes at half-past two in the mornin'——"

"Stop scolding."

"Mist Snow wants to talk to ye-all."

"Send him in, Etta. And feed those men till they bust."

"Yes'm."

Etta came back with the tray and pot, behind Bill Snow. He moved cautiously with a grin, pulling out a desiccated cigar he had bought for a nickel two weeks before.

"Stowed my cud outside, Mrs. Rankin. Mind if I dry-smoke this?"

"Of course not, Bill. Smoke it if you want." She was beginning to feel normal and heard her voice again normal. Snow seemed to roll the cigar into his mouth off his cheek after sniffing it. His face took on a serious expression. "Mrs. Rankin, that must have been the fastest thinking any human being ever did. I make free to compliment you on it. We pulled Wooster in from the cook shack to help Etta, and they're sitting around on the porch eating hotcakes and drinking coffee, and Shep Conklin has passed around one of those bottles of his. But don't worry, we'll keep them in line."

"They're quiet. I don't seem to hear much noise."

"They're stumped. They don't quite know what happened to them. Here they were planning on coming down here to get Johnson and bust us up, and you made them think you expected them to rush to our defense. What could they do? They had to come along."

"Don't give me too much credit. It was almost as if somebody at my elbow told me to do it. I started talking to them in fright before I knew what I was saying."

"Women can do things like that. They's about half of them sore at themselves. What do I do with them, Mrs. Rankin?"

"Let those that want to, stay the night. Have we room for them?"

"Oh, plenty."

"They'll cool down by morning. Johnson's my chief concern."

"I got him ironed up to a bunk post. He was really scared when you rode up with them, and all the noise and talk."

"Bring him in the house and let him have the addition room for the night. See that he stays put. It's an unfinished room, but it's warm enough for sleeping. No bed. Give him a tick."

"Who wants to coddle Johnson with a bed?"

"Well, arrange it yourself then. I'll talk to Johnson in the morning. I don't know what to do about Elizabeth Blaine."

Snow stopped at the stair, rolling his hat in his hands. "On the serious side, Mrs. Rankin. We don't want to forget these men were out to get even for Howard. They won't forget fast. Howard by their tell was a farmer, and they're growers too ——"

"Except the Patchem men with them."

"Oh, sure. They salted the claim. Hurd probably picked them and started the whole thing himself. Probably thought in the dark and the wet nobody'd notice a few cattlemen among them."

"There *were* Patchem men. Let's not let that fact slip out from under us, Bill."

"No, ma'am. See you in the morning."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... And what does the kitty cat say? ... That's right! And what does the moo-cow say? ... Daddy's big boy has that one right, too! And what does the ...."

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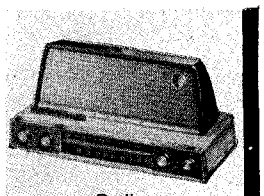
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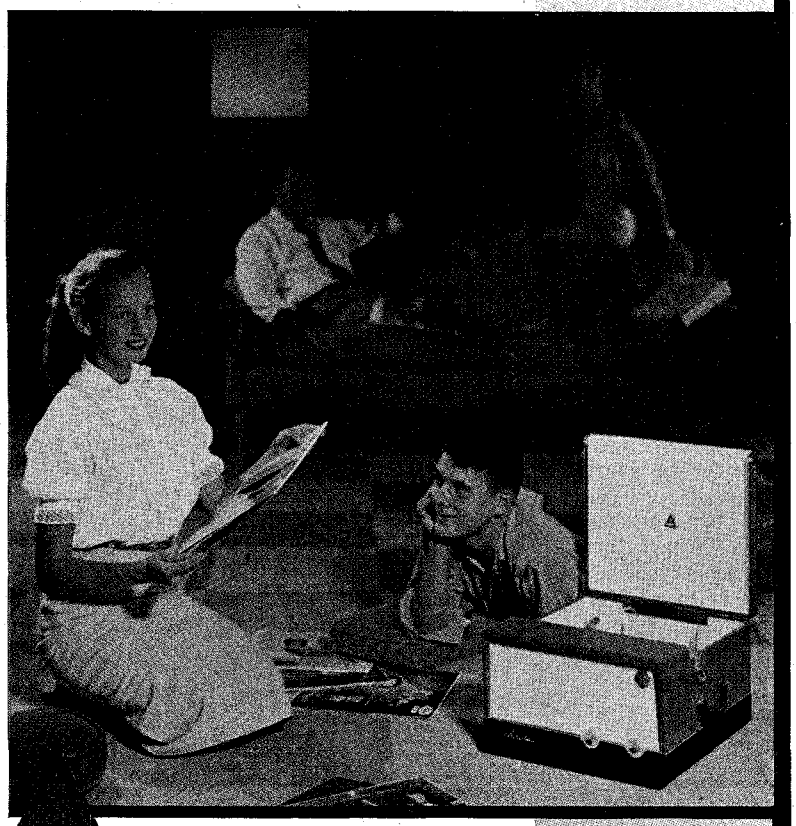

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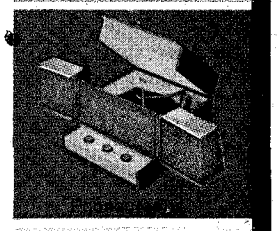

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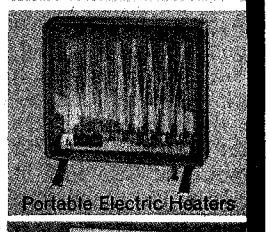
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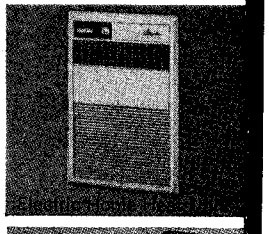

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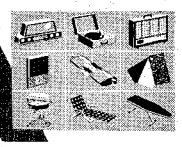

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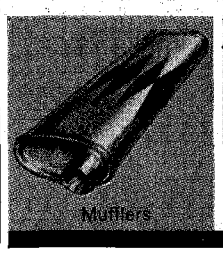
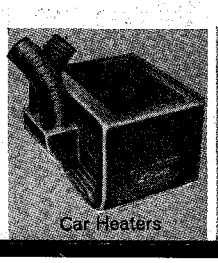

Mufflers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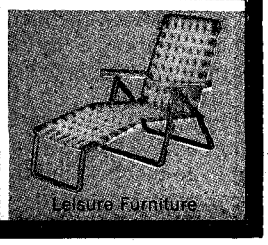
Barbecue Grills


Leisure Furniture

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Meeting by Moonlight

(Continued from Page 37)

would be a real feat. "Nobody's going to make any trouble. Insurance—I have insurance. It'll pay for your car's radiator."

He was looking at his car. "Mine's all right—never mind the insurance. If you concede it's your fault—I have to go." He looked back at her. Camille had thick yellow hair and a fair skin that freckled easily. She was tall for a woman. "I have to go, I'm in a real rush, Miss—Mrs. ——"

"Bryson, Camille. Here," she said sourly, "is my father—John Bryson, collector of antique copper."

John Bryson had just erupted from the mouth of the driveway. He was lean and one hair shorter than his daughter; at present his white, clipped hair seemed to stand up like a brush as he surveyed the pot and the kettle in the back of the wagon. He said, "Oh, no."

The young man said, "Miss Bryson. My name's Broome—P.D. Broome. I'm in a hurry—have an appointment down the road."

John Bryson whirled. "Certainly, Mr. Broome. By all means, keep your important appointment. Don't let it lie on your conscience that you have just irreparably ruined two of the finest pieces of early American copper in existence." He was quivering. His scorn stuck out of him like invisible wires.

Camille said, "Well, I didn't have the lights on." To the man she said, "I was taking those pieces into the city. There's an exhibit there, at the museum."

P.D. Broome had been looking closely at Camille and at her father. He said suddenly, "Look, why don't you put the kettle and pot in my car. Come with me. I happen to know a place where you can get 'em repaired." To the disbelief which came, almost like an extra shock, into the eyes of John Bryson, Broome added, "I know you don't believe it. But what do you have to lose? If I can make it good, I'll feel better about it. I can tell how much it means to you, sir . . . and you, Miss Bryson. Even if it was your fault, there's something more than fault involved. I was driving too fast."

He flicked a glance at his wrist watch. As he did so, Camille noted the glint of a tiny gold earring. She felt a small thrust of revulsion at that—men shouldn't wear earrings. But there was nothing even faintly feminine about him. The eyes, hooded by heavy eyebrows, flashed up from the watch. "I have to hurry, I said. And where I'm going is the place you can get those things repaired—if that's clear." Impatience lived in his voice; it was also immensely courteous. "Come along with me—please do. I'll help you load the copper pieces in my car; come on."

John Bryson shrugged. "I assure you it's ridiculous. Not one man in ten million knows how to repair copper of that age, that thickness."

But he was helping this Broome carry the pot. They stowed it in the rear of the black car. They came back for the kettle. The night air smelled of spice and sunned grass. The moon was rising higher—orange and immense. Rabbits jumped in the grass alongside the road; night birds called. While her father and Broome stowed the kettle in the back seat of the black car, Camille got into the station wagon and pulled it back into the driveway. She stuffed its keys into her skirt pocket and joined the men in the big car.

The dashboard lights illuminated Broome's strong fingers and played up into his eyes.

"About ten miles yet," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to drive like a bat. I don't want to go that fast, but this is important. Here we go." He kicked the huge car into motion. Its engine roared.

"As you say," murmured John Bryson, half shutting his eyes, "what, at this point, have we got to lose?"

"You see," said the deep drum of P.D. Broome's voice over the thrumming engine as the leaves, the bushes, the night flowed and rocketed past. "You see I've been away—for four years—in college. It's a long time to be away from my people."

John Bryson said, "Your home-loving sentiments are commendable, Mr. Broome. But we shall all join angels, with many more curves like that last one."

"It's not a home-loving sentiment," said Broome. "Not just that. It's a particular time—I have to be there. This is the first night of summer."

Bryson glanced at his daughter; he shrugged slightly, and his eyes widened. "Agreed," said John Bryson. "The first night of summer. I fail to see exactly what that has to do with being at a particular place at a particular time."

"It's a pact, you might say," said Broome. "I haven't time to explain it. I will later. I'll explain everything; to outsiders ——" He shook his head. Again Camille saw the earring flash. Oddly its presence didn't bother her now. Hadn't pirates worn earrings? And that was what he looked like—a pirate. "——to outsiders," he was saying, "and pardon me for calling you that, but it's true, to them it's very difficult explaining things of this kind. You just have to see it, and watch."

"Well, well," said John Bryson. "You make it sound a bit wild and exotic. You're not related to witches, are you? This countryside around here"—he waved a hand at the speeding moon-bright landscape—"is famous for witches and warlocks in the old days, as well as for the finest copper vessels made in the United States," he added broodingly.

For the first time, P. D. Broome smiled. "No," he said. "I'm not related to witches or warlocks. Hang on and you'll see—ah, here's another beautiful curve."

Camille had to admit that he handled the car like a master. They made the last curve with half an inch to spare. Staring out of the window on her side she noted, almost dreamily, the beeches and the cedars and the willows standing under the moonlight; it was a fine night for adventure. Broome was braking; with a long accurate slide they came under the roof-like boughs of birches. Ahead lay nothing but birch trunks, leaves and silence as he cut the engine.

Without saying much, the old man and the young one got the pot lifted out and placed on the ground, then the kettle.

"Ah," said John Bryson. "Feels good to walk on the earth again. I hope you don't make a habit of such driving."

"No, sir," said Broome. "I told you—this is special." He hoisted the pot, which was the heavier; he started straight in through the birches. Camille helped her father with the kettle. Swinging its battered bulk between them, they moved to the point where Broome had vanished. Then they saw that the birches weren't solid; there was space enough between them to walk—a little, delicately roofed tunnel. John Bryson whispered, "Knows where he's going. I'm surprised."

To her own surprise, Camille heard herself answering, "Hey, give him a chance."

"Oh, I am," said John Bryson. "I'm giving him every chance in the world. I'd gladly traffic with a warlock to get these things repaired."

Ahead of them Broome had paused; he stood at the end of the impromptu tunnel. In front of him lay a broad field. At the end of the field a clump of black oaks and elm trees stood against the clarity of the light. The field itself was so bright that their shadows, as they stepped into it, were like black paper cutouts. From the birches they'd left, an owl chuckled softly. A scent of cooking came in the mild wind.

They were halfway over the field, whose long grasses brushed against Camille's legs and skirt, when she first made out the music. There wasn't much of it; at first she decided it was someone strumming a guitar, flamenco fashion. Then she decided that no, it was a different instrument—something that wailed quietly, that had lofty notes imitative of a good soprano reaching for high *E* in alt, and yet contained a good thrumming bass as well.

It was a moment later that she saw the tents. Across the field, bordering a road beside the tents, were two dozen or more automobiles; most of them were long and a sober black like that driven by Mr. Broome. That road was one of the old side paths no longer used by farmers or other community residents. So it was a secret road, a devious one. Strangely her blood was high; she could hear her own pulse, like the stroking of the odd instrument under the trees. By the light of a fire in the center of the circle of tents she saw dark faces.

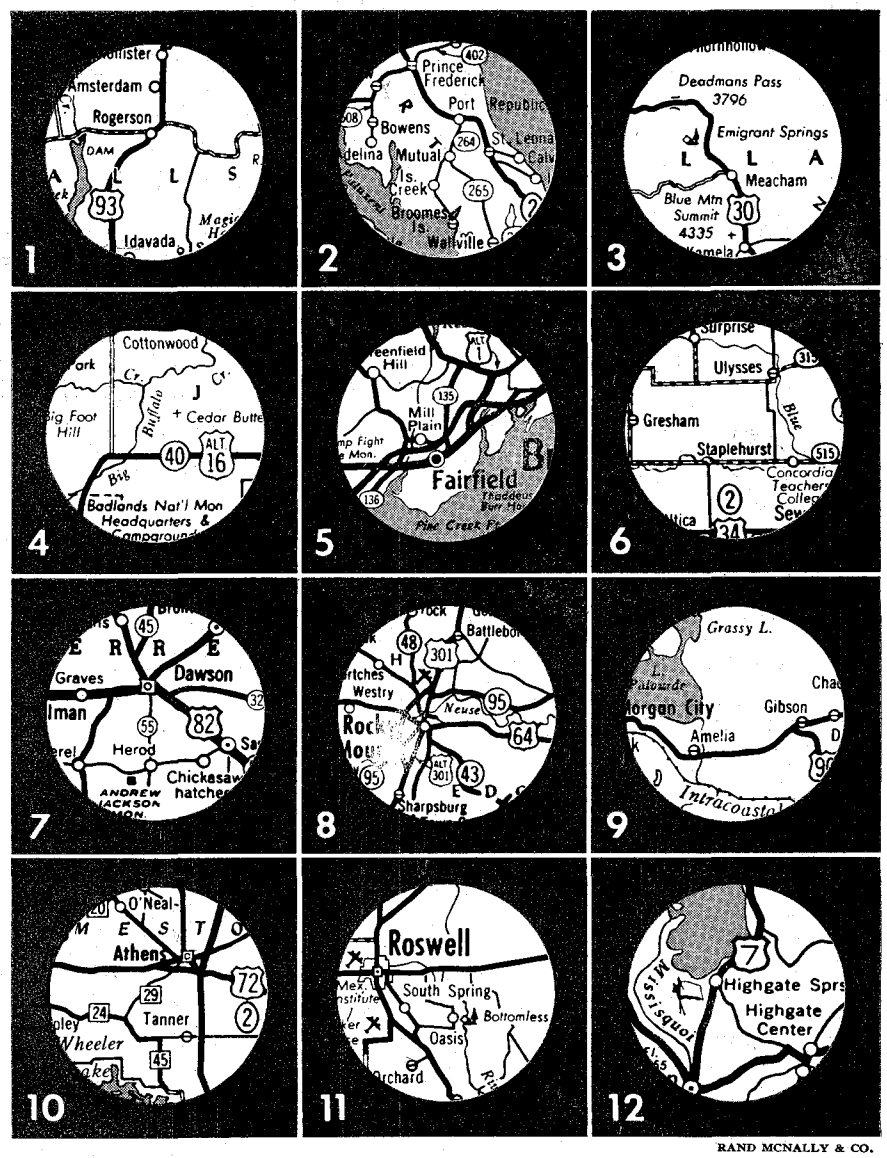
John Bryson, seeing these things too, had stopped for a moment; his bright blue eyes grew round. "The raggle-taggle gypsies, ho," he said. "Well, I'll be darned! Seems to me I remember hearing something, sometime—they *do* repair pots and pans, don't they?"

P. D. Broome was walking straight ahead, the heavy pot seeming a light affair in his arms.

"Come on, Mr. Bryson," said Camille. "Pick up your end of the kettle. And let's not ask questions for a while, eh? I have the notion this may be something."

"I concur," said John Bryson. They followed Broome into the circle of dancing firelight.

Men of Broome's age, young men, walked forward to meet him. They shook hands; he set the pot down at the edge of the fireshine. Older men, squatting on their heels, looked up from the fire. Their eyes were incurious, yet penetrating. They nodded to Broome, and he left the younger ones to stride over, to reach down and shake their hands. All spoke softly in a pattern of language that slid and wove its own soft meaning, sounding as ancient as the wail of the stringed instrument. Bryson and Camille stayed where they were. Children flitted on the rim of the scene; they talked among one another, as low-voiced (*Continued on Page 106*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on page 107*)

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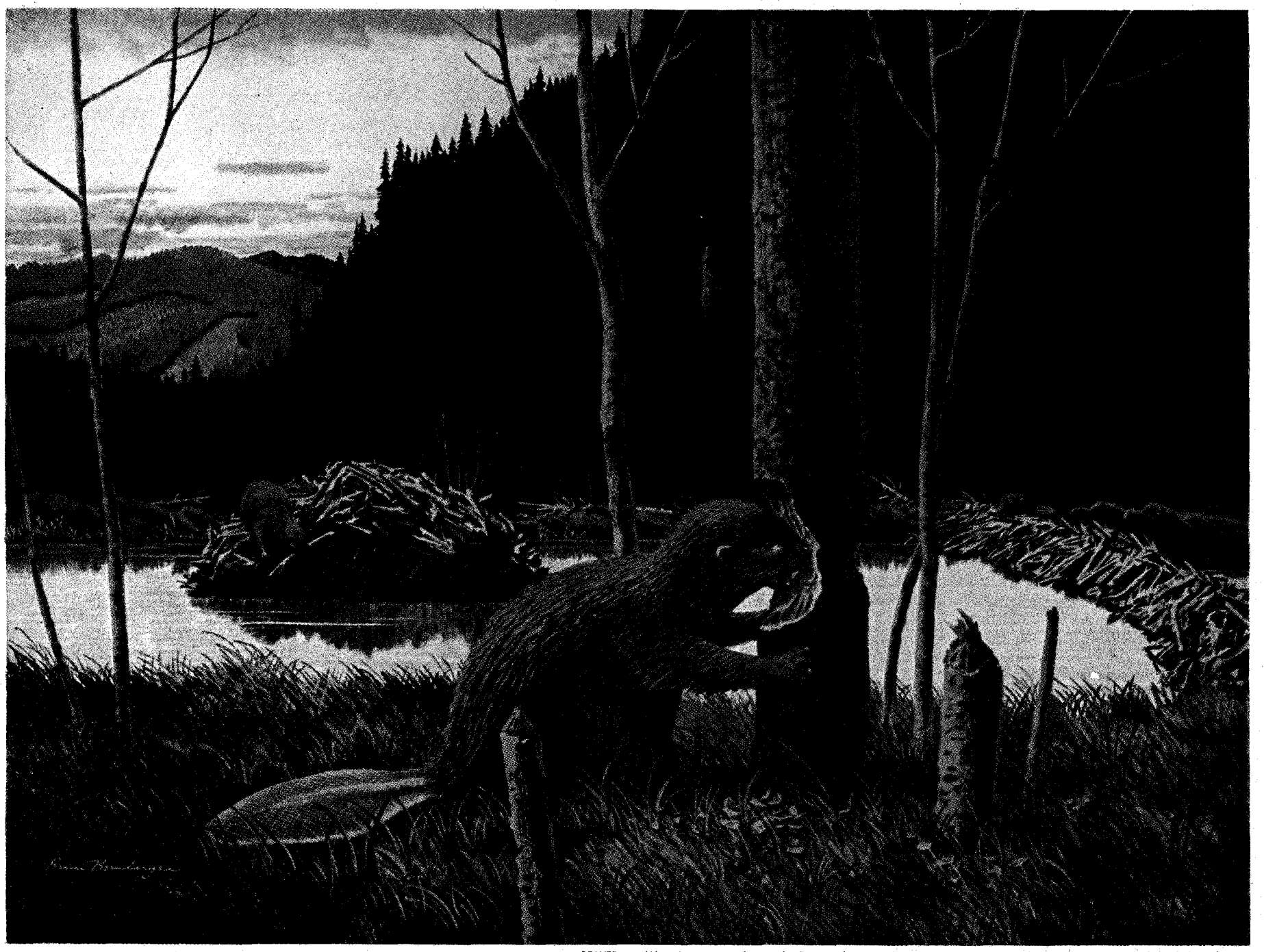

BEAVER on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm in the Douglas fir region. Logged areas in background were clear-cut to provide sunlight and growing space needed by fir seedlings. Such areas are usually reforested by wind-borne seed from adjacent trees, or by helicopter seeding.

good forestry perpetuates wood, water and wildlife

Announcement

Effective September 1, we changed our corporate name from Weyerhaeuser Timber Company to Weyerhaeuser Company. Simultaneously we adopted the new symbol below to identify our products and operations throughout the nation.

While timber is our basic raw material, the word *timber* as a part of our name was not descriptive of the full scope of our company's business.

Today, we produce a long and varied line of forest products, many born of our research and development activities. Other products will follow as we carry out our policy of converting the forest crop to its highest use and maximum value.

The principal benefit of long-range industrial forest management is an endless supply of wood to meet the needs of present and future generations. There are, however, a variety of other values that accrue from careful forestry practices.

One of the most important is water. On Weyerhaeuser tree farms, a canopy formed by the branches of successive timber crops shelters the land. These crops, young and old, retard erosion and protect the moisture-retention capacity of the soil. As a result, our forestlands continue to supply water for lakes and streams year after year.

Wildlife and recreational values also are perpetuated by modern forestry practices. Our tree farms support an abundant wildlife population due to the excellent forage found in sunlit young second-growth and harvested areas. In addition, company lands afford many opportunities for fishing, hunting and other outdoor activities.

Benefits of industrial forestry are more fully described in our free booklet. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash., for copy of* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

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(*Continued from Page 104*) as roosting birds. They did not dart forward to examine the visitors.

Broome glanced up from speaking to one of the older men on the other flank of the fire. He held up a hand, palm out, to tell Camille and her father to be patient for a moment longer. Camille answered with a nod. She had liked his one smile. It had been amused and benevolent and fiery. It had told her that under the haste and near desperation she'd felt from him, lived a lot of humor—a joyous streak like a running river.

A dark, tall woman had left the mouth of a tent nearby; she came walking now toward Camille and John Bryson. She wore lilac and blue and maroon skirts, many of them. Around her throat winked a thick necklace of gold coins. Her kerchief was a pale lavender. She stopped before them and gave a ghost of a smile.

"*Spi* the *jib?*"

"I'm afraid not," Camille said, taking the extended hand. It was smooth, dry and hard.

"Ah; not *rom,*" said the woman. Camille supposed she was young; yet she was also ageless. "Romany is tough," said the woman. "We welcome you; you come with our brother." She spoke carefully. "He has been away for long. He sends me letters. He has been to school, to have learning—so he can teach the tribe to read, to write. We have no printed language," she still held Camille's hand. "He says we need it, we must all learn, and write—read and write. He says it is important for us; otherwise we will die, and no one will know of us, how we were."

"Mr. Broome," Camille said. "He's your—brother?"

"Brother of all here." She didn't quite smile, but nearly. "But my brother in truth. We are of one blood. See, there he returns, with our father."

Across the firelight Broome and a very old man were walking back to Bryson, Camille and this gypsy woman. The fire made glints like yellow gold in the old man's white hair. It was a majestic head. The old man was as tall as Broome. In his youth he must have been taller.

The gypsy woman sighed. "Our father, the kind—the kind king." Camille turned to her. The woman's eyes flashed. "King of the Kalderas!"

"Good grief," said John Bryson very softly. To Camille he murmured, "Kalderas—the coppersmiths. I've heard that it's where we got our best work, back in the pioneer days."

"Ah, yes," murmured the woman. "You would say coppersmiths. I am Loni," she told Camille.

Camille murmured her own name and her father's.

"My brother has returned in time," sighed Loni. "Now there will be the trials. Miss Camille, you are fortunate to see them. Not many do. My brother has a task now, for the pretender is a wily, strong and—what would you say?—abrupt man. Not a bad man, you understand; only he pushes." She pointed across the firelight. A man fully as tall as young Broome, and almost twice as wide, had strolled forward from another tent. He had a broad, brooding face. It seemed in the instant to Camille to be made of solid bronze. The man looked on at Broome and Broome's father; there was no special expression in his hot eyes, but they waited. Men, old and young, were rising from where they'd been seated about the fire. The music continued, a little more quickly now. It was a music that could get in one's blood and never leave, thought Camille.

John Bryson was saying, "Now, look, let me get it straight. Your father, Loni, is abdicating. Is that right?"

"Yes, he is too old. He will live yet a time, but the tribe needs a new king."

"And P.D. Broome—what are you smiling at?"

"At 'P.D.,'" said Loni. "It is what he calls himself at the school he attended. His name is Pendragon."

"And Pendragon has come home in time for the trials. That's what he meant by 'pact.'"

"It is the time and the year," said Loni. "The trials could be made at no other time, and not for another fifty years. If Pendragon had not come home now, then Safri"—again she pointed toward the broad-faced, rock-chested hulk of a man who stood waiting—"would have been our king. Now he has challenged, and the trials must begin."

"Good heavens!" breathed John Bryson. "And this is the twentieth century."

"Hush," said Camille. "Here they come."

The old man with the head of the sculptured David stood before them. Pendragon Broome bowed as he made the introductions. "This is the girl, papa, and the man—Miss Bryson . . . Mr. Bryson—the ones I told you about, whose kettle and pot I damaged."

The old man murmured. His grip around Camille's hand was light, yet firm. But she could tell from the wince her father gave that the old man's grip wasn't easy when it came to meeting men. "I am charmed." The words were slurred; yet they were carefully shaped, distinct. "May I see these coppers?"

John Bryson pointed. "There and there—such as they are now," he added ruefully. "I'm afraid even your skill ——"

He stopped. The old man was leaning over the kettle and the pot. His eyes were full of fireshine as he looked up to John Bryson. "They are genuine. They are good work." He straightened. "But you must not think we are such bad workmen, Mr. Bryson. We must repair them for you."

"Well, I'd be terrifically grateful. You know, you have something like that you can't replace ——"

"I know—like a little kingdom." His eyes floated from John Bryson to Pendragon. "I must see the trials now. We are glad to have you and Miss Bryson watch them, Mr. Bryson." He took a step forward, and muscles rippled along his arms. "My son has strange ideas of our future. I do not always agree with these. But it is his right to carry them out when he becomes the king—and it is my right, now, to set the trials."

He stood, thumb to lip, staring at Pendragon. Nearby the bulk of the man named Safri was eloquent in its quiet. Camille decided that she didn't like Safri. His eyes were a trifle too close together. There was no sound but the snap of the fire's sticks and the music.

"One trial must be of strength, that alone," said the old man. "The other, of skill." He wore earrings, like his son, like most of the men here. They looked to the girl neither symbols of vanity nor excessive trappings; they looked right. He took his thumb from his lip. "Ah, I have decided both trials."

Suddenly he clapped his hands. The music broke off.

The old man's voice boomed out toward the stars, toward the watching moon, like a drum relaying a great message.

Loni breathed in Camille's ear, interpreting the Romany, "The first trial will be of strength in wrestling!"

Camille saw the glint of a smile in Safri's bronze eyes. That was all. Pendragon was expressionless. Safri began removing his crimson silk shirt. Pendragon stripped off his yellow shirt. There was still no noise but night noises; no

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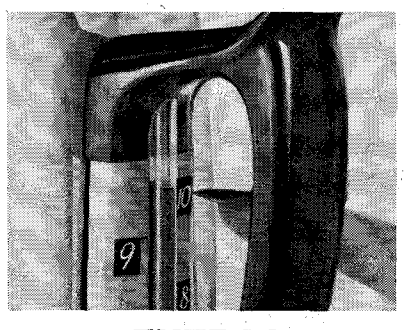

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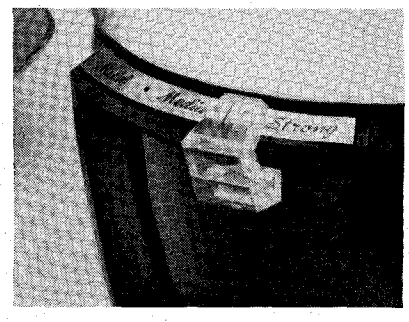

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comment but the breath of the men and women and children of the tribe, who came close, only their clothing rustling. Camille felt herself freeze.

She'd seen many contests; but this wasn't football or basketball or tennis or anything in that category. The undertone of its necessity and importance lay deep in the night—went back through years.

Very softly Loni said, "He likes you, or he would not have brought you here. My brother likes you."

"Yes," said Camille as softly.

"You are a pretty *juvel*—pretty young woman," murmured Loni. "But it is not that. Not that alone. He likes your eyes."

"Thank you," said Camille sincerely. It struck her that, twenty minutes ago, she would have thought her own reaction ridiculous. But it was sincere. There wasn't any way she could stop what was going on; she had to ride with it like the women of old when they watched their men battle for supremacy.

The wrestlers were ready. They stood well outside the heat of the fire. The circle of men, women and children around them widened. Loni—she was young, yes, but very old, thought Camille—was whispering again. Her necklace clinked as she moved her head. "Do not fear. My brother was in the Army. Thousands of us were. The Nazis killed our people by thousands—in Yugoslavia, in Poland. In that war my father fought also, as a guerrilla. My brother was in Korea; he can protect himself."

"But the other," said Camille. "Safri, he looks ——"

"Yes," said Loni. "There is always the chance."

"They're starting," said John Bryson, leaning forward, his eyes glittering.

Now Camille could hear her own breath—at intervals it seemed to catch in her throat; then it stopped entirely. With a roar like that of a bull, Safri had leaped. For a second there was a blur of arms, hands, of shining torso and straining shoulder; then the roar ceased, expiring on a sigh. Pendragon was down. It was impossible, but he was. Safri was atop; and the men rushed forward, shouting. Loni stayed back with Camille.

Camille said to Loni, or perhaps only to the air, "It can't happen, he can't be defeated. I shouldn't care, I don't even know him; but I feel I've known him a long time."

"You must not cry!" Loni had hold of her and was pulling her onward. They made their way through watchers; John Bryson was jumping up and down to get a better view. "His woman will never cry; laugh, yes—laugh a lot."

"I'm not his ——" Camille stopped. Even now it startled her that she didn't know. Perhaps she was his woman. Perhaps she was nothing but a guest to whom he'd been and was being courteous. There were long degrees of understanding to pass through, yet she knew she'd have to see more of him. "He has to win, that's all." She struggled forward with Loni. "You can't throw away a kingdom. You can't!" Then she was shouting as she'd never shouted at any game. "Pendragon! Get up, get up! You have to; don't you see, you ——"

Shoulders not quite pinned, Pendragon looked around past the vast bulk of Safri. Sweat bugged from his forehead. The dark face, the chiseled, clean features were calm; yet the skin was lighter, paler, and the muscles of the arms stood out like ropes. The eyes caught hers. Again came the smile, very brief this time, and lighting the whole face.

"Pendragon, I want you to win! Don't you see, you have to."

The old man stood expressionless. Around him crowded men young and old. Safri bent forward and leaned into his work. Slowly he forced Pendragon's shoulders back and back. There was an inch, then half an inch of air remaining between Pendragon's right shoulder and the dark grass. Somewhere off in the night a train whistled mournfully; it sounded like all the lost people of the world, the dispossessed, mourning for their kind.

The giant old man strode forward. He stooped, peering at the wrestlers. Then with five or six short words in Romany he gave an order. Safri let go his clutch and stood. Pendragon got up. He was breathing very deeply; sweat ran down his bronze body in small twinkling rivers. He did not look toward Camille or her father. His eyes were on his own father's.

Loni said, hush-voiced, "He has lost. Safri is half a king. That college! That college softened my brother. He would have us learn, so he must go to become a teacher." She was dry-eyed, yet Camille could feel the agony within her.

The old king had heard his daughter. He wheeled and spoke to her harshly. Loni lifted her head. The old man and Safri and Pendragon made their way through the watchers. Safri's chest seemed overinflated. *Yes*, thought Camille, *he is half a king*.

"What did he tell you?" Camille asked Loni.

"To be a gypsy," she said proudly. "To have trust. No, what he said was"—she turned to Camille—"that there is another trial to come."

John Bryson had gone ahead, following the rest of the band, lost with them in awe of the trial past and the one ahead.

Camille and Loni swung through the grass, past the fire again. Again the musician had taken up his instrument. Camille could see it cradled in arms the color of golden oak; it looked like a balalaika—and its wailing began at their backs. "You think us strange," said Loni. "No, do not deny it. All those who are not *rom* think us strange. To me it is stranger that my brother has this notion about educating us—so strong that, winters and summers for four years, he has stayed in school." She shrugged, and her skirt ballooned as they crossed the grass. "It is new to our people. Long ago we came—first from India, the northwest, then Persia. When the Mongols overran Persia, we went into Armenia, then Syria, Palestine, Egypt. Later still, Greece, Romania, Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Russia, the United States, Sweden, Spain —— Why are you looking like that?"

"Nothing," said Camille. "I was only thinking; some of us in this country call ourselves cosmopolitan or talk about tradition."

"H'm'm. Pendragon likes tradition. He says we must have it—for the pride, you know. But he says also that we are not gypsies. Not even Kalderas gypsies. We are, he says, Americans."

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 104

1. Idaho	2. Md.	3. Ore.
4. S.Dak.	5. Conn.	6. Neb.
7. Ga.	8. N.C.	9. La.
10. Ala.	11. N.Mex.	12. Vt.

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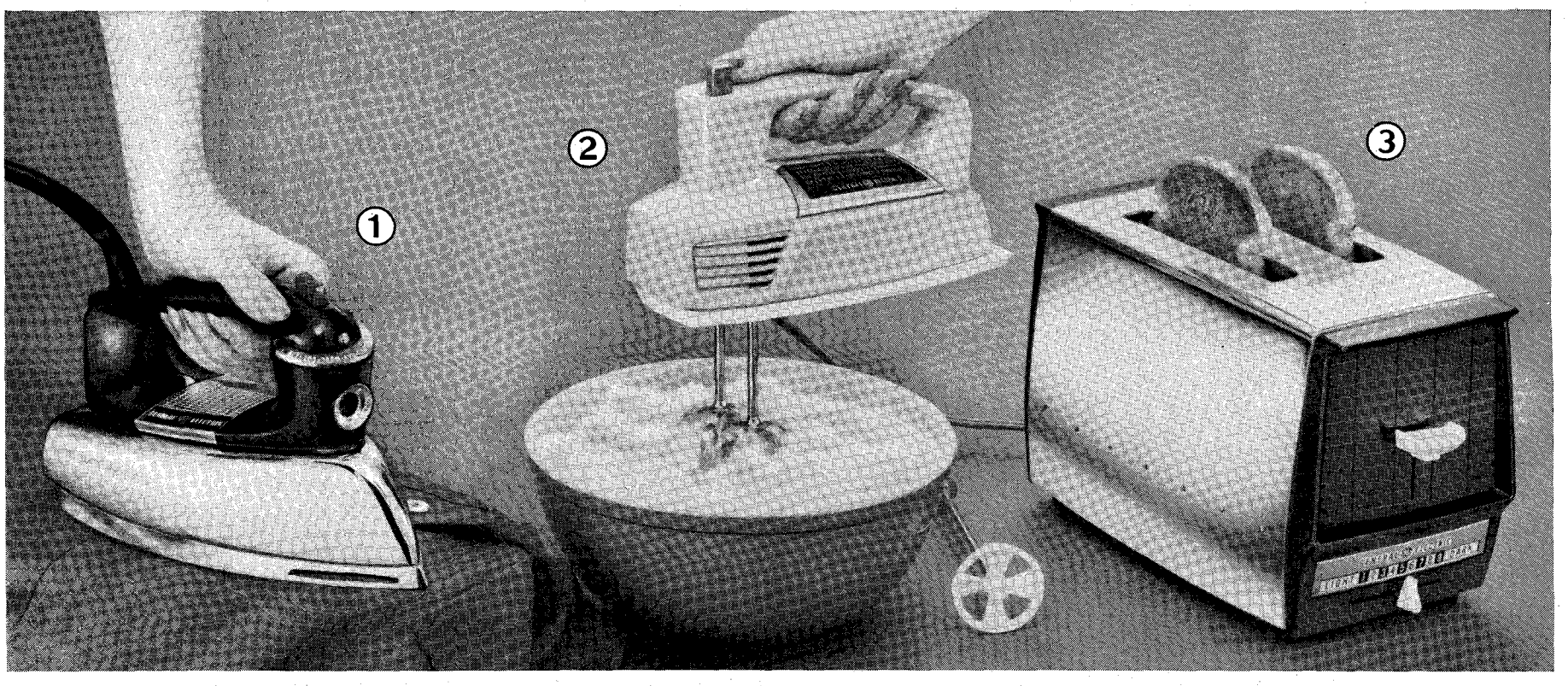

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They hurried toward the knot of humanity around the old man and the contenders. "In the big tent they will go," said Loni. She was translating as the old man's voice packed the night. "There they will take the pot and the kettle—your pot and kettle. They will make them whole again." She paused, listened. "Inside the tent—it is our work tent—they will, Safri and Pendragon, decide which one each will work on. Then when they are through they will call my father. He won't know who worked on which vessel, but he will decide which one is repaired finer. And the one who has fixed that copper will be king."

"Yes," said Camille. "Test of strength, now of skill."

"It is fair, for skill is more important to us," murmured Loni. "Yet, because he won the strength test, Safri will forever be an important man in the tribe, even if he should not become king."

"Then there's a chance now," said Camille, "a good chance?"

"Who knows? Safri is a skilled workman. It is in the fingers, in the use of the tools. The hammers, the little hammers and the big. Pendragon has been away from us for so long."

The old king's voice had ceased. Safri and Pendragon walked into the big tent. The music kept up; now it wailed higher than before. It reminded Camille of nights on the Arizona desert, when a wailing of coyotes filled the farthest peaks; yet it had unearthly beauty, too, that sang to the moon. She had liked many men, but she'd never respected a man all the way, or sympathized with one. She was a rich man's brat, John Bryson's daughter—of Bryson Shipping, and until tonight she hadn't known much.

The tent reared jet black against the moonlight. Inside there was a mutter of talk. Then there was the first sound of work—a small "ting" as a hammer touched copper. A gasoline lantern lighted the west end of the tent, but the men's shadows weren't discernible through the heavy tentcloth. The light of the lantern spilled fiercely through one tiny crack.

Men, women, children were silent now—strolling about the tent, not too near it, muttering in little groups. The old king stood with his arms folded. Camille and John Bryson and Loni stood a few feet from him. Within the tent the hammers took up a rhythm, producing sharp, tingling noises that sent chills through Camille's veins, as if each were ice.

The old king turned to address John Bryson. He did so thoughtfully, in an easy manner. "It will fix your coppers," he said. "We are doing that, at any rate, Mr. Bryson. And if my son fails now, then ——" He shrugged, a massive slow motion. "The children—one cannot tell about the children," he said.

"No," said John Bryson. He was looking straight at the tent as though he could see through it. "You think the children are going to be—like you. But they aren't. Something changes. You only hope whatever you had that was any good goes along with the other."

The old man nodded. Then there was no speaking; the sound of hammering had grown to such a pitch that it seemed to strike the stars.

Camille rose from the grass. She didn't know how long she'd been sitting here; perhaps for a second or so she'd fallen asleep. The smell of stew—she'd seen it in a great black iron pot over one part of the fire—touched her nostrils. She was hungry, very hungry. The hammering had stopped.

The meadow beside the oaks and the elms stretched endlessly, shining and as bright as the hair of the old king, Pendragon's father. The old man was walking toward the tent. His deep shoulders bent, he ducked in and under the flap. John Bryson, who'd been standing on one foot, then the other, came through the grass to his daughter. Loni stood quite still with them, her arms folded as her father's had been.

"Quite a man," murmured John Bryson. "I mean the old king. Tarsi, that's his name. It's strange, but it makes me proud to be asked to call him by his name. I've never had much respect for titles up to now."

"You can't respect a title," said Camille. "But what's behind it—sometimes you can respect that."

At the tent, the gypsies were gathering. Now they fanned out from the flanks of the tent as the flap lifted. The old man came forth, carrying the pot. John Bryson said very slowly, "My gosh, would you look at it!" It glowed in the moonlight. Walking closer, then running because she couldn't help herself, Camille could see that the dents were gone, and she could not at this distance tell where they had been. It was more than skilled work—it was an artist's victory. Old Tarsi set it down, then ducked in again and came out with the kettle.

There was an "Ah!" from those nearest it—further tribute to more than skill. The legs stood straight; the lip was noble.

And old Tarsi walked, hands behind his back, around the kettle; once he paused and snicked it with a fingernail—the metal rang as stoutly as when it had been cast, two hundred years before. When he was finished with it, and he was taking his time, he strode to the pot. Around it he went, judgmatic, face quiet as a stone. On either side of the tent flap stood Pendragon and Safri. They were still breathing hard. Camille felt herself floating to Pendragon's side, as if she hadn't made any motion to get there, as naturally as water flows. Loni walked with her, but stood a short distance off.

King—soon to be ex-King—Tarsi turned away from the copper pot. His voice boomed out and up.

Camille didn't need a translation from Loni then, for every eye was on the kettle. It had taken cautious, yet swift, labor to restore that kettle. It gleamed, immaculate; she didn't know whether she'd hate it forever or love it to the end of her days. Her hand went out; Pendragon Broome's right hand caught it.

She looked into his eyes. "Well," he said calmly. "I worked on the kettle. So that's over. Of course, you might think it's foolishness; but it's in the blood, and I intend to make a pretty fair king."

There wasn't a roar of approbation—not yet. Safri was striding toward Pendragon. Safri's hand shot out. Pendragon clasped it; he was now holding Camille's hand with his left.

"*P'al*," said Safri gruffly.

"*P'al*," repeated Pendragon.

"Yes," Pendragon went on as Safri moved away. "He'll make a good second-in-command. He's a very good man."

"Look, Pendragon," said Camille. The music was growing wild. Somebody—a couple of children, then some adults—had started dancing; the roar was beginning all right. Her father and old Tarsi and Loni were helping it along. "I'm hungry, and that's the best stew I ever smelled. I wonder if you'd mind if we stayed awhile—I mean—well, darn it, I'm asking and ——"

"Why, yes," said Pendragon Broome. "Sure enough; I was hoping you'd ask, or condescend ——"

"I'm not condescending! I'm so happy, darn it, I could bawl. *P'al* ——"

For the third time that night Pendragon Broome's white smile flashed. This time it was all hers. "Call me Pen," he said. "*P'al* means 'brother.' I already have a sister. You call me Pen." THE END

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Saving Children From Mental Retardation

(Continued from Page 33)

severely retarded. Both were blue-eyed and blond; both were subject to eczema; and both had other traits in common which persuaded Mrs. E. that they were victims of some specific chemical disorder. She accordingly took her children to the University Hospital in Oslo, Norway, where they were examined by a physiologist, Dr. Asbjörn Fölling.

A generation ahead of his time, Doctor Fölling was fascinated by the possibility of a chemical approach to mental deficiency and gave the two children an exhaustive series of chemical tests. The result was the first scientific description of phenylketonuria as a separate, brain-damaging, "inborn error of metabolism." One of Doctor Fölling's tests was to add ferric chloride to the children's urine; the green color which resulted is still known as "Fölling's reaction."

Other scientists in Europe and the United States, notably Dr. George A. Jervis, of Letchworth Village Hospital in Thiells, New York, picked up the green-urine clue and pieced together additional fragments of the PKU mystery. The normal functioning of the human body, they explained, depends upon hundreds of kinds of enzymes, required to maintain the body's internal chemistry. Each kind has its own particular task. One enzyme, for example, is needed for digesting phenylalanine, a chemical found in all protein foodstuffs. A baby at birth may be normal in all other respects, but if its liver happens to lack this enzyme—the PKU-preventing enzyme—undigested phenylalanine slowly accumulates. After a few weeks or months of life, the baby's blood may contain thirty or forty times the normal amount.

The overload of this one chemical, in turn, throws other parts of the baby's internal chemistry out of kilter. One result may be the lack of a chemical needed to darken its eyes and hair; this explains why many PKU children are abnormally blond. Another effect is the excretion of a chemical which turns green in the presence of ferric chloride. Irreversible brain damage is the most tragic consequence. This was what had happened to Mrs. E.'s two children.

To safeguard us against such missing-enzyme diseases, nature has provided most of us with a double dose of each enzyme—one dose supplied by a gene inherited from our mother and the other one by one of our father's genes.

About one person in seventy, it is true, inherits only one such gene and has only one dose of the enzyme. This does no harm, for one dose is enough to keep us healthy. But if a man and a woman who have only one such gene apiece marry each other, the odds are one in four that a child born to them will lack the gene—and therefore the enzyme—altogether. The result—a baby with phenylketonuria.

Dr. Richard Block, a biochemist now at the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research in Yonkers, New York, deserves credit for urging the next step. If special protein preparations are filtered through activated carbon, Doctor Block knew, much of the phenylalanine in the proteins will stick to the carbon. During a meeting of the American Chemical Society in April, 1939, Doctor Block proposed that phenylketonuric babies be fed a diet from which the phenylalanine had been removed in this way. The Associated Press carried his proposal to newspapers all over the country, and it was published under enthusiastic headlines:

SCIENCE WILL TRY DIET
IN DRIVE ON IMBECILITY

But among authorities on mental retardation, Doctor Block's novel idea met with universal lack of interest. It was deemed too far-fetched to be worth trying out. No research facilities were made available to Doctor Block, and no research grant was allotted. For another twelve years PKU babies went untreated.

Doctor Block's suggestion was renewed independently in 1951 by an English biochemist, Dr. L. I. Woolf, of the Hospital for Sick Children in London. This time it fell on more hospitable ears. Dr. Horst Bickel, a German pediatrician practicing at the Children's Hospital in Birmingham, England, prepared a low-phenylalanine diet by means of carbon filtration, and in December, 1951, he began feeding it to a two-year-old PKU child.

This unfortunate little girl had not yet learned to stand, walk or talk, and showed no interest in her surroundings. Even food did not hold her attention. "She lay in her cot groaning and crying for hours at a time," Doctor Bickel noted, "frequently rolling her head from side to side and banging it on her pillow."

Adjusting the child's diet wasn't easy. Removing all the phenylalanine resulted in vomiting and weight loss. But by patient trial and error, Doctor Bickel over a period of months established a middle course between the amount of phenylalanine her body needed and the amount it could tolerate. "During the next six months," he reported, "the child appeared to improve appreciably. Her eyes became brighter, she took more interest in her surroundings and her food. She learned to crawl, to stand, to push chairs and to climb up on them. . . . Her hair grew thicker and began to shine and changed in a few weeks from a fair to a dark-brown color. Roughness and eczema of the skin disappeared."

Was the diet responsible for the improvement? To find out, Doctor Bickel deliberately restored a measured amount of phenylalanine to her daily ration. "Within twenty-four hours," he reported, "she became increasingly irritable and drowsy, her facial expression became vacant, and she lost all interest in her surroundings." She drooled and banged her head. "After six days she could no longer stand or crawl, and so the additional phenylalanine was discontinued."

Because this first patient was two years old when the low-phenylalanine diet was begun, the ultimate results were not as favorable as they are in many cases where the diet is begun in early infancy. However, this pioneer patient—now ten years old—has continued year after year to show a better mental and physical development than PKU children who don't get the diet at all.

In the United States, meanwhile, Dr. Marvin D. Armstrong and his University of Utah associates had begun independently to try a low-phenylalanine diet on PKU patients. Later, Drs. Frederick A. Horner and Charles W. Streamer began experimenting with the new diet at the University of Colorado Medical Center; and a scientific group headed by Dr. W. Eugene Knox of the Harvard Medical School began trying the diet at several Boston hospitals a little later. These and other pioneers confirmed Doctor Bickel's findings and worked out the detailed management of PKU cases.

Children with PKU can eat some fruits and vegetables, but protein foods such as meat and eggs are banned. Only enough milk is permitted to supply the body's need for phenylalanine. The remainder of the child's protein comes in the form of a special powder from which the phenylalanine has been removed. When this powder was marketed initially, many children found it unpleasant, and mothers were at their wits' end seeking ways to disguise it in soups and puddings. More recently a second low-phenylalanine product containing most of the necessary diet ingredients in a single milklike formula has been marketed by another drug firm. A third company's product, composed of proteins, which are naturally low in phenylalanine, is also on the market.

PKU experts believe that the diet should be continued through the first two or three years of life, at least; and to play safe, they like to keep their small patients on the diet as long as possible. There is some reason to hope, however, that ordinary food can be eaten by the time a child reaches school age.

Where science leads, the quacks and phonies all too promptly follow. "Already," says Doctor Dybwad, "parents of retarded children are being bombarded by sensational advertisements of foods or food supplements alleged to cure mental retardation. Some of the ads carry headlines designed to suggest an association with the successful PKU diet."

The PKU diet, Doctor Dybwad warns parents, is neither advertised nor sold by mail and requires close medical supervision. It is of value only for PKU babies and is of no benefit whatever in other forms of mental retardation.

The pressing problem now is to identify PKU babies at the earliest possible age, before the brain has been damaged. The identification cannot be made during the first days of life, for the green-urine reaction is rarely present that early. Ideally, the PKU test should be performed at the age of two weeks and repeated several times at monthly intervals thereafter. In setting up the Southern California diaper-test program, Doctor Centerwall and his associates specified that the test be repeated each time a baby is brought to the well-baby clinic during the first year of life.

The ferric-chloride PKU test is cheap and convenient for large clinics where scores of babies are tested every day. For smaller clinics and for physicians in private practice, chemically treated strips of paper called "reagent strips" are now nationally available through pharmacies and medical-supply houses. These strips change color in a characteristic way when they are either dipped in a sample of urine from a PKU baby or pressed against the baby's wet diaper.

Substantial progress has also been reported against two other brain-damaging, missing-enzyme diseases similar to PKU.

NEXT WEEK

THE WORLD OF THE UNEDUCATED
By Vice Adm. Hyman G. Rickover, USN

IN COLOR:
WOMEN WANT THE ODDEST THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS
By Peg Bracken

THE ALL-AMERICAN LABEL DOESN'T FOOL THE PROS
Why Some College Football Stars Don't Make the Grade

I'M THE WHOLE TOWN'S CHAPLAIN
The Roving Pastor of Park Forest, Illinois:
By Rev. Joseph L. Hughes

THE JERRY GIESLER STORY
MY MOST UNBELIEVABLE CASE
By Jerry Giesler, as told to Pete Martin

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IN THE DECEMBER

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- **What makes the Israeli people one of the world's toughest and most vital?**

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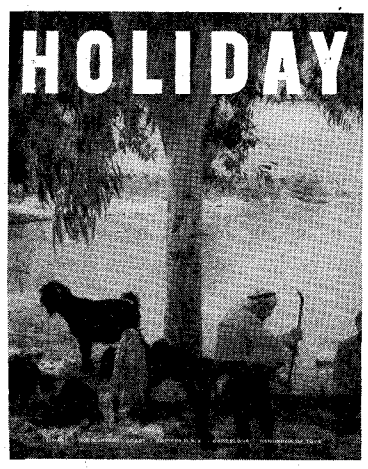

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

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One, galactosemia, results from the baby's inability to digest galactose—a sugar found in all kinds of milk and milk products. The other is called "maple sugar disease" because it gives the urine a characteristic odor reminiscent of maple sugar. Both can be readily diagnosed, and controlled by suitable alterations of diet.

A hopeful outlook? Certainly; but authorities caution against undue optimism. Very little is yet known, they point out, concerning the causes of cerebral palsy—sometimes, though not always, associated with mental retardation. And no practical progress has yet been made in preventing Mongolism, one of the commonest of all forms of severe retardation. A significant clue, however, has recently been unearthed. Most people have an even number of chromosomes—strands of genes—arranged in pairs. Victims of Mongolism, in contrast, have an additional unpaired chromosome in each of their body cells. Much further research will be needed to explore the implications of this finding.

"Research on mental retardation has lagged," Doctor Dybwad declares, "because through the decades too little scientific effort has been focused on it. Until very recently, other diseases seemed to offer far more promise to youthful scientists mapping out their careers. Besides, most institutions for the retarded are hidden away in hard-to-reach rural areas, remote from research centers. Of ninety-four state schools and hospitals for mental defectives, only eight are located in the same city with a medical school. More than half are at distances up to 450 miles. Thus our retarded children have been cut off from the main stream of scientific progress by the very facts of geography."

To attract competent researchers to this neglected field, the National Association for Retarded Children has sponsored a survey of all promising leads against retardation, stressing the many directions in which additional research is needed. This survey, conducted by Drs. Richard L. Masland, Seymour B. Sarason, and Thomas Gladwin, of the National Institutes of Health, was published early this year under the title, *Mental Subnormality* (Basic Books, $6.75). The association has also launched a medical-research fund to support promising projects, financed by public contributions. A suggestion like Doctor Block's 1939 proposal would get a far warmer welcome today.

Significant research on problems related to mental retardation is also being sponsored by the Ford Foundation, the National Foundation (formerly National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis), the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children and several smaller organizations. Substantial Federal funds are being funneled into retardation research through the National Institutes of Health and other Federal agencies.

Equally important, movements are under way in several states to establish new schools and hospitals for the mentally retarded in close association with large medical-research centers, so that the same scientific methods which have accomplished so much in the conquest of other diseases can now be harnessed to the study of mental defects.

Along with the need for further research, there is a need for the fuller use of discoveries already made. Almost any physician can recall from his personal experience cases in which he has prevented severe retardation by appropriate medical methods.

One small-town doctor we know, for example, likes to tell about a three-year-old patient, Marian T., as bright and alert as any child her age. Seven years ago, when Marian's mother became pregnant for the first time, this physician gave Mrs. T. an Rh blood test and noted that she was Rh-negative. He accordingly tested Mr. T., too, and found that he was Rh-positive. This meant that Mrs. T. might have an Rh-positive child and that the incompatibility of blood between mother and baby might produce in the baby, at about the time of birth, a brain-damaging condition called Rh disease, or erythroblastosis.

Mrs. T.'s first two babies were born without incident; but as the time for her third delivery approached, blood tests showed that Rh disease was in the offing. The physician arranged for Mrs. T. to have her baby at a large medical center equipped to perform an "exchange transfusion." As soon as baby Marian was born, her blood was drawn off and simultaneously replaced by fresh blood of the proper type, supplied by a blood bank. A week later she and her mother returned home, the risk of brain damage averted.

A complete program for preventing brain damage due to Rh disease includes four essential steps:

Every young woman should have an Rh blood test early in her pregnancy, or before pregnancy.

If she is Rh-negative, her husband should also be tested.

If he is Rh-positive, additional blood tests should be run periodically during the last months of her pregnancy.

If these tests show that there is going to be trouble, the baby should be delivered in a hospital fully equipped to perform the needed exchange transfusion.

These recommendations, if universally followed, could save an estimated 16,000 American babies each year from death or brain damage. Actually most of them are being saved. Three-year-old Marian was among them, and her doctor has a right to be proud.

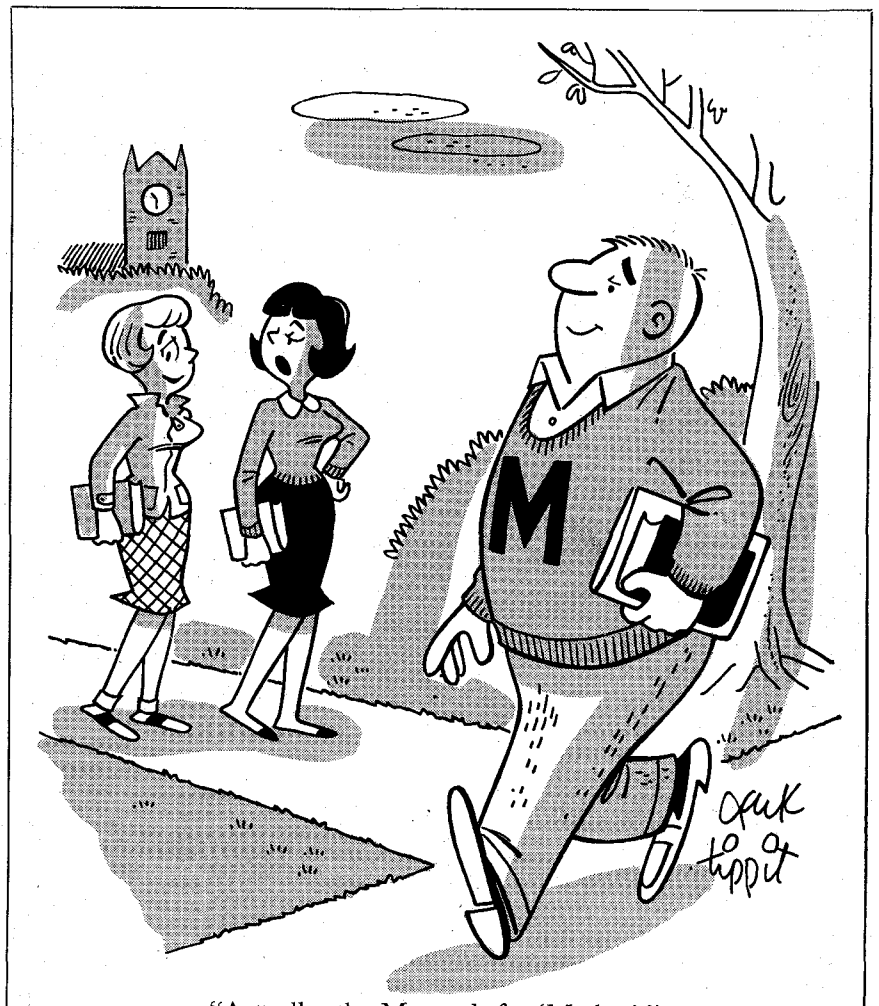
An example as encouraging as Marian's is the case of two-year-old Billy J., born with a condition called hydrocephalus, or "water on the brain." In this disease, the normal drainage of fluid from the brain to the spinal canal is dammed by a structural defect. Fluid gradually accumulates in the brain, and the pressure builds up. Slowly the head swells, and the brain tissues are crushed so that they can no longer function properly.

Long considered another of the "hopeless" diseases, hydrocephalus can now often be corrected by surgery. An operation was performed on Billy at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, and a plastic tube with valves at both ends—invented in 1956 by the father of a child with hydrocephalus in an effort to save his own son—was implanted with one end in Billy's brain cavity and the other end in his jugular vein.

The valve at the brain end maintains the proper pressure. Whenever the pressure in Billy's brain cavity rises too high, this valve opens a bit, the excess fluid drains through the tube into the jugular vein—and Billy's intelligence remains unimpaired. The valve at the other end keeps blood from pushing back through the tube toward the brain. This double-valved tube is also useful in other types of brain operations; more than 3500 such tubes have been used to save the brains of children and adults since its invention three years ago. The tubes cannot remedy damage already done, of course; but in properly selected cases they often prevent additional damage to brain tissues.

Measles is ordinarily a mild disease of childhood; but on rare occasions, the measles virus may invade the brain, causing encephalitis and sometimes permanent damage. Hundreds of thousands of parents each year forestall this possibility, usually without realizing how much they may have accomplished.

Consider a typical case. Your next-door neighbor phones to say that her son Tommy, who played yesterday with your little Charley, has just come down with measles. You then phone your physician, and he tells you to bring in Charley.



"Actually, the M stands for 'Mother'."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A physician can protect a child from measles temporarily by giving him a full dose of gamma globulin—an extract of human blood rich in antibodies against measles and some other infections. But if he does, the child becomes susceptible again after a few weeks or months. So your physician instead gives Charley a very small dose of gamma globulin. Charley gets measles, all right, and usually acquires permanent immunity. But thanks to the gamma globulin, he has only a very mild illness—and the risk that the virus will penetrate to his brain is minimized. Repeated thousands of times each year, gamma-globulin injections to "modify" measles attacks are no doubt saving many children from measles encephalitis and brain damage.

You can also, curiously enough, safeguard your grandchildren from retardation caused by another common childhood infection, rubella. The popular name for rubella is German measles, but this leads to endless confusion with ordinary measles. Hence, physicians urge that we all start calling this disease by its proper name, rubella.

Rubella in childhood is even milder than measles, and a single attack almost always confers lifelong immunity. But if a young woman who has not had rubella in childhood happens to catch it during the first few months of her pregnancy, it can be disastrous to her child. Sometimes—not always—the result is damage to the unborn baby's brain.

There is no vaccine against rubella. The American Academy of Pediatrics therefore recommends, "Girls should have rubella, if possible, before the childbearing period." The moral is obvious, but physicians add a warning—don't send your daughters down the street to play with a child who is ill unless you're sure that a physician has diagnosed the illness as rubella rather than measles or something more serious.

Once all your daughters have had rubella, you can rest assured that their children—your grandchildren—have been safeguarded.

Another cause of very serious retardation has long been known and can easily be prevented; yet 5000 new cases are reported in the United States each year. This is congenital syphilis, which an unborn baby can acquire from its mother. The danger is insidious, for the mother may not have the faintest suspicion that she is infected, and the child may betray no symptoms of retardation until he is several years old.

In an effort to wipe out congenital syphilis, forty-two states now require by law that each physician give a blood test to every pregnant woman under his care. If the test is positive, penicillin given to the mother will not only cure her but also safeguard her unborn baby, or cure it if it is already infected. Thousands of cases of mental retardation each year are being prevented by the prenatal blood test and penicillin treatment.

But many mothers, alas, do not consult a physician early in pregnancy, and some physicians in recent years have grown lax about giving the test. Syphilis-infected babies pay the price for this double negligence. "Every woman should insist on a blood test for syphilis early in each pregnancy," says Dr. William J. Brown, chief of the Venereal Disease Branch, United States Public Health Service, "even though she has no possible reason to suspect it might be positive."

When all the cases of retardation due to hereditary conditions, infections, accidents and other physical causes have been accounted for, there still remains a large number of mentally retarded children who seem to have no physical illness or defect whatever accompanying their mental defect. So far as anyone can determine, their brains are undamaged. Retardation, it is probable, has resulted solely from the conditions under which they were brought up during their earliest years.

Yet even some of these children can be salvaged. Our favorite examples are two young women now in their early twenties. Except for a fortunate coincidence which altered their destiny, both would in all probability have been doomed to live out their lives in institutions for the feeble-minded.

Both were lodged as very young babies in an old-fashioned Iowa "orphan asylum" where their physical needs were well tended, but where an overworked staff had no time at all to play with the children or give them the affection and "tender loving care" which is the birthright of every baby.

By the time they were fifteen months old, both children were seriously retarded. They couldn't walk or stand alone, and they made no efforts to try. When you smiled at them, they never smiled back. They didn't even make the simple cooing sounds or the other vocal efforts which are a prelude to meaningful speech. Both were clearly unfit for adoption.

The orphan home was seriously overcrowded. To get these retarded children out of the way, Iowa officials arranged for their "loan" to another state institution, a residential school for adolescent girls and women.

Six months later the psychologist who had arranged the transfer, Dr. Harold M. Skeels, now of the National Institute of Mental Health, dropped in at the school to check up on the two imbecile children. To his utter amazement, both were now only slightly retarded. Within another year, both had reached normal levels of mental development. The girls at the school had fallen in love with "their" babies. They had mothered them, fondled them, made simple toys for them, talked to them, taken them on little expeditions and provided them with the many kinds of intellectual stimulation missing from the orphan home. When they were three years old, both children were adopted by eager foster parents. In their adoptive homes, they grew up to be alert and competent young women.

Were these two metamorphoses a mere coincidence? To find out, Doctor Skeels and his associates transferred eleven more babies from the dull confines of the orphan home to the loving care of the older girls at the school. The I.Q.—intelligence quotient—of every one of these children rose dramatically. One with the I.Q. of an idiot, thirty-five, soared fifty-eight points in two years to a normal level of ninety-three. The average I.Q. of the group as a whole rose from a seriously retarded sixty-four to a normal ninety-two.

In contrast, a dozen children left in the orphan home progressively deteriorated. Their average I.Q. sank from a somewhat subnormal eighty-seven to a grossly retarded sixty.

This classic Skeels study has exerted a profound influence on many institutions housing babies and young children, and has encouraged efforts to place children for adoption at the earliest possible age.

For the ordinary parents of ordinary children, the Iowa experiment has a similar moral. By loving your children and supplying them with the attention they need, by spending time with them, by making available playthings suitable to their age and development and by listening to them and answering their questions, you are doing your share to develop their maximum mental capacities.

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The Fans Expect Him to Win

(Continued from Page 36)

The ensuing decade of Southern Methodist football was a drab one indeed. Performing under a succession of coaches, the Mustangs averaged less than .500 on the field. At the box office, home attendance dwindled from the 1950 peak of 61,212 per game to a low of 36,911 in 1957. The decline in gate receipts was of some concern to the South-Central Jurisdictional Conference of the Methodist Church, which operates this 6000-student school on a private basis. The failure to win consistently produced restiveness among S.M.U. alumni, particularly those on the university's doorstep in the lusty Texas metropolis of Dallas.

When the time arrived to make another coaching change in 1957, Matty Bell was a bit jittery himself. "I'd better get a good coach this time," he said, "or I might get fired too."

In Bill Meek he got a man who was used to working in depressed football areas. Meek's first head-coaching assignment was at Kansas State, then the No. 1 door mat in major-college competition. In three years Meek gave Kansas State a winning team. Similarly the University of Houston's record improved during the two years Meek spent there. At S.M.U., after a so-so 1957 season, his 1958 team closed strongly to tie for second in the Southwest Conference—and become the preseason favorite for 1959.

Although no coach relishes being put on this sort of spot, Meek accepted the situation with a calmness unexpected in a man who has something of a reputation for popping off. Thirty-nine-year-old Bill Meek has the rugged features of a TV Western star and a rugged individualism to match. He doesn't wait to see which way the wind is blowing before taking a stand; more likely he is out stirring up a breeze himself. On occasion he has publicly accused rivals of everything from spying on his workouts to illegal player-recruiting.

Friends say Meek is a rebel by nature. In college Meek risked his athletic scholarship by declining to break off a campus romance which the coaches regarded as too distracting. When he and the young lady were married, he gave up Catholicism rather than have his family torn between his religion and that of his wife, an Episcopalian. He has always idolized his old coach, Tennessee's Gen. Robert R. Neyland, yet he unhesitatingly abandoned the Neyland single-wing offense in favor of newer tactics after he started coaching on his own.

Home and football, not necessarily in that order, are Bill Meek's sole major interests. As Meek sees it, his job is divided into three parts—recruiting, organizing and coaching—and the greatest of these is recruiting. In this field he is an acknowledged master. Some of his most publicized controversies have arisen from the scramble for schoolboy talent.

In 1956, when Meek was at Houston, he challenged coach John Vaught of Ole Miss for the services of Claude King, a Vicksburg, Mississippi, youth who was being courted by half the schools in the cornbread country. Finally the contest narrowed down to Houston or Ole Miss.

"If King goes to Houston, I'm going to report Meek to the N.C.A.A.," threatened Vaught.

"I hope he does," retorted Meek. "I've got the deadwood on Ole Miss."

King did report for September practice at Houston, but a few days later he was gone. Meek called the boy's mother in Vicksburg and told her that Ole Miss had kidnaped her son. At Meek's request she drove 170 miles to the Ole Miss campus at Oxford, picked up young Claude and shipped him back to Houston, where he was a highly rated ball carrier until a shoulder injury sidelined him this year.

In a more recent recruiting episode Meek came home last July from five weeks of conducting football clinics for Army personnel in the Pacific and learned that he was about to lose a Western Pennsylvania prep star to a Big Ten school. Meek collected some clean clothes, picked up his vacationing wife in Tennessee, flew on to Pittsburgh and went promptly to the boy's home.

"A fellow near the campus of this Big Ten school was offering this boy the use of a good car—the same thing as giving it to him," Meek declares. "I told the boy I'd notify the N.C.A.A. the minute he set foot in that car. I meant it. I don't care what the rules are, but as long as I've got to abide by them, I'm going to see that the other fellow does too."

Meek also has been on the receiving end of recruiting charges. When he moved from the University of Houston to Southern Methodist in 1957, a Houston newspaperman predicted, "Meek will have S.M.U. in trouble inside of a year." In less time than that Meek had recruited ten of the most desirable high-school prospects in Texas, including the celebrated Glynn Gregory of Abilene. The N.C.A.A. investigated Meek's dealings with all of them and finally put the school on a year's probation over the Gregory case, on the grounds that the youngster had been given a "manufactured" summertime job in the oil fields.

Meek entered a violent dissent. "The charges were not true," he said. "The truth is that the boy was getting half as much pay as a man normally gets as an oil scout. I have never bought a boy in my life. If the time ever comes that I've got to buy an athlete, I'll quit coaching."

Gregory is now an S.M.U. backfield star. Clarke Nealon, a highly respected Houston newspaperman, says of the incident, "It was just a case of whoever got Gregory was going to get in trouble, that's all. Gregory was a hot potato."

Meanwhile Meek was showing S.M.U. from the start that he meant business on the practice field. "It's going to be interesting to see how the tough approach works," commented Flem Hall, a Fort Worth sports writer. "It's going to be something new for the Ponies."

That fall S.M.U. upset favored California in Meek's debut. Afterward four players went to the coach and thanked him for working them so hard.

He has continued to bear down on his S.M.U. athletes, win, lose or draw, although he does show an occasional flash of humor on the job. When the team was dressing for the Arkansas game in 1957, it turned out that there was no red jersey for Ken Lowe, a sub quarterback. Meek told Lowe to wear a white shirt during the pregame warmup.

Soon the Arkansas coach, Jack Mitchell, now at Kansas, came rushing up to Meek. "Hey, Bill," he wanted to know, "what about that guy wearing white? We're wearing white."

"Jack, we do that in all our games," dead-panned Meek. "We like to suit up one boy in the other team's colors. It helps when we run him in for a quick pass play."

Most of the light touches at S.M.U. during the Meek regime have come from Don Meredith, the talented quarterback,

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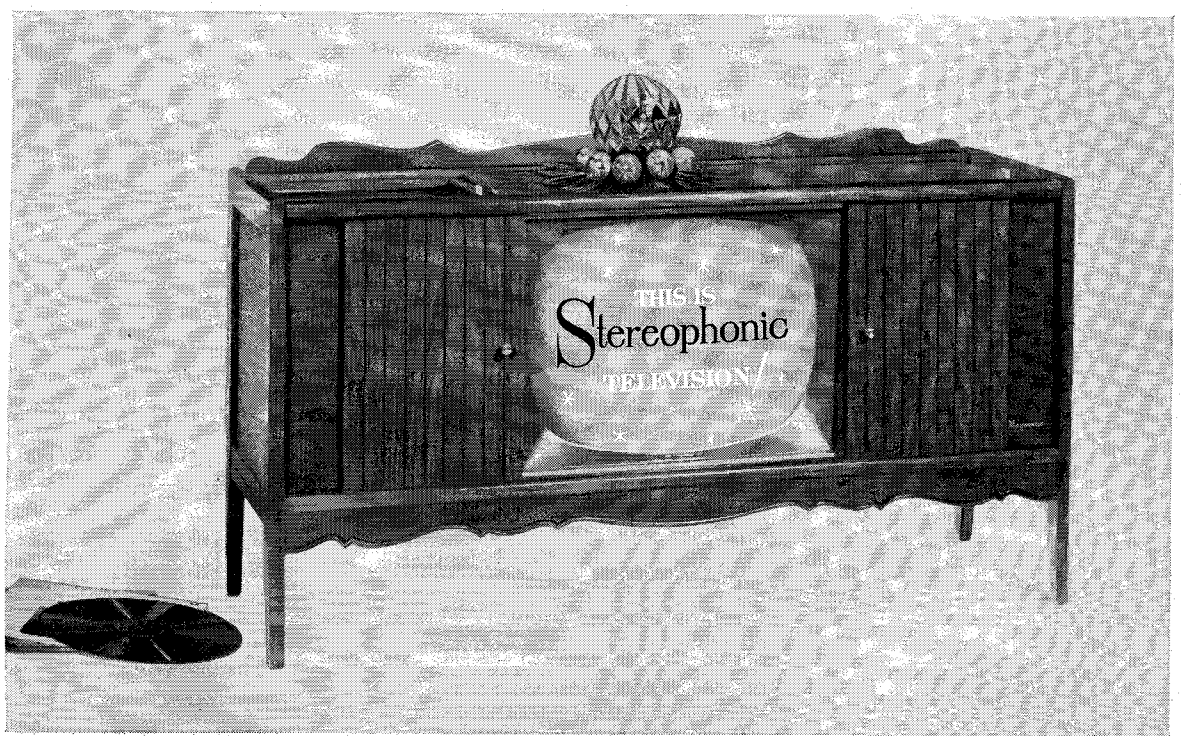

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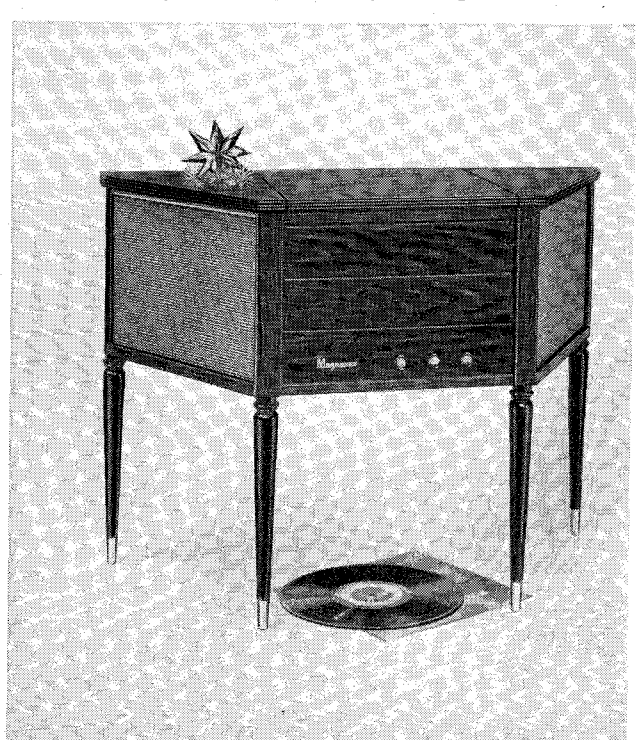

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who has the uninhibited self-confidence of a Dizzy Dean. Says Meek, "Meredith thinks he can do anything, teammates think Meredith can do anything—and so does Meek."

Meredith calls himself "Merribaby"; teammates refer to him as "Billy's boy" behind the coach's back. In the Texas A. & M. game last year Meredith threw a rare block, then gleefully pointed to the victim sprawled on the ground. The fans loved it. At a Rotary-club luncheon in a Dallas hotel he threw a football the length of the ballroom, barely missing a huge crystal chandelier.

Last summer he toured Europe. To pay for the trip he sold his car, about two thirds of his clothes, his golf clubs, his fishing tackle, a cow and a calf. The Dallas *News* agreed to pay him for a series of articles about his travels, an arrangement that was cleared with the N.C.A.A. When sports editor Bill Rives named his price, Meredith characteristically said, "I'm worth a lot more." He settled for fifteen dollars per article.

Meredith entered Southern Methodist in the fall of 1956. He admits now that he was disappointed when Meek was hired the following January. "I knew he'd been using only seven to ten passes a game down at Houston," Meredith said to me not long ago. "I didn't welcome the prospect of playing for a coach like that."

In high school Meredith had been a throwing specialist. Under Meek he gradually changed into a tremendous all-round star. Unlike most glamour-boy passers, he also can run—he was the second leading ball carrier on the team last year.

Meek changed too. He had been a fundamentalist who concentrated on the split-T offense, sometimes described as "four yards and a cloud of dust." Early in the 1957 season he turned his sophomore quarterback loose in a spread formation. Now Meek employs not just one spread, but several. He makes use of the double wing, the winged T, the single wing—anything to scatter the defense and give Meredith a chance to execute optional pass-or-run plays. It is hardly necessary to add that Meredith now is sold on the Meek brand of coaching.

Bill Meek became a football coach almost by accident. During his playing days his ambition was to become a lawyer. His plans might never have altered if the Army hadn't assigned him to handle the Fort Benning team during his World War II service. Even then it took a special situation to get him really fired up about the job.

In the fall of 1945, when a majority of the good college players were still in the service, Benning was trounced by the late Jim Tatum's Jacksonville Navy squad, 33–7. Tatum told Meek, "Bill, your team didn't belong on the same field with mine."

The pride of the youthful Captain Meek was severely stung. He got permission from his commanding general to serve as a playing coach. In a return game later that season Meek operated for fifty-five minutes at blocking back and led Benning to a 14–7 victory over Jacksonville. The football bug has possessed him ever since.

William Meridas Meek—the middle name honors a Sioux Indian who was an old family friend—is a policeman's son. He was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, but grew up in Alabama, where his parents moved when he was three. He was a four-sport star at Birmingham's West End High School, graduating in 1939.

Half a dozen Southern colleges wanted him, especially for football. The winner was Tennessee. "The minute I met the general"—meaning Coach Neyland—"I knew I was going to Tennessee," recalls Meek.

Neyland was called back to active duty in the Army after Meek's sophomore season in 1940. He remembers Meek as "a good player who got hurt a lot"—Bill's nose was broken six times in high school and college. John Barnhill, who became acting head coach when Neyland left, says, "You never knew Meek was on the squad until Saturday."

Meek was an efficient performer who won his letter in all three of his varsity seasons. Then, as now, he had a precise manner and a passion for neatness—"Bill was the only player I ever saw who could take off his helmet and never muss a hair," a Tennessee teammate observes. All this made Meek a target for the practical jokers on the squad. A couple of tobacco-chewing teammates considered it great sport to use Meek's tidy wastebasket as a spittoon.

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>
> CY N. PEACE

Once an ex-Tennessee player who was on furlough from the Army brought his girl friend to the stadium dormitory. When Meek came in that night, the girl was in his pajamas in his bed. Bill saw nothing funny about it. He brusquely escorted the girl to the front entrance, gladly forfeiting the pair of pajamas.

On a more serious level Meek was outraged when the coaches attempted to discourage him from going steady with Beverly Fischer, a petite and vivacious blond coed. The first time he saw her Meek said to a friend, "I'm going to marry that girl." He wangled an introduction the next night, and soon was dating no one else.

Hugh Faust, then an assistant coach, braced Meek on the matter and recommended that he give other coeds a break.

"No coach is going to tell me who to date," replied Meek, a mere freshman.

At a basketball game a few nights later Coach Neyland went over to Meek and said, "I hear you're courting pretty heavy."

"I am," Meek admitted, blushing. "But you know I work as hard as anybody on the squad. My grades are in good shape. I'd rather be with my girl than hanging around the drugstore or running around with the boys. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Bill, I believe you've got something there," said Neyland.

In Meek's senior year he and Beverly were married. They used a trip to the Sugar Bowl—Tennessee defeated Tulsa, 14–7—as a honeymoon. They now have four children—Phillip, fifteen; Gary, thirteen; Forrest Marie, nine, and Tina, two.

After getting out of college in 1943 Meek had four years of Army service, all of it at Fort Benning. He rose from private to captain, becoming coach of the football team in 1945 and guiding it to the national service championship in 1946.

Meanwhile his old adversary, Jim Tatum, had got out of the Navy in time to land the Oklahoma head-coaching job in 1946. Moving to Maryland in 1947, Tatum hired Meek as an assistant—and almost fired him before he got his bags unpacked.

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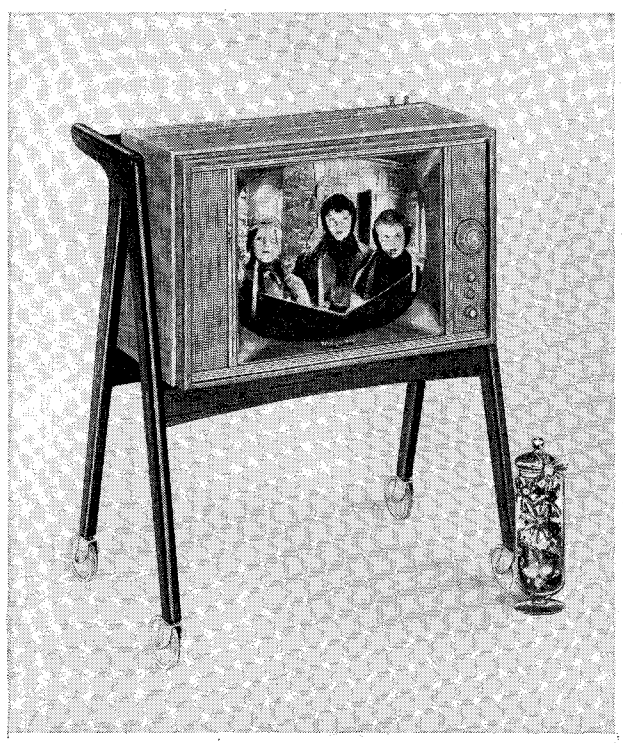

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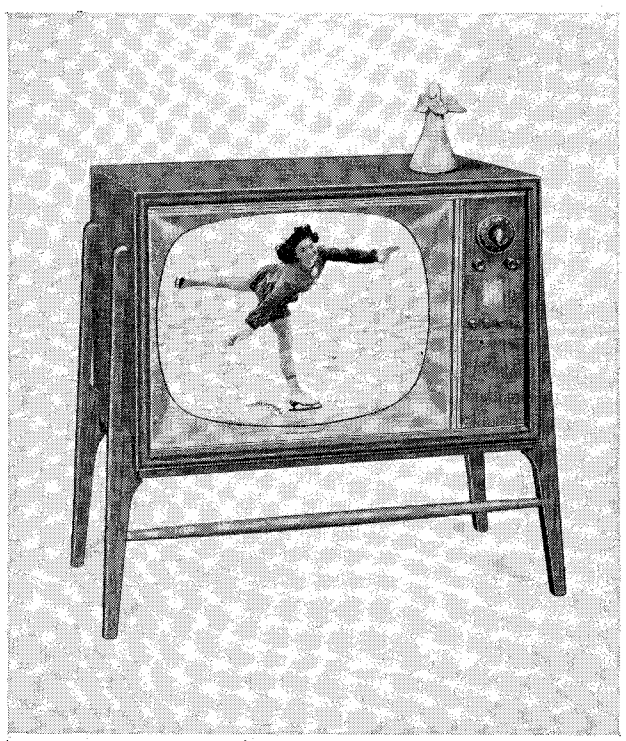

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"Tatum knew that Benning had some fine football players," Meek says. "I guess he figured I'd bring a few with me. Unfortunately I had already told Tennessee about the best ones. In fact, I dropped Jack Stroud off in Knoxville on my way to Maryland"—Stroud went on to captain a crack 1950 Tennessee team that defeated Texas in the Cotton Bowl. "Tatum was pretty sore when I got to College Park without any athletes."

However, Meek stayed on at Maryland. He did much to help Tatum build a reputation as a great defensive coach. In turn, he learned a great deal about recruiting and the split T from Big Jim. By 1951, though, he was eager to be his own boss, and took the gamble of becoming head coach at lowly Kansas State.

The Wildcats—as the Kansas State team was inappropriately nicknamed—had won only a single Big Seven Conference game in the previous seven years, and only fifteen of their last 104. Surveying the bleak football scene in Manhattan, Kansas, Meek observed, "If I can make it here, I can make it anywhere."

He roamed the Midwest for playing talent, drawing the ire of home-state recruiters in Iowa and Missouri. In his first season, limited to the meager talent that was already on hand, he reverted to a single-wing offense "just to shake up the opposition." His only successes were a 14–12 victory over Missouri and a 6–6 tie with Nebraska. Even these games were taken away from him. Meek inadvertently had used a man who proved to be ineligible owing to prior attendance at another school, and the conference ruled each contest a 1–0 forfeit against Kansas State.

In 1952, his second season, the record was one and nine. By 1953, however, the parts were beginning to fall in place. Kansas State had a solid six-three-one record, the best in seventeen years. When Meek won seven out of ten the next season, it looked as though Kansas State might be getting ready to challenge Oklahoma's domination of the conference. However, the University of Houston stepped in and grabbed off Meek at a much higher salary.

Houston then had gobs of money to spend on athletics—a situation that no longer prevails—and a burning desire for recognition in big-time football. Although Houston had been able to do no better than break even the previous two seasons, the material was promising. Meek quickly fielded winning teams, with a six-four record in 1955 and a seven-two-one mark the next year. The 1956 Cougars won the Missouri Valley Conference championship.

His most memorable clashes—both on the field and off—were with Bear Bryant, then building a powerhouse at Texas A. & M. In 1955, after losing to the Aggies by a 21–3 score, Meek declared, "I still think my team is as good as Bryant's." Bryant goaded him over this remark all season long.

A year later Meek accused the Aggies of spying on Houston's practice. Bryant invited him to appear on the Bear's own television program. Meek accepted. On the air Bryant accused his rival of "just trying to get your boys steamed up for their game with us."

Meek denied this, but it was a fact that Houston was supercharged the day it met Texas A. & M. in 1956. The Cougars battled the Aggies to a 14–14 tie, marring an otherwise perfect record for A. & M. that year.

Meek had no thought of leaving Houston until the school was thwarted in its aspirations to jump from the middle-flight Missouri Valley Conference to the more glamorous Southwest Conference. The latter voted in 1956 to admit Texas Tech, and to consider no other applicants for five years. Not long after that, Houston also was turned down by another big-time circuit, the Southeastern Conference. Thereupon Meek privately decided that he would go elsewhere if the right offer came along.

Around this time S.M.U. officials were coming to the conclusion that they needed a high-pressure coach to revive the winning tradition that had been established under the coaching of Ray Morrison (1922–34) and Matty Bell (1935–41; 1945–49). Things began going wrong in 1949, Doak Walker's last season as a Mustang star. He was hobbled by injuries, and a team that had been favored to win its third-straight conference title skidded to fifth place.

Matty Bell chose this propitious moment to retire from coaching and serve exclusively as athletic director. Loyal cronies downtown presented him an expensive car, which he still drives. Some alumni seemed relieved that he had quit as coach. They gave most of the credit for the 1947 and 1948 seasons—during which S.M.U. was beaten only once—to Doak Walker, a great clutch player and triple-threat back who is still the football idol of many Texans.

Under Bell's successors, mediocrity set in. H. N. (Rusty) Russell won thirteen, lost fifteen and tied two in three years, then stepped out when the school offered to buy up his contract for $36,000. Chalmer Woodard, a pleasant, easygoing young man with an eye-popping high-school and small-college record, lasted four seasons, but only the second was a winning one. After the next-to-last game in 1956, when Baylor walloped S.M.U. by 26–0, Woodard paid an unexpected call on athletic director Bell.

"I'm quitting," he said. "I've lost control of the boys."

A number of replacements were considered. One small group of alumni seriously proposed Doak Walker, although Doak had no coaching experience. However, Matty Bell quickly set his sights on Bill Meek. Two of Bell's old coaching friends, Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech and Bowden Wyatt of Tennessee, recommended Meek highly. After one interview with Meek, Bell was completely sold.

Negotiations dragged out for almost a month, during which Dr. Willis M. Tate, the S.M.U. president, said, "I hope this is the last football coach I'll ever have to hire." When Meek finally accepted, Bell exclaimed, "God bless you, boy! You'll never regret it!"

"Never" is a long time in coaching, but Meek does have a most unusual contract. For five years Meek cannot consider an offer from any other school, and for the next five he can do so only with Doctor Tate's permission. On the other hand, the school must keep him as coach for at least five years. Thereafter, if a new coach is hired, Meek must be kept on the payroll in some other capacity. He now draws about $17,500 a year.

"The Methodists are going to make Bill a bishop as soon as he puts the Ponies in the Cotton Bowl," quipped Houston columnist Morris Frank.

Nobody expected Meek to accomplish this right away. In fact, the experts picked Southern Methodist for the conference cellar in 1957. When the Mustangs won half their league games for a fourth-place finish—the over-all record was four-five-one—it came as a pleasant surprise to many rooters.

The most encouraging single feature was the performance of Don Meredith, then just a sophomore. After a shaky beginning, he proceeded to set a new all-time major-college record by completing 69.6 per cent of his passes. He connected on seventy-one out of 102 throws, good for 912 yards and seven touchdowns.

Since then Meredith has been saddled with a heavy burden of superlatives. For example, Homer Norton, the Texas A. & M. coach from 1934 to 1947, who now views the scene objectively from retirement, has called Meredith a better college passer than such Texas greats as Sammy Baugh, Davey O'Brien and Bobby Layne.

Coach Bill Meek is one of the strongest Meredith boosters. Last year he predicted that Don would make All-American as a junior "if he doesn't get hurt or fall in love." Meredith did get All-American mention, but he fell in love—he is slated to get married next month—and he also got hurt.

Don had sparked S.M.U. to a near upset against Ohio State in the opener and was doing the same against Notre Dame in the second game when he suffered a disabling hip injury early in the fourth quarter. He missed all of the following two games, and most of the next one—he got in for three plays and threw a touchdown pass that helped to defeat Georgia Tech, 20–0.

In spite of everything, Meredith had another impressive season, completing sixty-five of 112 passes for 952 yards, and S.M.U. took five of its last six games to end up at six and four for the year and four and two in conference play. The cash customers began coming back; home attendance was up 13 per cent over the 1957 low point.

The Mustangs were at their peak in the final game, a 20–13 upset over Texas Christian, which had already clinched the Southwest Conference title with five consecutive league victories. Bill Meek and Matty Bell expected this victory to bring S.M.U. an invitation to play Louisiana State in the Sugar Bowl. They were loudly unhappy when the bid went to Clemson instead. "I personally think Louisiana State wanted to play Clemson rather than S.M.U.," fumed Meek.

In his efforts to put Southern Methodist on top Bill Meek is aided by a close-knit coaching staff. The only assistant who has left him since he became a head coach was Jim LaRue, who was hired for the top spot at Arizona this year. After home games at S.M.U., members of the staff and their families almost always gather at Meek's $50,000 ranch house in northwest Dallas for an informal supper. The children sprawl on the floor of the recreation room to watch TV, play games or listen to Meek's prized stereophonic sound system. The wives help Beverly Meek with the dishes, while their husbands endlessly rehash the day's game.

Meek's chief lieutenant is John Cudmore, who handles the centers and linebackers. He also serves as a buffer between the players and the head coach. He encourages the boys to come to him with their personal problems, checks their classroom grades and arranges for tutoring when needed. Royal (Sharkey) Price, the offensive-line coach, is the villain. He watches the weight chart, prods the puffy and languid and supervises the training table. Marvin (Preacher) Franklin, Clyde Van Sickle, John Shelley and Herman (Sleepy) Morgan round out the staff. Morgan coaches the freshmen and roams the state as Meek's chief talent scout. It was Morgan who corralled the fabulous Meredith a year before Meek came to S.M.U.

In his recruiting operations, incidentally, Meek has a gentleman's agreement with one formidable rival, Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson. Once S.M.U. has signed a boy Oklahoma pays no more attention to him, and vice versa.

All in all, the long-range outlook for S.M.U. football is good. As for the short-range this year, a great deal depended on whether Don Meredith—a marked man in every game—could stay glued together for an entire season and avoid the sort of injury that was so costly last year. At the halfway point he was still hale and hearty.

Meek's No. 1 aide, John Cudmore, summed it all up before the campaign began. "If anything happens to Meredith," he said, "we'll have to change our offense. You'll find us in the confused T with the unbalanced coach in motion." THE END

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Mr. Gallup and the Cargo Snatchers

(Continued from Page 42)

shy," he explained. "The one wid the milk mug hidin' her face is little Nanny Lou. Next to her is ——"

"And who owns the pet rabbit someone's holding?" asked Professor Dowdy interestedly. "Quite large, isn't it?"

"Rabbit?" said Mr. Gallup, puzzled. Then his face cleared. "Ho-ho-ho! W'y bless ye, that's me little Borealis asettin' on Aurora's lap! Now the other two——"

"Extr'ordinary! Never seen anything like them!" said the professor fervently and handed back the wallet. "Too bad you're sailing tonight, Mr. Gallup. I meant to invite you for dinner."

"On what?" derided Mr. O'Day bitterly. "Ya know we ain't got a dime between us!"

"A temporary impasse, Mr. O'Day, readily dissolved—need I remind you?—when the quickness of the hand deceives the eye amid a careless crowd. . . . And what's money between friends? Eh, Mr. Gallup?"

"It has its uses, sir. For poverty, though no disgrace, can be wery unhandy—especially wid sickness in the fambly. This time it took all I could raise jist to ——"

"In your family, Mr. Gallup?" the professor asked, curiously sharp.

"Aye, sir," Mr. Gallup replied somberly. "Nanny Lou—that's me eldest—come down real bad wid her little chist. We wos at Norfolk, about to sail for the coast here. But Capting Sloan gave me a leave an' a month's adwance o' pay, an me shipmates bought me a ticket home to Truro an' gave as much money over as they could, to help me rejoin the ship out here. Me month's adwance went in hospital fees the fust week, though, an' I left most o' me return bus fare wid Iris. That's w'y I'm thankful I'll be back on board an' earnin' again."

For a few moments no one spoke. Then at the top of the rise Mr. Gallup looked eagerly down the slope. "Port Hallam!' he said and pointed to the lights that were springing up now over harbor and town. "The Jaipur Prince'll be lyin' alongside Pier Eighteen, same as last time we wos here. An' thanks to you two genelmen, I got hours to spare. I on'y wish there wos somethink I could do to repay ye."

"Think nothing of it, Mr. Gallup," said the professor warmly. "Actually, Mr. O'Day and I are here to launch a very profitable business venture, based on highly confidential information from a former fellow—er—colleague in ——"

"In Dannemora," supplied Mr. O'Day.

"Regardless," went on Professor Dowdy unabashed, "he initiated this lucrative scheme and successfully conducted it here while, during his Army days before being shipped to Korea, he was incarcerated in the guardhouse—now, I believe, a temporary Port Hallam waterfront jail. So rest easy, sir. We'll soon be in the chips again, fall where they may."

"That's all wery well, sir," replied Mr. Gallup, concerned. "But wot about tonight? Look—I still got a few dollars I wos holdin' for emergencies. Nine, to be exact. An' I'll be glad to adwance ye enough to eat an' sleep on." He reached for his wallet.

"No, Mr. Gallup! Please!" Quickly the professor checked him, guiding the wallet back into Mr. Gallup's pocket. "Wouldn't dream of it! After all—pride, ethics, you know."

Mr. Gallup said no more, and the car banged and jolted into the town, stopped with a jerk at a water-front corner, and the professor reached across and kicked open the door. "This do you all right, Mr. Gallup?" he asked.

"Aye, sir, an' thank ye both. I—I jist don't know what to say."

"Say nothing. I am indebted to you."

But when Mr. Gallup had decanted his ungainly frame out onto the sidewalk, the professor, looking strangely shamefaced, pressed something into Mr. Gallup's hand and slammed the door. "Forward, Alborak!" he cried, and with a clash of gears the ancient chariot bucketed away, leaving Mr. Gallup staring after it. Then slowly he unclasped his hand—in it lay some crumpled bills. He counted. There were nine.

For a moment Mr. Gallup didn't get it. Then he snatched out his wallet. It was empty. Again he stared in wonder and admiration after the diminishing car, then slowly wagged his head. "Now there," he said deeply to himself, "is a nonest man!" And, tucking his restored nine dollars back into the wallet, he set off at a rapid shamble for Pier Eighteen.

Under bright cluster lights and with noisy winches working last-minute cargo, Mr. Gallup stepped happily onto the Jaipur Prince's deck, and after a hearty welcome from his shipmates, re-entered his familiar little cubbyhole of a cabin, with a framed picture of his "fambly" on the bulkhead, the cockroach beneath the washstand and his little shelf of books on admiralty law.

"Almost like being home again, isn't it, Mr. Gallup?" said Mr. Sharp, the second mate, as he watched amusedly from the

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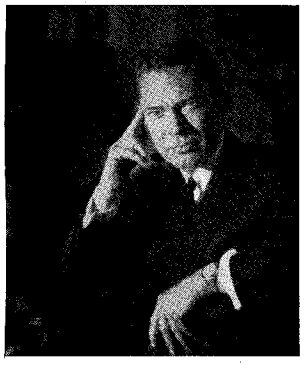

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doorway. "How did you leave little Nanny Lou?"

"Wery porely, sir. Wot she reely needs is a long spell in hospital an' a proper conwalescence. But I can't afford it. I'm too far up the spout as it is. So I'll jist have to keep aworkin' an' hope that somehow the Lord will perwide. An' now, young sir, if ye'll excuse me I'll pop ashore again and bung off a wire to Iris, atellin' her I'm safe back."

"Don't be late," Mr. Sharp warned. "You know what a ruddy crankpot the Old Man is about sailing on time."

"Don't worry," said Mr. Gallup. "They're still loadin' Number Three hatch, so I got more time'n a noakum boy on a steel deck." He clapped on his hat and stepped over the coaming. "Be aseein' of ye, Mr. Sharp."

When Mr. Gallup left the telegraph office, the night was so fine that he decided, in spite of the miles he had covered that day, to walk back to the Jaipur Prince. And so, warmed inwardly by the thought that, with his steady berth and certain payday, the happiness of Iris and the sprats still lay in the hands of their loving da, he strode contentedly along the darkened water front.

The masts and funnels of deep-water ships showed above the cargo sheds, with cargo winches silent now, their crews ashore or in their bunks. Infrequent intersection lights—naked bulbs swinging in the wind—intensified the shadows along the deserted streets. But the gloomy silence of quaysides after nightfall was so familiar to Mr. Gallup that only an unusual noise would catch his attention. Which was why, just as he passed a blacked-out pier and cargo shed, he halted suddenly and listened intently.

A high board fence hid the wharf from view; but from the darkness beyond he heard the sound again—a curious, half-familiar chugging and subdued rattling that paused at short intervals, then began again.

"That's queer," muttered Mr. Gallup. "Sounds like a winch aworkin' cargo—but it's too quiet for a ship's winch. An' busy in the dark too!"

He quickly enlarged a crack in the fence with his knife and peered through; and what he saw triggered instant suspicion; for alongside the black mass of a merchant ship midway along the wharf was a large wooden barge, from the deck of which rose the shadowy framework of a large derrick. It was here that the noise originated. And although no lights showed on either vessel, a dull glow rose from an open hold on each of them.

"Ar!" grunted Mr. Gallup. "Cargo thieves, looks like! This'll bear a bit o' lookin' into."

In seconds he was over the fence and creeping forward in the shadow of the closed cargo shed until he could read the steamer's name and home port on her register: CAPE PALMAS—Monrovia.

"Liberian, eh? Crew prob'ly is too," Mr. Gallup decided; and now, scanning the barge, he saw that the derrick—at the moment lifting a slingload of heavy wooden crates from the steamer's hold—was a large type of tractor crane hoist, which made much less racket than a ship's steam winch.

As he watched, Mr. Gallup's perplexity deepened, however; for each slingload of boxes raised from the hold of the steamer and dropped into the barge apparently, after a few minutes, was lifted straight back into the steamer. At any rate, the sling was loaded with what appeared to be boxes identical in shape, size and marking.

"Looks like they wos just givin' the same stuff a ride across an' straight back," he reflected, baffled. "An' wot's the possible sense o' that?"

Absorbed, time forgotten, Mr. Gallup's slow but tenacious brain considered the problem and, by elimination, came up with the only logical answer—that cases of genuine cargo removed from the steamer were being replaced by identical but worthless substitutes from the hold of the barge.

What to do about it was his next problem. Any doubt that he had to act never entered his mind. Cargo theft—or barratry when any of the ship's complement were involved—was the deadly enemy of

---

What the average family man can't afford these days is a family doctor.

JOE RYAN

Mr. Gallup's profession, costing owners of ships, the shippers of cargo, and marine-insurance underwriters millions of dollars in damage claims each year. And since, generally, such pilfering was not discovered until a vessel reached her port of discharge, perhaps thousands of miles and many weeks away from the loading port where the theft occurred, the thieves were almost impossible to trace. The immediate victims, then, frequently were ships' officers, most of them blameless, who lost their tickets because theirs had been the responsibility for the checking of the eventually missing cargo.

Therefore to Mr. Gallup his duty was clear. He must take effective action at once. But suddenly recollection chilled him—the sailing of the Jaipur Prince. If he missed that and lost his job, what about his fambly and ailing Nanny Lou?

But when he glanced at the luminous dial of his watch he saw that he still had time to get close enough—if possible, without being seen—to read the consignee and destination stencil on one of the cases. Then a radio message tomorrow from the Jaipur Prince would put the Marine Underwriters Association investigators on the track.

How to get that close, though? The moment he left the shadows of the cargo shed and approached the ship, they'd be on him with a knife in the back or a crushed skull; then a body to be flung into the black tide, unless he could prove to them that his presence was harmless.

It was a long chance, but Mr. Gallup took it. Waiting only long enough for a slingload to be hoisted from the hold up into the light, he staggered drunkenly out of the shadows toward the stern of the barge, his voice raised in hoarse, alcoholic song.

O-oh, I jumped on a nalligator,
Thought it was a horse,
Wid a hoo-da, an' a doo-da,
O-oo-o, I jumped on a nalligator,
Thought it was a horse,
Wid a hoo-da, doo-da day!
So-o, blow boys, blow,
For Californio ——

As he sang he was conscious of a startled cessation of movement on the two vessels. Then men raced down the Cape Palmas' gangway. But before they could reach him he had read, vividly clear, the large black stenciling on the side of a wooden case. So he turned tipsily, weaving unsteadily, with drooping eyelids and a stupid grin.

"Hi, there, chums!" he said, loudly affable. "Wha' goes on here?" and he waved vaguely toward the steamer. "Wass' idear workin' cargo when we're spose' get

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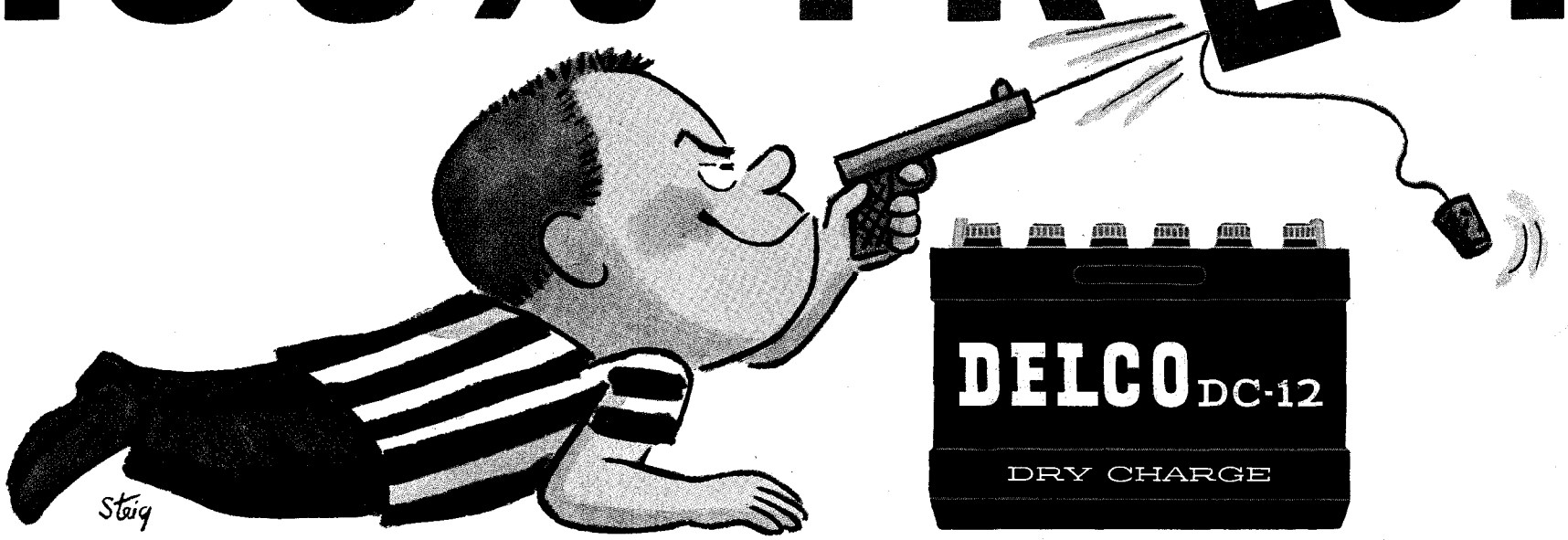

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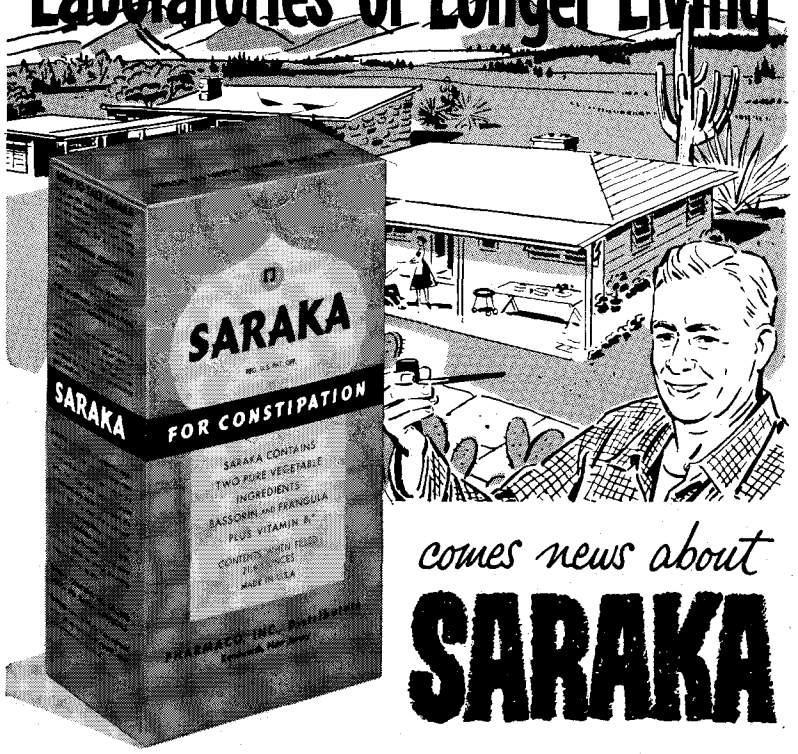

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unner way? An' who turned lights out? Man can't ——"

Before he could finish, a huge, swarthy-faced shipmaster had him in an iron grip. "Who are you? W'at you want here?" he demanded thickly, while over his shoulder stared other dark, menacing faces.

Violently Mr. Gallup struggled to wrench himself free and with drunken indignation cursed them. He was Belial Gallup, he roared, third mate of the Jaipur Prince over there—and who the hell turned out all her lights?—and he was sailing in her tonight and no sons o' swabs the like o' them was agoin' to stop him!

Uncertain, then, they eyed him, holding him fast while under a flashlight the Cape Palmas' master examined the credentials in Mr. Gallup's wallet. Then suddenly he handed them back. "Fool!" he rumbled furiously. "Dis is not your ship! So go out from here! An' eef you come back, here is w'at you get!"

Mr. Gallup grunted in agony as a pile-driver fist smashed into his stomach, then his face. The shipmaster then spun him around and with vicious kicks drove him staggering back along the wharf.

"Is just a sample!" he stormed. "You want more, I glad to give!"

But Mr. Gallup, weak and sick, with blood flowing from his bruised, cut face, yet still remembering his role, stumbled back to the fence. Desperately he tried to climb it, but the pain of stomach punch and brutal kicks was too great and he fell heavily, then passed out.

Well over an hour later Mr. Gallup limped dazedly back to Pier Eighteen. But the pier was vacant; and when a phlegmatic night watchman, accustomed to the ways of seamen ashore, told him she had sailed exactly on time, there was no lower depth of dejection into which Mr. Gallup could sink.

"Ya oughta knowed better than to do yer carousin' on sailin' night, Mac," the watchman commented. "Anyways, your gear's in my office in the shed there.The skipper left it for ya. An' if ya wanna hit the sack fer a while, there's a cot in the office."

Numbly Mr. Gallup accepted and lay tossing and restless until almost daylight, while through his mind like the dull pain of an aching tooth recurred the thought of his lost job and that the security it represented had vanished over the rim of the sea. But the last thing he remembered before finally dropping off to sleep was a stenciled address on a heavy packing case in the gloom of a blacked-out wharf.

He was awakened, hours later, by the stamp of stevedores' feet and the warping of another ship alongside the wharf; and painfully he got up and prepared to face the day. "Main thing," he told himself, "is to find a job. Any job. But thanks to the perfesser, I still got money enough for meals an' a kip for a few days. So le's see what the Marine Exchange kin tell me who's shippin' cargo from here in the Cape Palmas to the Liberian Tradin' Fact'ry in Monrovia, so's I kin let him know about the skulduggery agoin' on."

Mr. Gallup's disreputable appearance made his reception at the Marine Exchange far from cordial, but he identified himself as a bona fide ship's officer and finally was given the information he sought. He should, he knew, then tell the Marine Insurance Underwriters Association people and the Coast Guard what he had discovered. But, being in a spot financially, self-interest won and he approached the cargo owner first, hoping that what he would disclose would earn a small reward.

The offices of the Port Hallam Import and Export Company, Limited, A. W. Hugstone, President, were on the town's main street; and Mr. Hugstone himself was lean, fit, with graying hair, shrewd twinkling eyes and a quiet, courteous manner which betrayed no surprise at his uncouth and battered visitor's intrusion. So, encouraged, Mr. Gallup affably introduced himself.

"It's not about meself that I've come, sir," he finished. "It consarns a certain steamer named the Cape Palmas."

For a moment Mr. Hugstone gazed in blank bewilderment. Then he gestured toward a chair.

"Sit down, Mr. Gallup, and tell me about it," he said and, crossing to his desk, proffered a humidor. "Cigar?"

With alacrity Mr. Gallup took one. "Now about the Cape Palmas," Mr. Gallup went on when his cigar was drawing well. "The Marine Exchange tells me ye're shippin' two hundred cases o' fine silk prints in her to a customer in Monrovia, Liberia."

"Why, yes." Mr. Hugstone sat up in sharp surprise. "But if you'll forgive me, how could that possibly interest you?"

"I'm acomin' to that, sir. Is them silks wery waluable?"

"They're worth about two hundred thousand dollars. Why?"

Mr. Gallup's eyes widened. "Whe-ew! Fully insured, are they?" Mr. Hugstone, looking intensely puzzled, nodded. "An' the wessel's (*Continued on Page 121*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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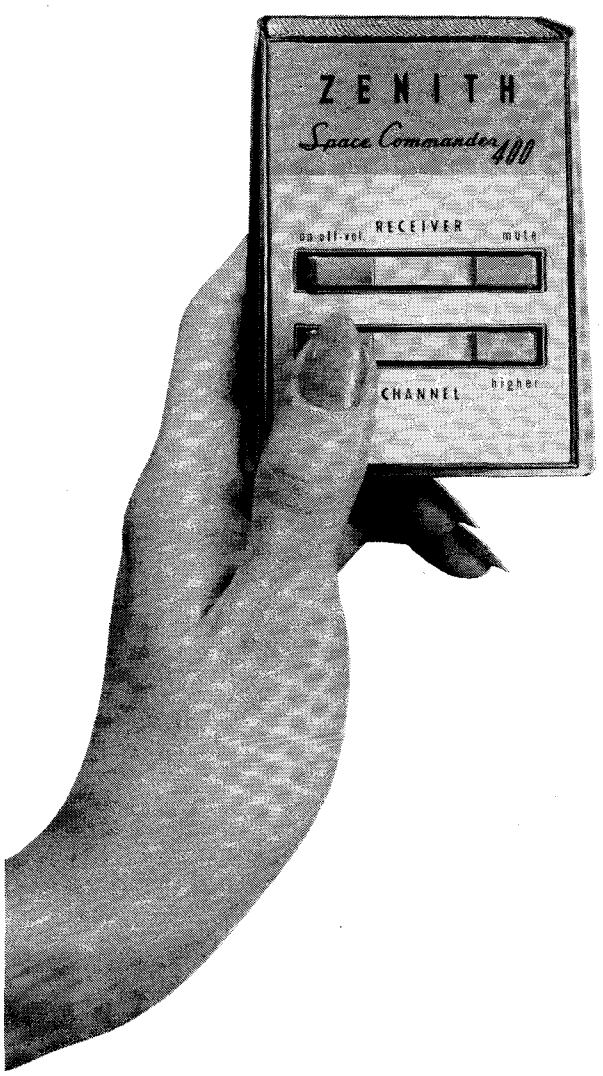

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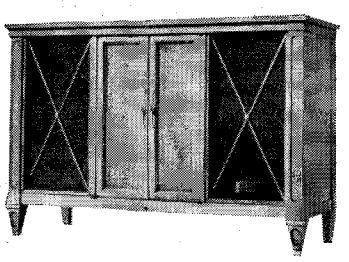

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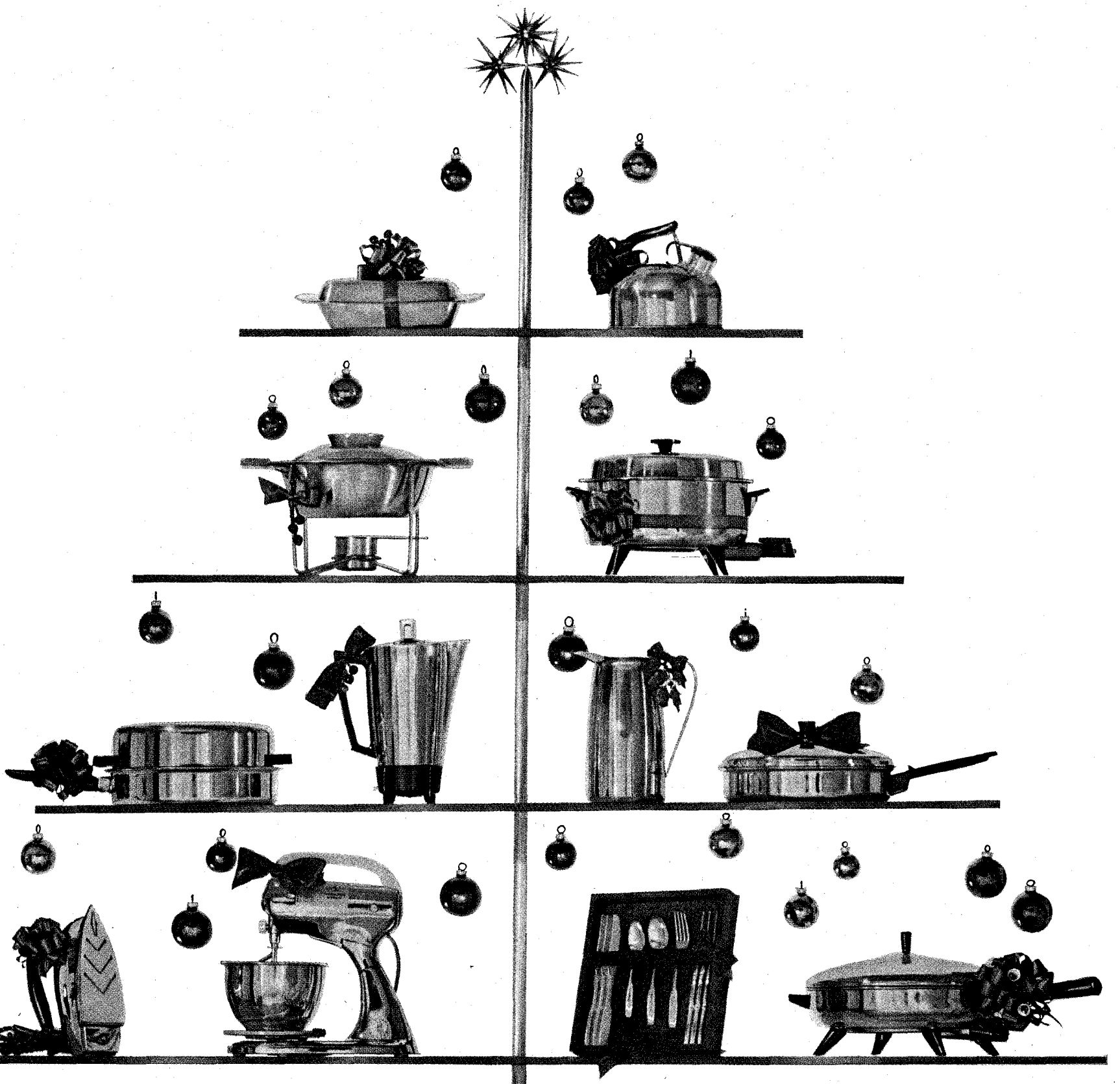

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(*Continued from Page 118*) master signed a clean bill o' ladin', did he?"

"Of course! The goods were delivered in perfect condition to the Cape Palmas at Pier Twelve."

Mr. Gallup slowly shook his head. "She ain't there now, sir. She's at Pier Seven. I seen her there last night an' checked on her again this mornin'."

"I'm aware that she'd been moved!" Mr. Hugstone was becoming impatient. "Captain Diarmos notified me he was moving her to Pier Seven to pick up additional cargo. And now, Mr. Gallup, it's time you told me what's behind all this—this ——"

"Wot's behind it, sir," replied Mr. Gallup, "is a wery ugly case o' barratry by as dangerous a gang o' crooks as you'll ever see!"

Carefully then, with his bruised, cut face as evidence of his ordeal, he related the events of the previous night, while Mr. Hugstone listened with deep-flushed anger and concern.

"So wot they wos adoin'," Mr. Gallup continued, "wos stealin' your silk out o' the Cape Palmas an' substitutin' dummy cases, that when yer customer, the consignee, opens 'em at Monrovia, will be full o' nothin' but wuthless junk."

"But that's incredible! They wouldn't dare risk ——"

"For two hundred thousand dollars' wuth o' silk? Furdermore, sir," Mr. Gallup went on, "the Cape Palmas' owners is in on this, an' also the ship's officers! They has to be, to work so bold! An' here's how it works. Mebbe a month from now yer consignee, mad as wildcats, notifies you that all he got was junk, not silk. Your silk's disappeared. You've insured it for full walue, though, so your underwriters has to pay ye off. So you don't lose. Your underwriters then sues the Cape Palmas' owners, who also pay off. So far, all's even. See?"

"Then where's the profit to the shipowners?" said Mr. Hugstone quickly. "If they have to pay off, equal to my silk's value, all they'll end up with is a stolen cargo!"

"Not so, sir," said Mr. Gallup calmly. "Becos they're insured, too, against jist sich a claim as your underwriters makes; an' under the same policy they'll collect the freight they didn't earn. So they ends up reimbursed, plus the freight payment. An' they've still got yer waluable cargo o' silk hid away to sell when an' where they please."

"And the only ones who'd be hurt are the underwriters!" Mr. Hugstone gasped.

"Wid one exception, sir," said Mr. Gallup grimly. "Me. I not on'y lost me job last night, but I wos lucky to git away wid me life."

"Of course, Mr. Gallup! I'm sorry!" the other said quickly. "But tell me, why didn't you go to the underwriters with this instead of to me?"

"Becos, sir, I figgered that if I prewented you losin' a customer in Liberia, ye might help me here by findin' me a job till I can ship out again."

"Gladly, Mr. Gallup! There'll be no trouble about that, so don't worry. Meanwhile," the exporter said anxiously, "what do I do about the Cape Palmas? Your appearance there last night might have scared them into replacing my cargo into the ship. Then if I accused them I'd be in for a thumping big damage suit."

"I doubt if they wos scared off, sir," said Mr. Gallup, tenderly fingering his bruised proboscis. "I wos pretty conwincin', or they'd ha' finished me off. They prob'ly figger it wos a drunken mistake an' that I'm well at sea now, soberin' up. So most likely they'll finish the transfer tonight. An' if you wos to ketch 'em adoin' it ——"

"You're right, Gallup," said Mr. Hugstone deeply and got to his feet. "Trap 'em right in the act! Would you be willing to help? I'll pay you, of course."

"All the pay I want, sir, is to git me dooks workin' on that murderous ape of a master," Mr. Gallup rasped, his small, close-set eyes burning. Then recollecting his present plight, he added with specious carelessness, "O' course, if ye insisted on payin' me a small emollyment, sir ——"

Mr. Hugstone smiled. "I do insist! Now, here's how we'd better go about the business tonight ——" Rapidly he detailed the plan. When it was dark enough, Mr. Gallup was to slip back onto the wharf and watch as corroborating witness. Hugstone would join him. If the illegal transfer of cargo was again under way, the police would be called in to make the arrest."

"But s'pose there ain't no bobbies around, sir?" Mr. Gallup objected. "The water front's so quiet at night in a small port like this that all they got down there is two, three men an' a dinky little cooler 'way along at the end o' the docks!"

"There'll be plenty of help. I'll arrange for that beforehand," Mr. Hugstone assured him quietly. "And when this is over," he added as they walked together to the door, "you're going to be well taken care of, Mr. Gallup! Very well taken care of indeed!"

After dark and at the time agreed upon, Mr. Gallup cautiously approached Pier Seven. After a precautionary peek through the fence had shown him that the illicit cargo transfer again was in progress, he once more crept silently along in the shadow of the cargo shed. Then, at what he felt was a safely neutral distance and with ears alert for Mr. Hugstone's arrival, he waited.

The minutes passed while the steady, subdued rattle of the crane hoist drifted along the wharf. And when after nearly an hour had gone by and Hugstone still had not come, Mr. Gallup began to worry. Then suddenly brilliant cluster lights flashed on over both vessels, vividly illuminating the full length of the wharf.

With stark incredulity Mr. Gallup stared at them, then looked frantically for cover. Then he froze; for behind him a door of the cargo shed rolled swiftly open, and a uniformed police officer darted out and quickly pinioned his arms behind him, followed by the cold click of steel around his wrists. Then through the doorway emerged the formidable master of the Cape Palmas, two or three of his men and Mr. Hugstone, who then turned calmly to the shipmaster.

"Are you sure this was the man who was sneaking around last night, Captain Diarmos?" he asked curtly.

"Dat's him! De same one!" the captain said with a scowl. "I tol' him w'at would happen eef he com' back."

"Lock him up then, officer. Illegal trespass—suspicion of pilfering—whatever the charge is."

Desperately Mr. Gallup turned to him. "What is all this, Mr. Hugstone, sir?" he protested. "Ye know that ain't true! I come to ye today an' spoke the God's truth about wot these people wos adoin'! If ye didn't believe me, w'y didn't ye say so? Tell 'em it's a mistake, sir, please!"

"It's no mistake," said Mr. Hugstone quietly to the police officer. "And I've never seen this man in my life before."

"So that's it!" yelled Mr. Gallup, raging, for the truth now was cruelly clear. "Ye're in wid 'em! One of 'em! Officer, these men—an' that dirty crook, Hugstone—is stealin' a two-hundred-thousand-dollar cargo! Have them cases on the wessels over there broached, an' ye'll soon see! Don't let 'em git away wid it ——"

"That's nonsense!" cut in Mr. Hugstone calmly. "Captain Diarmos, who owns that cargo you're working?"

"You, sir! Dis t'ief is all lies! It your cargo. Nobody else!"

"And I've got a copy of the bill of lading to prove it. And since I do own it, I can ship, or transfer, or even give it away, as I please. Would you like me to prove ownership, officer?"

"It won't be necessary, sir. One look and you know what this fellow is. I'll lock him in the Harbor Station cell overnight. You know where it is? Used to be the old Army guardhouse. And you can come around and sign the complaint in the morning."

"Thank you, officer, I'll do that."

"Come on, you!" the officer said to Mr. Gallup; and unceremoniously he was hustled to the street and into a waiting police car, which rolled along the water front to its farthest end.

It was a district of tidal flats and lonely, vacant ground with here and there the weather-ruined wooden huts of an abandoned military staging camp. And just inside of what formerly were the camp gates was a small, stone-foundationed building with barred windows and a sign—HARBOR STATION—beside the door and, within, the strong antiseptic smell of all police stations.

Here, with handcuffs removed, Mr. Gallup was booked by a fat, sleepy turnkey, who then boredly thrust him into a large, bare room which was the single cell the jail contained and the solid steel door was slammed shut behind him.

Dazed, hopeless, Mr. Gallup stared glumly around him. In one wall was a small barred window, and around the sides six pipe bunks, only two of which were occupied, as a pair of humped-up forms disclosed. Mr. Gallup, agitatedly pacing now, was much too preoccupied with his own predicament to notice that when the heavy door clanged, one of his fellow unfortunates had awakened and was staring at him with growing recognition in his small, expressionless eyes.

Then suddenly he jumped up—a small, scrawny man with pallid, wrinkled face—and, crossing quickly to the other sleeper, shook him roughly. "Wake up, Dowdy!" he croaked urgently. Dowdy! Wake up an' look who's here!"

Instantly Professor Dowdy was on his feet and trailing a dingy blanket. "Mr. Gallup!" he cried with incredulous delight. "Why—why, bless my soul, this is a treat indeed!"

To Mr. Gallup, in his present state, the warmth of such a welcome was almost more than he could bear, and it was some minutes before the mutual pleasantries simmered down.

"But how did you two land in here?" asked Mr. Gallup.

"We were fighting, sir," the professor said grandly. "Mr. O'Day struck me—by prearrangement, of course—and they obligingly arrested us both."

"Ye mean," said Mr. Gallup, puzzled, "ye done it apurpose?"

"And for a purpose," the professor said enigmatically. "But never mind us, Mr. Gallup. How did so noble a Roman as you run afoul of Blackstone's minions?"

Briefly and pungently he told them. "But wot reely drives the marlinspike through me noodle, sirs," he ended furiously, "is that by Hugstone trickin' me into here they kin take their time transferring the rest o' the cargo, then sail away tonight wid not a thing I kin do now to stop 'em!"

"But supposing, Mr. Gallup," said Professor Dowdy, "you were let out of here. What could you do?"

"That ain't wery likely, sir. But if I wos I'd go straight to the Coast Guard, like I should ha' did in the fust place. They'd send a cutter around; an' when they seen those jokers workin' cargo in the dark they'd investigate, an' the whole deal'd blow up in Hugstone's face!"

"Did you hear that, Mr. O'Day?" asked the professor softly.

"I heard it."

"Is he in?"

"He's in."

Beaming, Professor Dowdy shook Mr. Gallup heartily by the hand. "Congratulations, sir!"

"On wot, perfessor?" asked Mr. Gallup blankly.

"On becoming one of us, sir! A practicing member of the Magicians' Guild!"

"This ain't the time for jokes, sir," said Mr. Gallup heavily. "Asides, I don't know no tricks."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Gallup," went on the professor triumphantly, "you are now about to give a most convincing imitation of a mouse. . . . O'Day, watch for the turnkey!"

Quickly Mr. O'Day applied his ear to the solid steel cell door; as he did so, the professor crouched in a corner of the room and, with a heavy knife point, worked on the large square foundation stones. To Mr. Gallup's utter astonishment, in a matter of seconds enough of them had been loosened and lifted out to permit the passage of a man. Furthermore, through the hole there now was blowing a stream of fresh, damp air.

"A relic, sir," remarked the professor proudly as he rose and dusted his hands, "of the late Korean fracas, worked out by our brave boys—including the friend I mentioned last evening—when this was a military post and the unfortunates confined here felt the need to sally forth and enliven the town."

"But—but how did they get back?"

"It works both ways. The stones are replaced, with all as it was before."

"An' nobody ever give it away?" asked Mr. Gallup dumfounded.

"The secret, sir, has been handed down to a select and trusted few, of which, happily, I was one."

"So that's why," said Mr. Gallup, "you an' Mr. O'Day got yerselves locked up. But I still don't see wot use you would have ——"

"It will be most useful to us, Mr. Gallup," Professor Dowdy replied, eyes twinkling. "For, assuming that one committed certain—er—peccadilloes on the outside, how could he possibly be suspected when he could prove he was in jail at the time of the crime?"

"Wery ingenious indeed, sir!" said Mr. Gallup admiringly.

"Thank you," said Professor Dowdy with a modest smile. "And now, Mr. Gallup, away you go—and good luck!"

Commander Cannon, United States Coast Guard, sat back in his office chair, his big face thoughtful. On his desk were

How to Reduce

The person who is on the
stout side
Can seldom change it to the
thin side
Except by leaving on the
outside
Some part of what's been
going inside.

Hal Chadwick

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Mr. Gallup's credentials while that gentleman sat tensely in a chair, with frequent and anxious glances at the clock.

"I sure hope yer cutter wos on time, sir," he said at length. "Shouldn't ye be hearin' ——"

"Any minute, now. I instructed the——"

His desk intercom buzzed, and he snapped it open. "Yes ——"

A filtered voice spoke. "The cutter just called, sir. Caught 'em dead in the act and rounded up the whole works. She's heading in with them now."

"Very good. Thank you."

The commander snapped the intercom off, pushed Mr. Gallup's papers across to him and smiled. "Well, Mr. Gallup, you've won!"

"Thanks to you bein' willin' to lissen to me, sir! An' I think ye'll find the rest of it like I figgered out too."

"The rest? Oh, you mean about Hugstone?"

"Yes, sir. That he not on'y wos shipper o' the goods an' held the lease on Pier Seven to keep Nosey Parkers away, but wos also charterer o' the wessel, wid his own officers an' crew. An' ye'll find, too, that the Liberian Tradin' Fact'ry's one o' his dummy companies."

Cannon nodded. "It makes sense. That way he'd control the whole operation and head off any awkward inquiries. Until, that is," he grinned, "he stubbed his toe over you."

"'Twas me wot got the toe, sir," said Mr. Gallup wryly. "I on'y wish I'd bin able to sarve Capting Diarmos a dish o' belayin'-pin soup in return. An' now, sir, I better go pick up me gear an' find a place to sleep. An' if ye hears of a job wot's open ——"

"I wouldn't worry about that, Mr. Gallup. A cable from the Coast Guard commandant to your vessel's owners and to Captain Sloan, thanking them for letting you miss the sailing in order to help us, will take care of that."

"Ye reely think so, sir?" said Mr. Gallup, shining with happy relief.

"I'm sure of it. Why don't you fly down to Pedro and rejoin her?"

Mr. Gallup shook his head. "Ye can't fly on air, sir. An' I got hardly enough money left to buy a chicken fedder."

"But what about your reward money? Come with me to the Underwriters Association tomorrow. They'll be glad to advance what you need."

"Reward money?" Mr. Gallup stared. "Wot reward money?"

It was Cannon's turn to stare. "You don't know about that? Why, there's a standing reward of five thousand dollars to anyone responsible for an arrest and conviction on a barratry charge!"

"Five thousand dollars—acomin' to me?" croaked Mr. Gallup, stunned. "W'y, sir, that'd mean the best o' hospital care for me little Nanny Lou, an' no more worry for me dear wife, Iris, an'—an'—oh, Commander Cannon, sir, I can't even ——"

He stopped abruptly, swallowing, eyes glistening, unable to go on.

"I understand, Mr. Gallup," said Cannon quietly.

"An'—an' it ain't on'y me fambly I'm glad for. There's a couple o' friends o' mine back in the jail there wot I couldn't ha' did widout! So ——"

"That's right!" said Cannon, smiling. "Would you care to tell me how they managed to spring you tonight?"

"No, sir, if ye'll excuse me. That's their secret. But they're sure agoin' to be took care o' by me! 'Course, time I git around there wid some money they might be gone."

"Gone?"

"Like smoke, sir." Mr. Gallup grinned. "Brimstone smoke, o' course—for I got to admit it, neither of 'em's exackly a nangel ——"

"A wha-at, Mr. Gallup?"

"A nangel, sir. Sort o' fust cousin to a cherubim. But wotever kind of a narp they'd ever twang," Mr. Gallup concluded, "it'd sound like a nanthem to me!"

Bottle of Death (Continued from Page 30)

Gross answered his spoken query, "Captain sent Ravenna and Jackson out on a job—give you a rest on your last day."

"Where?"

Brooklyn. Store on Pitkin Avenue—spite case, maybe. Store owner's kid found two sticks of dynamite this morning. Whole block is hysterical."

"Where was it planted?"

"In the cash register. Where else? Amateur job. Fortunately, nothing happened. Here's another one, from a high school in the Bronx."

Mike nodded and crossed to the desk, looking down with interest. The pipe in Gross's hands was about two feet long. One side of it had been blown out, the side jagged and torn. Mike sniffed at the blackened and burned interior.

"What did he use in this—about twenty shotgun shells?"

Jack nodded soberly.

"Kids!" said Mike. "Give them a year of physics and a year of chemistry and they're missile experts."

"This one got lucky," said Jack, "couple more days in the hospital and he'll be as good as new. Speaking of kids, how did your boy make out in his exams?"

Mike looked up from his study of the pipe with a worried frown. "How do you get an *A* in physics and a *D* in math?"

The ring of the telephone cut off the reply. Mike picked it up. "Sergeant Kenny, Bomb Squad," he said, reaching for a piece of note paper. He listened for a moment. "O.K., we'll be right over."

"What have you got?" This from Gross already starting to close his desk.

"Suspicious package," said Mike, "and guess where it is."

Jack Gross looked down at the scrap of paper Mike had handed him. It read, WOMAN'S PAVILION, ALLEN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SECOND FLOOR.

"I'll tell the captain," said Mike. "Get going—meet you at the car."

"Could have waited until tomorrow. This is a hell of a way to spend your last day."

Mike stuck his head in the captain's office. Joe Tobin looked up quizzically.

"Going to take a look at a suspicious package—Woman's Pavilion, Allen Memorial—I'll call back."

"Wait a minute," the captain said. "I'll get Ravenna and Jackson to cover it."

"You can't, captain, they're still out on the other job."

"O.K., Mike—call me if it's anything."

Mike took the worn steps three at a time. Jack Gross was waiting for him in the street with the station wagon. He got into the front seat, mentally checking over the gear in the back. Gross drove without hurry to their destination, tooling the unmarked station wagon through the streets with care. Allen Memorial is one of the new hospitals in New York—very modern, very expensive, and a very good East Side address.

Two uniformed policemen ran down the steps as they pulled up to the side entrance. Mike glanced at one of the two policemen as he opened up the rear of the station wagon. "Give us a hand with the cases, will you, Murph? Where is it?"

"Second floor. Maternity ward."

For the next few moments, all four men unloaded pieces of equipment—the fluoroscope, bomb suits, tool boxes.

Kenny checked a few more facts as they carried the heavy cases to the elevator. "Did you clear the area, Murph?"

"Yeah, it's an eight-bed ward. The thing is there—on the floor, gift-wrapped."

"How long's it been there?" This from Gross, busy with the tool case.

"Some psycho probably left it there during visiting hours," Murphy replied. "It had a message on it."

"What kind of a message?" asked Kenny, climbing into the bomb suit.

"The world ends at ten o'clock."

All four men looked up at the clock on the wall. It was eleven minutes to ten.

"Cutting it a little fine, isn't he?" Mike turned to the two policemen. "You'd better wait out here."

Murphy paused in the doorway of the ward. "O.K., Mike, you fellows better hurry."

Wearing the bomb suits and carrying the fluoroscope equipment, Kenny and Gross entered the empty ward. It was a standard arrangement—eight beds and a desk, all showing evidence of the hurried departure of the recent tenants. They removed a screen masking off a central portion of the room near one of the beds. A tissue-wrapped parcel, about the size of a basketball, was on the floor. They looked down at it. Carefully spelled out in penciled block letters on the side of the package was the message, THE WORLD ENDS AT TEN O'CLOCK.

Their movements were now practiced and efficient. Kenny dropped to the floor, his face glued to the viewing screen of the fluoroscope, while Gross arranged the rest of the machine behind the package on the floor. Murphy stood nervously in the door.

"You fellows haven't got much time," he said.

"I know, I know!" This from Gross, at the controls of the fluoroscope.

"What if you don't make it by ten o'clock?" said Murphy.

"Put your fingers in your ears."

"I know, but ——" he said.

"Shut up!" said Mike Kenny. "Jack! More KV."

Gross twisted a knob. There was a low whistle from Mike Kenny. "We got a live one here," he said. "A bottle, a blasting cap, a watch, and some wire. Help me with the paper."

He glanced at the clock again. It was four minutes to ten. Both men were on the floor now carefully cutting away the paper wrapping.

"Gift-wrapped, no less," Jack muttered, as he carefully stripped paper away. Slowly, carefully, they stripped it clear.

"I don't believe it," Gross said, "a whole quart of it. I don't believe it." It was two minutes to ten.

"Give me the parallels," Mike said. Their fingers were flying now, first cutting the two wires attached to the blasting cap and then stripping it off. The sigh of relief from Murphy, when the cap came free, was like an explosion in the quiet room. When the watch came free, both men stood up. Jack Gross looked across at Kenny.

"One minute to go," he said, examining the watch with distaste.

"Less than that," said Mike Kenny. "This thing was running fast." He handed the blasting cap to Murphy. "This is a blasting cap, Murphy. Treat it kindly."

Murphy turned to go. "And, Murph, I want this whole hospital cleared."

Murphy looked startled. "The whole hospital?"

"The whole hospital," Mike replied. "Doctors, interns, nurses, patients, elevator operators, everyone. There must be a civil-defense plan or something. Get them out of here fast."

Murphy looked over at the bottle. "What have you got here?"

"It might be a quart of castor oil," Mike replied, "or antifreeze. On the other hand, it just might be a quart of nitroglycerin."

Murphy couldn't take his eyes off the bottle. "A quart of nitro would level two city blocks," he said, almost to himself.

"Three," said Mike. "Hey, what is he doing here?"

There was a doctor standing in the doorway. Mike crossed over. "I thought you people were told to clear out of this area."

"I've been trying to tell your men—some of us can't leave. We've got three women in (*Continued on Page 124*)

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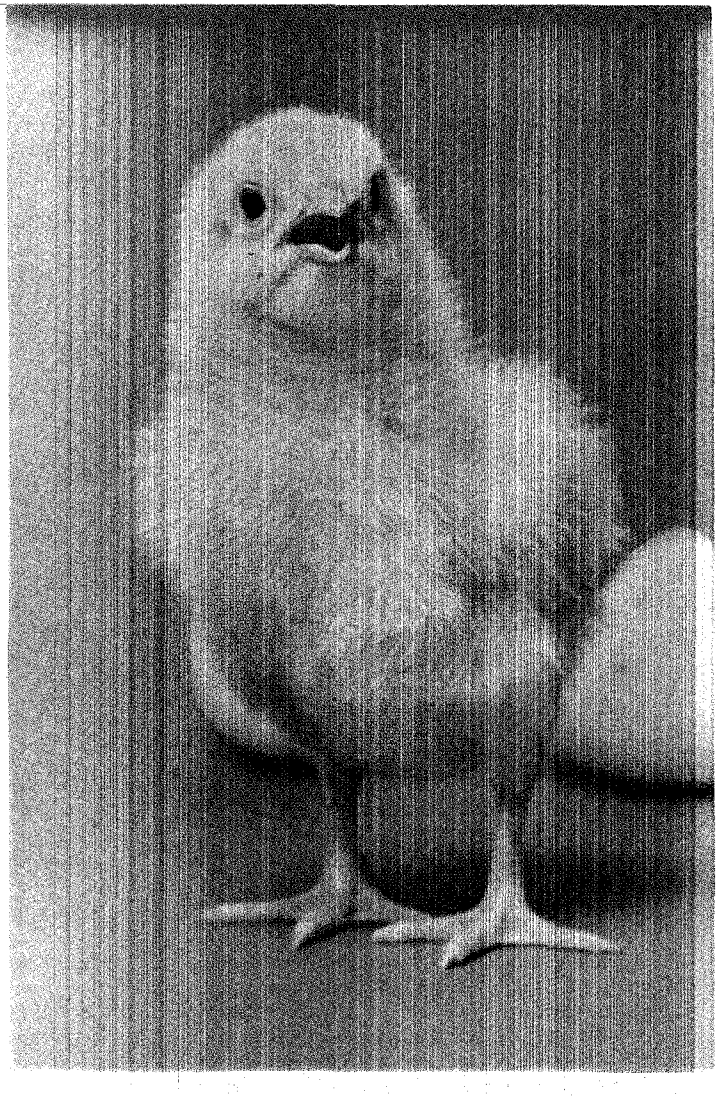

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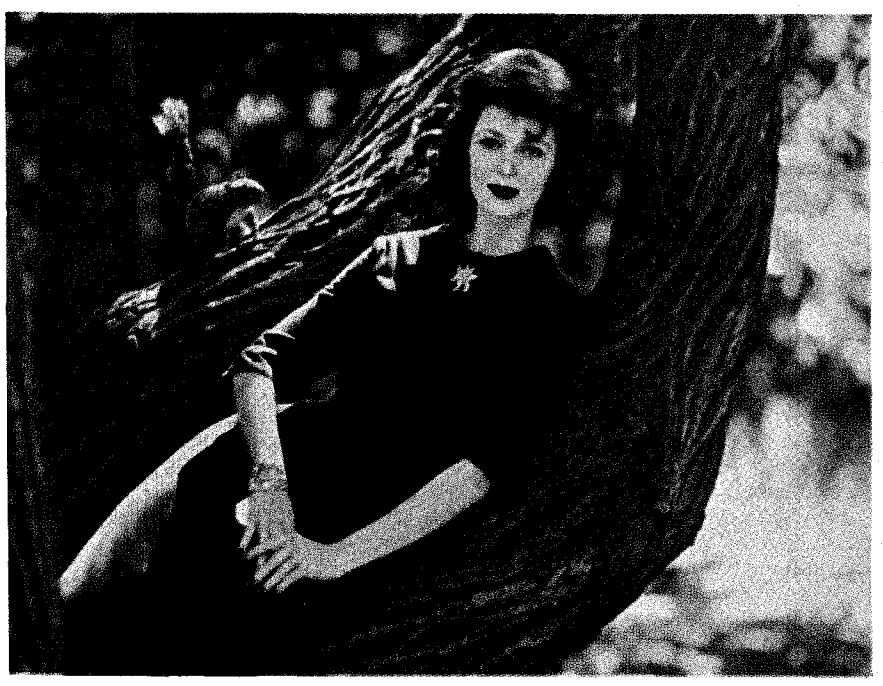

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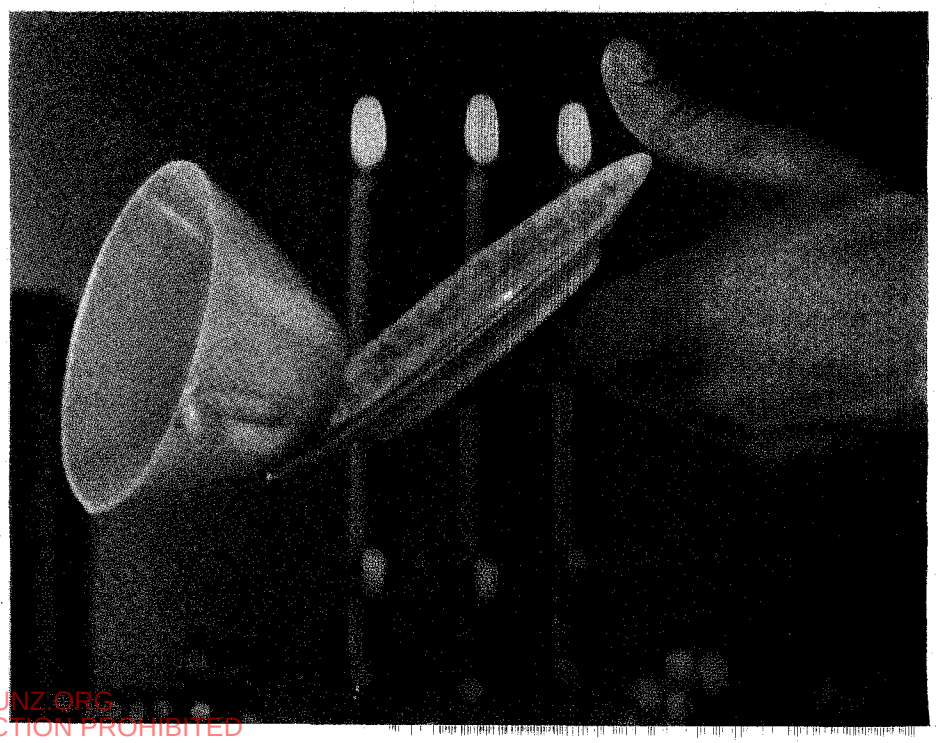

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(*Continued from Page 122*) secondary labor, a G-Y-N on the table, and a dozen preemies in the incubators. We can't move patients just because you people give an order, you know."

"All right, doctor, all right," said Mike. "How fast can you get out?"

The doctor looked at him levelly. "Two hours—maybe—if we're lucky."

"You be lucky, doctor," said Mike. He turned back to the bottle.

Gross was white with tension. "Mike," he said, "I think this stuff's been corked up too long—it's getting cloudy."

They examined the bottle closely.

"What does he mean, sergeant?" This from Murphy.

"He means it's decomposing, Murph, and it might just choose to go off by itself any time."

Murphy disappeared as Mike strode to the telephone. He picked it up. "Who is this?" he said.

A male voice answered, "Foster, Emergency Service Division."

"Luke," said Mike, "I want a direct wire to Captain Tobin—now! Leave it open, then get out." He paused a moment. "Captain, we got a live one here. A quart of nitro . . . yeah, I said a quart. It's decomposing. Can't clear the area completely. . . . We're going to try to handle it. I'm keeping this line open. Better stand by." He dropped the phone and crossed to the area around the bottle.

Jack Gross was rolling in a small barrel of sawdust. He looked up. "Cleaning compound—it might do."

Mike crossed to the phone again. "Captain, we found some sawdust. We're going to try to pour it in. Keep your fingers crossed."

Captain Tobin was tense with strain. "Slow and easy, Mike," he said, "drop by drop."

"O.K., captain, here goes."

Both men dropped to the floor again. "Hold the bottle, Jack, not too tight."

Jack carefully placed both hands around it. It was a quart medicine bottle, the common drugstore variety. Very carefully Mike put his thumb and forefinger around the top. "Screw top counterclockwise," he said to himself, as he did this. "Hold it," he said to Jack, his knuckles growing white with strain as he applied pressure to the cap. Suddenly he stopped and dropped again to the floor, looking at the underside of the bottle cap. Then again he went to the phone, his face a mask of worried concentration.

"Captain," he said, "it's getting tougher. The cap's glued down."

"You'll have to bring it in hot, Mike. Do you want the bomb truck?"

"Yeah," Mike said. "Wait a minute—no. If that thing went up, it would be a couple of tons of shrapnel." He looked over at his partner. "How far are we from the river?" he asked.

Gross jerked up the Venetian blind on the back window and looked out. "A block and a half—the river is just a block and a half away. There's a pedestrian bridge across the street. We can walk it."

Mike repeated the information to the captain and listened for a moment. "He's calling everything but the chaplain's office," he said.

"What now, sarge?"

"The captain is going to get a barge and a tug to tow it out to sea. We walk the baby."

Jack Gross licked his lips nervously. "How long can we wait?"

"I wish I knew. It's almost eleven now." He walked to the door of the ward. "A couple of hours to clear the river and bridges, if he's lucky—maybe by that time they'll have all the people out of here."

"What do we do?"

"We wait," Mike said, peeling himself out of his bomb suit and dropping it on the nearest bed. "If that thing is filled with nitro and it doesn't go off, we don't need our Sunday clothes. If it does go off, we don't need them either."

It was a long two hours. Both men sat by the phone, Kenny with the receiver cocked on one shoulder. There were long pauses in the desultory conversation.

"You ought to feel right at home in a place like this," said Gross.

"I was born in one."

"That isn't what I mean. You've got five kids, haven't you?"

"Yeah."

"It's a funny thing, I always thought there were babies crying in a maternity ward."

"They don't cry until you get them home."

The voice of Captain Tobin on the telephone was loud enough to be audible to both men. "Here it is, Mike," he said. "I've got a tug with a volunteer crew and a barge with a pile of sand on it. It'll be waiting for you on the East River dock next to the hospital. The Coast Guard and the Army Engineers have been alerted. Streets are cleared, the bridge is cleared. Take the baby for a walk."

"O.K., captain," said Kenny.

"And, Mike ——"

"Yeah?"

"The chaplain's office is working on it too."

"O.K., captain, stand by. Here goes nothing."

Mike glanced into the anteroom leading off the ward. A wheeled medicine cart rested there which he pulled out and placed in the center of the ward floor near the bottle. Jack Gross loaded the cart with pillows. He stopped Mike for a moment. "Mike," he said.

"Yeah?"

"Let me have this one. Get out of it."

Mike looked at him quizzically. "Got reasons?"

"Yeah, five, all named Kenny—Ursula, Eleanor, Anne, John and Tommy, age four."

"Age four and a half," said Mike. "Relax, it'll be a good delivery."

Suddenly Mike was on the floor beside the bottle, his hands reaching out slowly, tentatively, feeling their way into a solid grip. With excruciating care, he lifted the bottle from the floor, placing it into the prepared nest of pillows which Gross had made for him. There was no sound other than the tense breathing of the two men as they worked.

Slowly they started the cart rolling, Kenny pushing, Gross leading, watching the floor, feeling their way to the elevator fifty feet away. With infinite care they rolled the wagon onto the elevator, Gross on his knees, easing the wheels over the crack between the elevator floor and the floor of the hospital. When the cart was in place, both men followed it. Gross, his finger poised over the first-floor button of the self-service elevator, said, "Cross your fingers," and pushed the button. The eyes of both men watched the bottle almost hypnotically.

As the elevator ground to a stop on the first floor, the automatic doors came open and the ordeal began again. Slowly, painfully, they rolled the cart down the empty corridor to the back-street exit of the hospital. Tension was beginning to tell on both men now, Kenny white with strain, Gross beaded with perspiration.

"See if the street's clear, sergeant." This from Gross, as he stopped in front of the last door. Kenny opened the doors, latched them back, stepped out for a moment to look around. Traffic was stopped on the boulevard in both directions.

Jack Gross's voice floated through the doorway. "I'm walking the baby, sergeant, not you—now get out of my way." He appeared in the door, the bottle held in his hands.

Mike Kenny watched him come out, making a tentative motion to take the bottle from him.

"Better not, sarge. This ain't exactly an ice-cream cone."

"If you ever pull a stunt like this again ——" Mike started.

"I know, sergeant, I know. I think once will be enough."

"O.K.," Mike said, "see you on the barge." He ran ahead.

Inch by inch Jack Gross came around the corner, up the ramp, and then started the painful ascent of the stairs on the pedestrian bridge. Drops of sweat stood out on his forehead and dripped from his arms and wrists. He counted his steps, trying to make them as rhythmic as possible, with both eyes turning first from the level of the lethal liquid in the bottle to the immediate step ahead of him. It took thirty-four minutes to get up the steps, across the bridge and down the steps and ramp on the farther side. Mike Kenny had been busy. In the distance a tug was waiting, its hawsers out and connected to a steel burning barge on which a load of sand was placed. A plank was placed from the edge of the dock to the top of the sand pile. Mike Kenny waited there while, inch by inch, his partner walked the bottle to the edge of the dock, then across the plank to the top of the sand pile. Together the two men lowered the bottle into a cradle of sand. Kenny tied the end of a nylon cord to the bottle, stretching it securely along the barge, down the dock area and onto the stern of the tug boat.

There were three men waiting on the tug boat—captain, mate and one deckhand. The mate was politely efficient when the two men came to the dock. "Glad to have you aboard. Understand you have a little problem."

"How much line can you give us?" said Mike Kenny.

"Fifteen hundred feet in the open sea, four boat lengths in the river. That barge will be right on our tail for the first two miles. Somebody said nitroglycerin in that bottle. You sure?"

"Let's get going and talk later."

"O.K.," the mate said, and passed the word up to the captain. A Coast Guard picket boat swung in alongside of the tug. Kenny could hear the interchange between the two captains. "I'll run interference," the coastguardman called. "You tell them to pull the bottle off the barge when we give the signal."

The wail of the cutter's siren rose as the caravan started to sea, the tugboat captain easing his tow away from the dock as if it were a crate of eggs. Kenny and Gross stood on the upper deck. They went under the bridges beyond the U.N., past Wall Street, the ferry building, ticking off these potential casualties one at a time. The going was hard and slow, captain and mate nursing tug and tow against the tide, carefully slogging down the cleared channel.

Suddenly, inexplicably, they were in the open sea off Coney Island, with the deckhand reeving the hawser through the bitts methodically as the interval between the tug and tow grew greater. Gradually the tension lessened. Kenny felt very old and tired.

The tug was rolling a little now, feeling the heft of the Atlantic swells as she headed out to sea.

Suddenly the sound of the siren on the cutter split the air. The laconic mate moved back to the afterdeck next to the two watching men. "Pull the string, sergeant," he said.

Kenny nodded to Jack Gross. Slowly he pulled the nylon cord, fifteen hundred feet of which were spread out behind the barge. The mate watched the barge through his binoculars. "The bottle's sliding now—it's almost at the edge of the barge."

He turned toward the two policemen. "You don't really think that's nitro, do you?" he said, with an amused smile. Jack Gross gave one more pull. On the tug they could see the bottle leave the barge and hit the water. Almost in slow motion a majestic column of water leaped for the sky. The second shock wave rebounded from the bottom of the sea and drenched them all in sound and fury.

The mate was standing braced against the concussion with his hands tightly gripping the rail in a state of absolute shock. Mike Kenny looked at him. "What was that last question?" he said.

"If I had known that thing was loaded, I would never have taken it out here." With this, the mate spun on his heels and went off to solace himself in his own fashion.

For a long time Mike Kenny and Jack Gross watched the roiling wake left by the bottle. Finally Kenny spoke. "I ought to have you up on charges," he said.

Gross looked at him, a casual smile hovering around the edges of his lips. "You can't, sergeant. It's five thirty-five—you've been a civilian for thirty-five minutes." THE END

"She's an excellent sitter."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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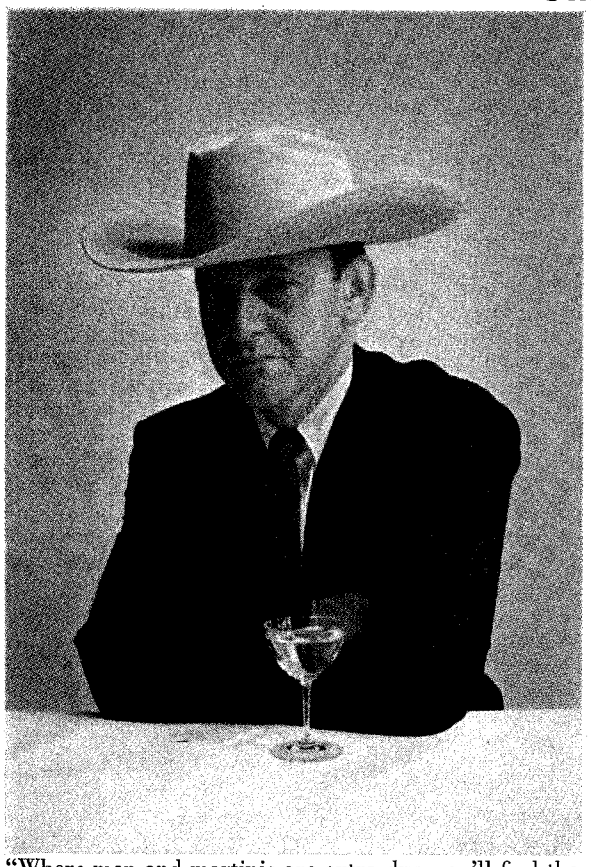

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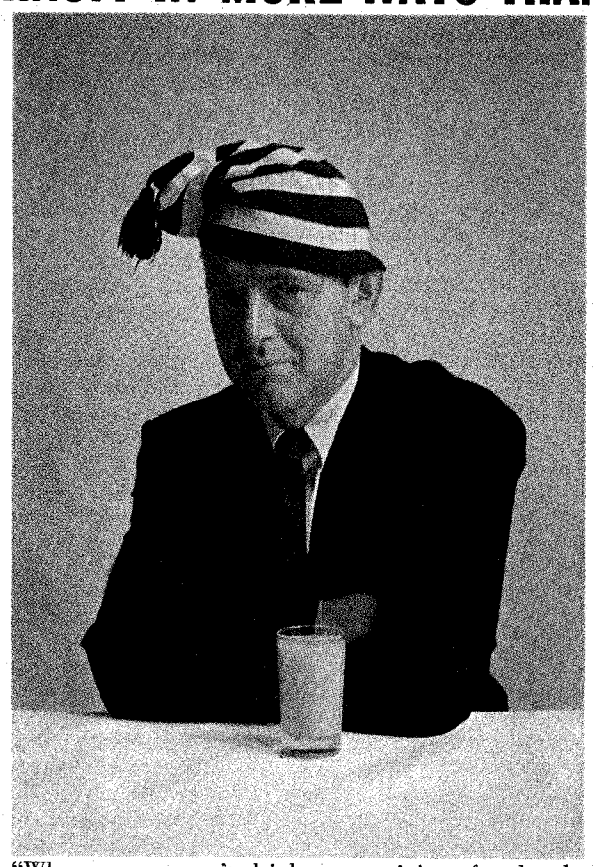

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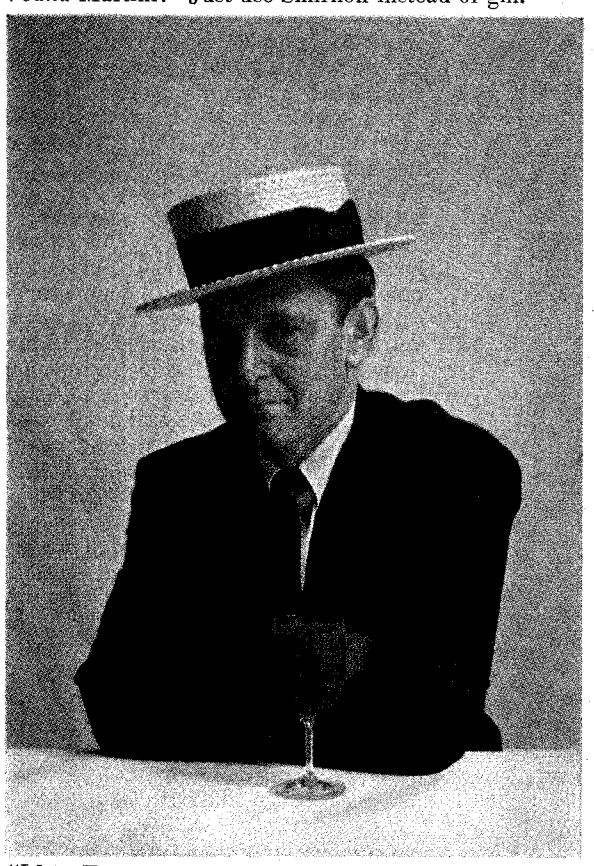

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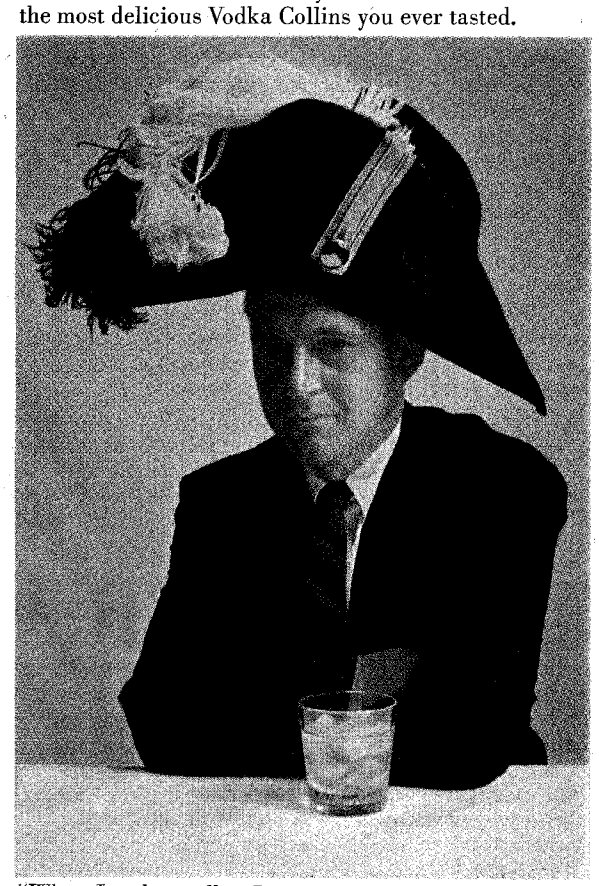

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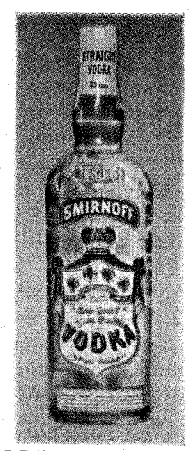

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What is Existentialism?

(Continued from Page 45)

becomes a kind of bureaucratically organized flight from the Self; a flight into which everybody can easily drift. These criticisms, however, do not originate with our own social analysts; more than a century ago Kierkegaard inveighed against the depersonalizing forces of modern society far more powerfully than do Riesman and Whyte. The same line of criticism has been developed with great subtlety by Ortega y Gasset, Jaspers, Marcel and Buber. Present-day sociologists have provided some admirable documentation of the way in which these depersonalizing forces work, but they have hardly attacked the philosophical root of the matter. For this we have to go to the Existentialists themselves.

Finally, a simpler and more direct reason for this keener interest in Existentialism is the increasing number of translations of the existentialist writings. As we get more English versions of the books of Martin Buber, Gabriel Marcel, Martin Heidegger, Karl Jaspers, José Ortega y Gasset, the name of Jean-Paul Sartre no longer pre-empts the field; and we see that Existentialism is a basic movement among European thinkers, one that is neither peripheral nor faddist but central to our time. It becomes apparent that the body of the existentialist writings constitutes a commentary upon the human situation as rich and profound as any produced in our century, and that it would be folly for Americans to ignore it.

What, then, is Existentialism?

The question is relatively easy to answer; for the irony here is that, despite its portentous label, this philosophy derives from concrete and everyday human experience rather than from any abstract or specialized areas of knowledge. Existentialism is a philosophy that confronts the human situation *in its totality* to ask what the basic conditions of human existence are and how man can establish his own meaning out of these conditions. Its method is to begin with this human existence as a fact without any ready-made preconceptions about the *essence* of man. There is no prefabricated human nature that freezes human possibilities into a preordained mold; on the contrary, man exists first and makes himself what he is out of the conditions into which he is thrown. "Existence precedes essence," as the formula puts it.

Here philosophy itself—no longer a mere game for technicians or an obsolete discipline superseded by science—becomes a fundamental dimension of human existence. For man is the one animal who not only can, but must ask himself what his life means. We are all philosophers in this sense whenever we reach a point in life where total reflection upon ourselves is called for. Most of the time we try to avoid such occasions for total reflection by temporary expedients: we plug leaks in the ship without bothering to ask where it is heading. But if the problem is fundamental, expedients do not serve and we are faced with such questions as: What am I ultimately interested in? What is the point of it all? What meaning does my life have?

With these questions we become actively engaged with the problems of philosophy. The existential philosopher spends a lifetime asking these questions that assail the ordinary man only in unusual or extreme moments. One of the achievements of existential philosophers is that they have restored to the philosophical profession the true meaning of the latter word: a full-time vocation to which a man feels summoned or called. If the old saying that "Philosophy bakes no bread" has its point, it is also true that in the end we do not bake bread or in fact do anything else without a philosophy.

So much by way of a schematic answer to the question what Existentialism is. But Existentialism itself is opposed to schematic and abstract answers about human facts, which are always concrete, individual, situated in a definite place and time. Man is a historical being—that is his uniqueness among all other animals—and he can never be understood apart from his history. This is true of existential philosophy itself as a historical human fact. To understand it concretely we have to see where its roots lie in the history of modern thought and what urgencies of the modern spirit drive it onward.

The existential philosophers themselves have taught us to reread in a new and more profound way the whole history of modern thought. By showing us philosophy as an essentially human enterprise they have enabled us to see the whole history of philosophy for the momentous human drama it really is. Most of us tend to think of the history of philosophy as a succession of contradicting opinions held by rival philosophers or rival schools decade after decade or century after century. The dramatic parts of human history seem to be wars and battles, or great political decisions that change the external patterns of our lives. But for the Existentialist the history of philosophy is one of the most dramatic and fateful chapters in human history; the great philosophers, far from being mere airy speculators, are in fact the real prophets. Their thinking illuminates the problems that mankind as a whole, in its external and social history, will have to live out for generations.

Our modern epoch in philosophy—and with it our whole modern world—begins with the great French philosopher René Descartes (1596–1650). Descartes, who was also a mathematician and a physicist, wanted his philosophy to establish a basis for the then "new science" of mathematical physics. For this, the first step needed was to establish the solid objectivity of the world of physical things, and particularly those aspects of things that are quantitative and measurable and so can be expressed in mathematical laws. Hence Descartes declared that matter was essentially extension: that is, the real properties of any physical object are the quantitative ones. What about the qualities of things? They are declared to be merely subjective effects in the human mind. Here the world of the new science is no longer the ordinary human world in which we live. This qualitative world of our everyday life, with all the color, warmth and vibrancy of its texture, is thrust out of the real world and relegated to the human mind as a kind of shadowy specter. Such is the famous Cartesian dualism: the world of matter (objects) is split off from the human mind (subject). More significantly, it splits the human and the scientific worlds.

Today, we are still experiencing the consequences of this dualism. Descartes is a founder and a prophet of the historical era in which mathematical physics comes more and more to dominate the whole of human life. Today, when we tremble before the possibilities of atomic bombs and missiles, when the mathematical physicists and technicians are more important instruments of power than any military general, we need hardly be told that this Cartesian era of mathematical physics approaches its violent climax. But also, with all the human turmoil of our period, with its political unrest and individual rootlessness, we are aware of the skeleton that lurks in the Cartesian closet: our power to deal with the world of matter has multiplied out of all proportion to our wisdom in coping with the problems of our human and spiritual world.

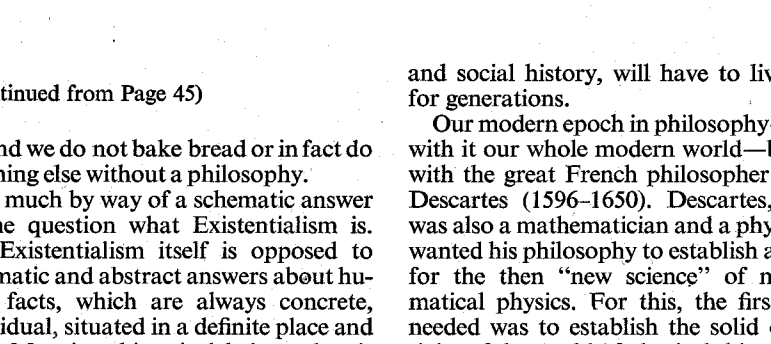
Descartes could bear the consequences of his philosophy because in the rest of his person he was still a Catholic of the Middle Ages. Descartes the thinker was one thing; Descartes the man something else; although in Descartes' philosophy there was no place for the two to meet, in his life—for very practical human purposes—he had established a concordat between them by remaining a faithful son of the church. When he discovered analytic geometry, he promptly made a pilgrimage of gratitude to the shrine of the Virgin of Loretto. So too in his philosophy: however much the prophet of the new science, he still retained the medieval conviction that human reason has its own luminous and direct access to the transcendent reality of God. So long as Descartes could prove to his own satisfaction that God exists, this omnipotent and benevolent God could heal the breach between man's physical and spiritual being.

But this comforting assurance of the Middle Ages receded more and more as "the new science" of Descartes and Newton made astounding progress through the next century. The trouble—and it is a trouble at the heart of our whole modern epoch—comes to the surface again with Immanuel Kant (1724–1804). Writing at the end of the great century of Rationalism in 1781 in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, Kant showed that the transcendent ideals of our traditionally Christian civilization—God, the human soul and its possible immortality, the freedom of man as a spiritual person—could not be known by human reason. Like everything human, reason has its history; and here, in the course of its evolution, it had at last become strictly scientific reason. Insofar as reason sought to be scientific and exact it had to exclude all references to the ultimate things that man had lived by in his ethical and spiritual life.

Had Kant been merely what is now called a "scientific philosopher," like the modern positivists, he would at this point simply have thrown out God and the human soul as "meaningless" and gone off in search of new values. Since he retained the vestiges of a pious Protestant upbringing, however, he chose to live by the values of traditional Christianity. Hence he went on to write a *Critique of Practical Reason* in which he argued that, though science could never deal with these ultimate things, man in the seriousness of his ethical striving is called upon to live as if he had an immortal soul, and as if there were a God who providentially guided the destinies of the world. Kant held that in our inner conscience we touch a reality more absolute than anything in science.

The human, or existential, import of Kant's whole philosophy comes then to this: what Kant, the man, lived by as an ethical and spiritual person, Kant, the scientific thinker, could not even bring into thought. The split between the scientific and the human world with which Descartes launched our modern epoch has here become more sharply drawn. Kant, like Descartes before him, had that naïveté which sometimes accompanies great genius, and hardly anticipated the explosive effects of his philosophy. When his first *Critique* dropped like a bombshell on

(*Continued on Page 129*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

While Jack lay unconscious after a car collision, a police surgeon took a blood sample which indicated Jack was intoxicated. The grand jury indicted him on the strength of the sample. At the trial Jack's lawyer objected.

"The sticking of needles into my client while he was unconscious was a brutal and involuntary search and seizure," the lawyer argued. "In effect, it compelled Jack to testify against himself in violation of the Bill of Rights. Therefore this evidence should be thrown out."

"Far from being brutal, blood tests are a routine which millions of American brides, bridegrooms and servicemen undergo every year," the prosecutor replied. "Moreover, if we had waited until Jack could give his consent, he might have been too sober for a valid test."

If you were the judge, would you permit the blood test to be used against Jack?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The blood test was admitted as evidence. The court ruled that "against the right of an individual that his person be held inviolable . . . must be set the interests of society in the scientific determination of intoxication, one of the great causes of mortal hazards on the road."

Based upon a 1957 United States Supreme Court decision.

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...and let us also give thanks for the human dignity which we enjoy as free individuals... for the preservation of the peace... for the prosperity of our great Nation... for its thrifty and self-reliant citizens... for our homes and the family happiness they bring... for the challenge of the unlimited opportunities which lie ahead.

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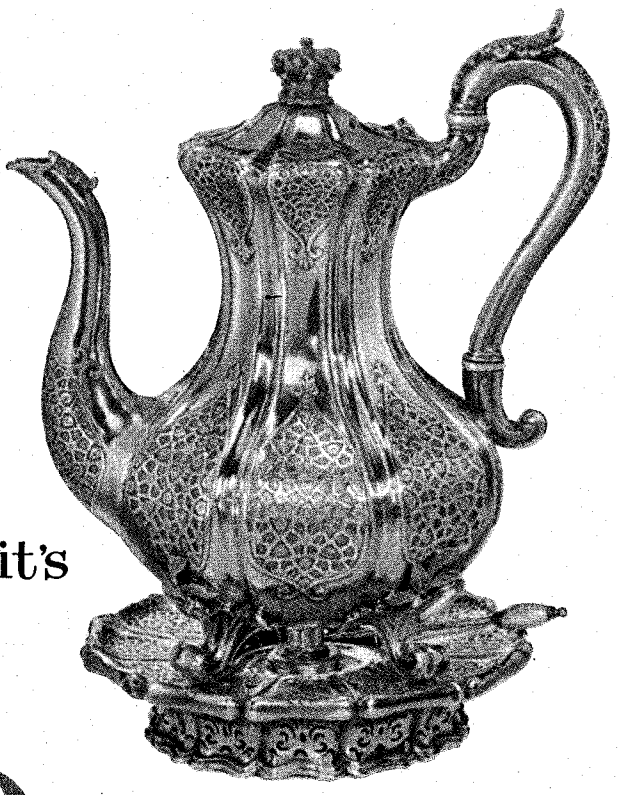

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(*Continued from Page 126*) intellectual Germany, Kant himself was most astonished that his contemporaries were shocked.

The idealist philosophers after Kant felt that he had dug a chasm between two parts of the human personality, and by one means or another they sought to restore the spiritual wholeness or integrity of man. One of the greatest of these was G. W. F. Hegel (1770–1831). Hegel's means of restoring the wholeness of man was an imperialism of reason so audacious that it eventually brought Existentialism into being as a necessary corrective. If there are ethical and spiritual realities that concern us ultimately as human beings, Hegel argued, then these must be accessible to reason. Reason takes in all areas of human experience; nothing can be denied to it. In making reason all-inclusive, however, Hegel also made it omnivorous: wishing to give it wings to soar, he also gave it the devouring beak of a vulture. Everything vital and individual is swallowed up in the maw of the Hegelian system. In Hegel's thought, religion—even a religion like Christianity in which the central faith revolves around the unique and unreasonable moment in history when God became man in order to save the human race—becomes merely a crude approximation, by parable and myth, of the absolute truth that reason can spin out of its own ideas.

Enter now Existentialism. The moment was perfectly timed in this great human drama of western thought—for the situation was ripe for revolt. The revolt came in the persons of Sören Kierkegaard (1813–55) and Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900), who are now accepted as the founding fathers of existential philosophy. Neither was an academic philosopher, though Nietzsche had earlier been a professor of classical philology; and perhaps just because they were outsiders to academic philosophy, they had sharper eyes for the real human root of the trouble. Sometimes an outsider coming into a family can see more clearly the source of its dissensions than can those blinded by their intramural quarrels.

Kierkegaard put an end to the totalitarian claims for reason made by philosophers like Hegel. If religion could be reduced to reason, said Kierkegaard, there would be no need for religion—least of all a religion like Christianity whose central belief in the God-Man is altogether paradoxical to reason. As a believing Christian, Kierkegaard insisted on the necessity of faith as a vital act beyond reason. But beyond this message as a Christian apologist, Kierkegaard brought to the attention of philosophers—and more recently to psychologists—the fact that human existence can never be totally enclosed in any system. To exist as an individual is to strive, change, develop, stand open to the future, be incomplete—while a system by its very nature is closed, complete, static, dead. The philosopher or scientist who thinks he can freeze our human existence into a system does so by substituting a pallid and abstract concept for the living and concrete reality. Life is lived forward and understood backward, says Kierkegaard. If we were ever to understand it completely, we would have to be already dead, without a future and with no untried and novel possibilities before us.

In one sense Kierkegaard returns us to the situation of Kant before Hegel: he gives a more urgent and powerful expression to the Kantian view that each of us, as individuals, touches reality inwardly in our moments of serious moral decision rather than in the detached speculations of reason. In another sense, however, Kierkegaard destroys the makeshift supports of Kantian ethics by calling attention to the fact that the values Kant espouses—and espouses in spite of scientific reason—live or die with the Christian faith. These values are not rooted in the eternal nature of the human conscience, but historically and existentially derive from the Christian religion; and the central crisis of the modern period is that this religion now stands on trial. Kant's values cannot be kept alive by mere rational reflection on the so-called "postulates of practical reason"; in the end they can be kept alive only by the energy of faith.

Nietzsche starts from this same historical insight, but attacks Kant from just the opposite direction. If, says Nietzsche, the development of human reason along the line of science has brought us to the point in human history where scientific reason rules out those transcendent ideals—God, the immortal soul, our essential freedom as moral agents—that Christians have lived by for centuries, then why persist in Kant's blind old prejudice for these concepts? Why not throw them on the dust heap of history? Besides, is not Christianity already dead or at least dying in our time when, though some people may give it lip service, it no longer rules the total life of man as it did in the earlier ages of faith?

Had Nietzsche stopped here, he would have been merely one among many nineteenth-century atheists; more brilliant and incisive in his language than the others, but hardly a founder of existential philosophy. Nietzsche was, however, a man of great imagination and perhaps even greater religious yearning. He could see that the abolishing of the transcendent world in which the human spirit had hitherto sought its home would not solve all problems, as some of the rationalists of his century thought, but would only bring into desperate relief the pathos of our human situation. For when God is at last dead for man, when the last gleam of light is extinguished and only the impenetrable darkness of a universe that exists for no purpose surrounds us, then at last man knows he is alone in a world where he has to create his own values. The disappearance of religion would be the greatest challenge in human history—perhaps the ultimate challenge—for man would then be fully and dreadfully responsible to himself and for himself. Moreover, the natural sciences that helped bring about this situation could not help here, for they can never explain to man what he really is. Man steps beyond the world of natural objects in the very act of asking what this world means, what he himself means, and in seeking to create this meaning for himself. The natural sciences are tools that man can use in the service of his own values, but these sciences will never create a guiding ideal for human life.

This slow, unfolding development of modern philosophy is like a great symphony which Descartes opens with the leading theme, andante; other philosophers enrich with variations and counterthemes, allegro; and Kierkegaard and Nietzsche bring to a furious and boiling presto. It might be tempting to hope that the existential philosophers of the twentieth century have at last brought us the grand finale; but unlike a symphony, the process of human thought admits no finale so long as man continues to be man, a being perpetually open to the future. The existentialists of this century are the heirs of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, and their task has been, first, to save the great revolt of these two giants from being buried under the apathy of academic philosophers; and secondly and more importantly, to enrich and carry on the line of thought initiated in that revolt.

The very richness and diversity of existential thought in this century makes it difficult to fashion any easy summary of its conclusions. How sum up the philosophies of such men as Karl Jaspers and Martin Heidegger of Germany, Gabriel Marcel and Jean-Paul Sartre of France, Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset of Spain? Or the thought of such existential theologians as Nikolai Berdyaev and Paul Tillich? These men have different problems, attack the problems by different methods, and on a number of points are in disagreement. Hence some critics have declared that Existentialism is not a unified movement at all, with the implication that it may not even be a definite philosophy. On the contrary, a movement is alive and vital only when it is able to generate differences among its followers; when everybody agrees, we may be sure that it has declined into the stereotyped rigidity of death. Moreover, despite the differences among Existentialists, there is a common core to their thinking. Let us try now to see what some of the main points of this common core are.

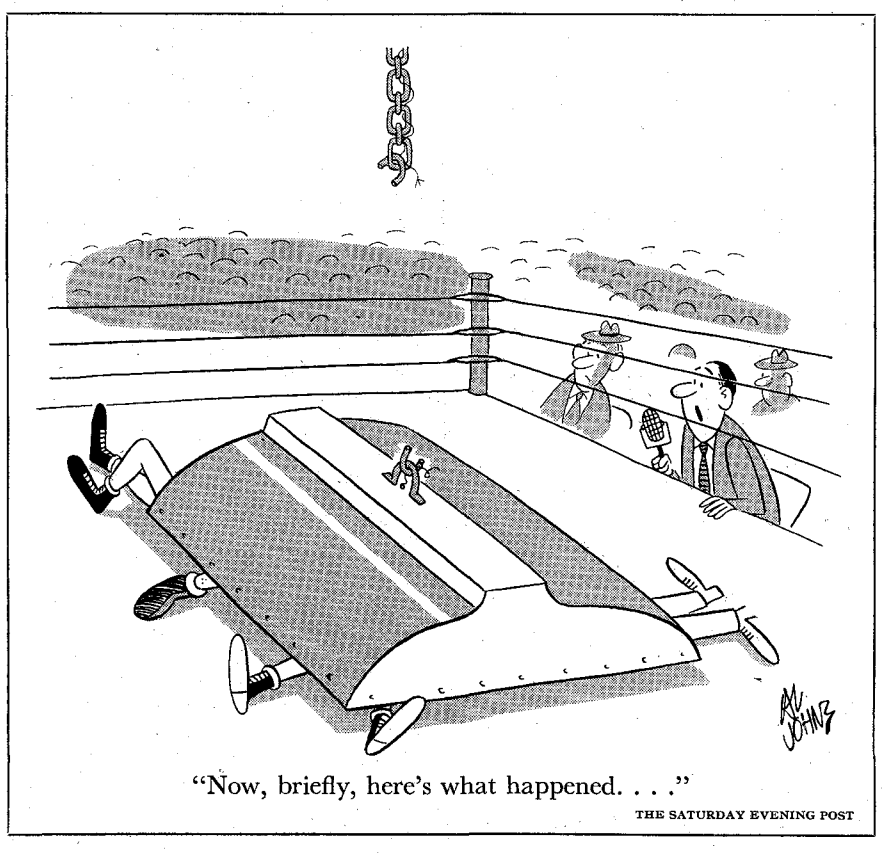
If the modern era began with the way of thinking launched by Descartes, then we must, to save ourselves, recast our fundamental way of thinking. The world Descartes portrays—of material objects stripped of all qualities, extended in mathematical space of three dimensions, and with only quantitative and measurable properties—is not the world in which we live as human beings, but a high-level abstraction from the world that surrounds and involves us, exalts or enchants or terrifies us. We live in the human world, not in the world of science. And it is from the context of this human world that all the abstractions of science ultimately derive their meaning.

So, too, those fateful abstractions, the body and the mind. Man is not basically a body to which a mind is annexed in some incomprehensible way. Man is first and foremost a concrete involvement or enmeshment with the world, and within this concreteness of his being we distinguish the opposed poles of body and mind. We do not first exist inside our bodies and then proceed to infer a world existing beyond ourselves; on the contrary, in the very act of existing we are beyond ourselves and within the world. The verb "ex-ist" means, etymologically to stand outside or beyond oneself. It is this self-transcendence that makes man what he is and distinguishes him from all the other animals whose existence does not reach backward and forward in time and history, and which remain rooted in space to their own natural habitat.

Because he is this perpetually self-transcending animal, man cannot be understood in his totality by the natural sciences—physics, chemistry, biology, or purely behaviorist psychology—as materialists have held. Man has expressed the truth of his existence in art and religion as well as in science; we would get less than the truth about human life if we left out any of these expressions of truth. One great achievement of existential philosophy has been a new interpretation of the idea of truth in order to point out that there are different kinds of truth, where a rigid scientific rationalism had postulated but one kind: objective scientific truth.

Kierkegaard introduced this difference by his analysis of religious truth. The truth with which religion is ultimately concerned, said Kierkegaard, has nothing to do with questions of rational proof. We do not exclaim, "There is a genuinely religious person!" when we happen to encounter a man who is an expert in all the subtle dialectic of theology. If we have ever encountered a genuinely spiritual person, we know that the heart of the matter lies elsewhere: in the being of the total person, not in the cerebrations of reason. Religious truth is realized actively and inwardly in the life of the individual man; it is not something embodied in a system of concepts, like science. Hence the fact that seemed so catastrophic to Kant—that the existence of God could not be proved rationally—is perfectly acceptable. For God is never real in our lives when He is considered a mere object of scientific proof or disproof.

Similarly, Heidegger has elucidated the unique kind of truth found in art. Truth is that peculiar relation of man to the object in which he lets the object be seen for what it is. Science is truth in this sense, but so too is art, though its way of letting the thing be seen is distinctly different from that of science. What kind of truth would we have about the long life of man upon this planet without those great works of art that have appeared in the



"Now, briefly, here's what happened. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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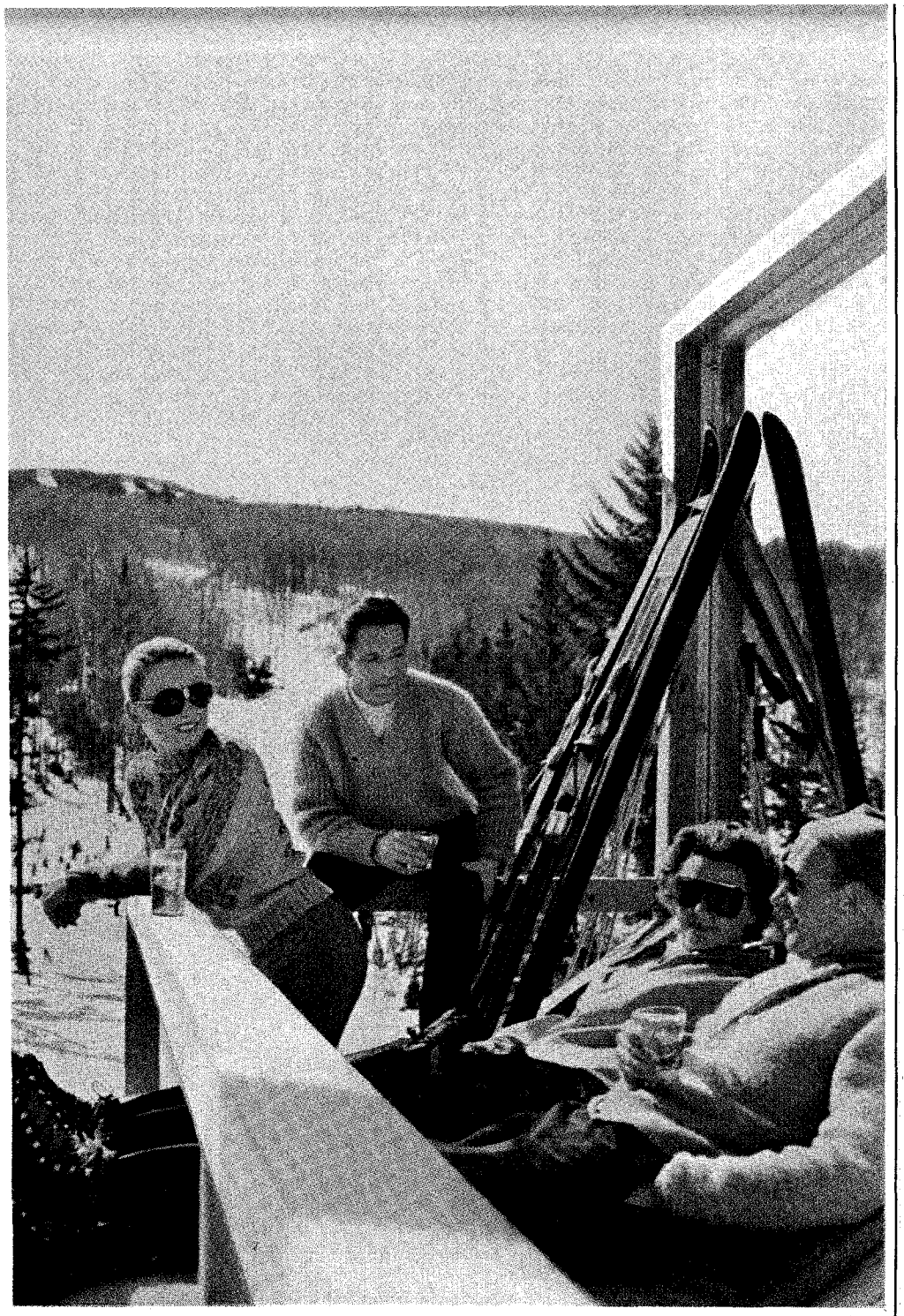

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tortuous course of human history? Here Existentialism, a new philosophy, goes back to a tradition before Plato, who on purely intellectualist grounds condemned all art as illusion. The older tradition among the Greeks was that their great poets were seers who voiced the hidden wisdom of the race. The Greek people of that earlier age were wiser than Plato.

A contemporary poet, our own Robert Frost, seems to speak from this ancient wisdom. Though he can hardly be called an Existentialist, Frost, in a recent address on television, epitomized this central point of Existential philosophy with the simplicity and directness of insight that only a great poet can manage:

"This present of ours I hope will be found all right for what it was. That is, that it will have made its point in history.

"We're going to discriminate once and for all . . . what can be made a science of and can't be made a science of. And we're going to settle that. There's a whole half of our lives that can't be made a science of, can't ever be made a science of. And we're going to know more about that before we get through this period. That's what it will be remembered for."

If the poet is right in his prophecy for our age, if we really do discriminate what can and cannot be made a science of in human life, then this would be an achievement more significant for the future of mankind than the creation of jet planes, missiles or atomic bombs.

Because it denies the restrictions of scientific rationalism, Existentialism sometimes has been labeled a form of Irrationalism. This accusation is both glib and ungrounded. We do not cast all doubt upon an instrument by pointing out its functional limitations. A crowbar is not a key, and even if we wanted to pick the lock, we should do better with a hairpin. In making this observation we can hardly be called guilty of anticrowbarism.

Scientific reason is abstract and universal; life as we live it is individual and concrete. There are bridges between the two, but the former can never claim to supersede the latter without doing violence to it. You may use the crowbar to batter down the door, but then you will have to stand the expense of having the door repaired. We smile at the absurdity of the remark by the French mathematician Laplace after he had witnessed, without being moved, a performance of Racine's *Phèdre:* "What does it prove?" The mind of this great mathematician was geared to only one kind of truth. In considering Laplace's question absurd we are only using plain human judgment, not espousing a philosophic system of Irrationalism. When scientific rationalists raise the facile cry of "irrationalism," they are exposing their own mental blind spots. The danger to our civilization is that as this rigid rationalism attempts to embrace all areas of life we will not only profit from its vision but also be the victim of its blindness.

Reason, after all, is *human* reason and we should expect it, like everything human, to have its limitations. There is no positive without a correlated negative. Being always involves non-Being. As reason becomes more abstract, it seems to soar beyond the human conditions from which it took its initial leap; but it has perpetually to return to the solid earth of our human condition for refueling. What we need is neither a blind exaltation nor an empty rejection of reason, but a new concept of what Ortega y Gasset calls "vital reason"—a reason rooted in the fundamental conditions of human existence. The man who exists and the man who thinks is in the end (as in the beginning) one and the same; and if as thinker he chooses to forget that he is a man, he will end, as Kierkegaard pointed out in rebutting Hegel, by becoming humanly absurd.

One final and central point common to the Existentialists is their emphasis upon time and history as fundamental dimensions of human existence. Among all the animals man stands in a unique relation to time because he stands open to a future in which the present conditions of life can be transformed. Standing open to this future, he orders his present and connects it with his past. Hence our lives become meaningful to the degree that we bind together tomorrow, today and yesterday in an active whole. Time is thus the fundamental condition of our human existence; without time there would be no human meaning. But time, real time, is never the abstract "once upon a time" of the fairy story; it is always time here and now, urgent and pressing upon us. We are temporal beings not because we reckon with abstract mathematical time sequences, but because we experience time in the historical pressure of our generation with its challenging and fateful tasks.

Here, clearly, Existentialism emerges as a philosophy that summons us to responsible social action. This is a far cry from the earlier impression among Americans that this philosophy merely expressed a mood of despair or nihilism or Bohemian eccentricity. To be sure, this summons to social action is subordinated by the Existentialists to the more basic human task of becoming an authentic individual in our own right: we cannot meaningfully go outward into the world unless we have also gone inward and downward into the Self. Nevertheless, the authentic Self (all Existentialists agree) is never found in some Platonic realm beyond time and history, but only within the world. All significant thinking points toward the future; the historical challenge that the existential philosophers call upon us to face during the second half of this twentieth century is nothing less than this: Are we, at long last, to decide whether this coming epoch shall be the Age of Man or the Age of Mathematical Physics?

Sweater

What a little boy is told
To put on, when his mother's
cold.

Theodore J. Duke

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Barrett, William
Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy
Doubleday & Company
$5.00

Jaspers, Karl
Man in the Modern Age
Anchor Books
$ .95

Buber, Martin
Between Man and Man
MacMillan
$3.75

Marcel, Gabriel
Man Against Mass Society
Regnery
$4.50

Heidegger, Martin
An Introduction to Metaphysics
Yale University Press
$3.75

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We Salvaged the African Queen

(Continued from Page 27)

swept the length of the tanker. Cups and dishes flew from racks and skittered noisily across the steel decks. The men who were up and about clung to stanchions for support; those who had been sleeping leaped from their bunks onto a sharply tilting deck.

The worst had happened. The *Queen's* massive keel, riding about thirty-two feet below the water, had plowed into a boot-shaped shoal about nine miles east-southeast of Ocean City, Maryland. While his men hurried about the ship to check for damage, Captain Danielsen backed the engines full and ordered his radioman to inform the U. S. Coast Guard that the *Queen* was in trouble—but not in danger.

This report proved to be optimistic. The *Queen* was stuck fast. For more than an hour and a half green water pounded her superstructure and the low, flat tank deck with its maze of pretzel-shaped oil pipes. The *Queen* wrenched and twisted under the impact, and a fearful booming echoed throughout the ship. Then at about 0800 the *Queen* broke immediately forward of the bridge. The 6000-ton bow section, about 200 feet long, twisted and slammed against the stern, generating a spray of sparks that could be seen through the rain in Ocean City. While the crew fended off the bow. Captain Danielsen ordered his radioman to send off a distress signal. Coast Guard helicopters and cutters rescued the forty-seven men.

The battered, abandoned pieces of the *Queen* refused to sink and end the matter once and for all. The stern section twisted to a northeasterly heading and wedged solidly in the shoal with a twelve-degree list to starboard. The bow, pointing skyward at a twenty-degree angle, floated away and came to rest 1000 feet to the north, when its submerged rear caught on the shoal. Here, in this lonely, bleak patch of sea, a new and dramatic chapter in the life of the *Queen* began to unfold.

Contrary to popular belief, the *Queen*, wrecked and abandoned beyond the United States three-mile limit and loaded with valuable cargo and equipment, was not automatically up for grabs to any salvager. According to infinitely complex maritime law, the *Queen* and everything aboard her was still the property of its owner, a Norwegian firm, African Enterprises. Soon after the disaster, oceangoing salvage vessels came alongside the *Queen*. Among them was a tug of Merritt-Chapman and Scott, the world's most famous maritime salvage outfit. The company's Senior Salvage Master, Capt. Frank Shepherd, surveyed the tanker and began work. However, in that wintry weather, salvage attempts were costly and dangerous. On January twenty-eighth, African Enterprises, without removing so much as a pencil from the *Queen*, gave up, and shortly thereafter filed a claim against the insurers. On February twelfth, forty-four days after the ship broke on the shoal, all claims to her were officially abandoned. Under the law, the *Queen*—and everything aboard her—was now an open prize.

Boatmen on the Eastern Shore, who had been keeping a weather eye peeled on these developments, set out for the ship, and for days bedlam reigned on the *Queen*. Kin Reed, a charter-boat operator in Ocean City, says, "It was as though one morning a huge downtown department store announced that everything in the building was free for the asking, or rather, taking. Men ran madly about the *Queen's* deck grabbing everything in sight. If they saw something better, they dropped what they had and picked it up." The salvagers got an estimated $250,000 worth of goods, including thousands of gallons of expensive maritime paint, furniture, rugs, heavy hawsers, lifeboats, typewriters, adding machines, good whisky and wine, small tools, pots, pans, china, cables, lumber, bedding, clothing and other personal effects of the crew, radio transmitters and receivers, the radar, gyro and magnetic compasses, the ship's wheel, bell, plaque, lighting fixtures, doors, toilets, tile in the heads, sinks, stoves and brass fittings, including the huge brass covers on the oil-storage tanks. Even the mahogany and teak were stripped from the bulkheads. Unable to remove the huge saloon mirrors, the frustrated boatmen smashed them to bits.

Lloyd Deir, who led the efforts to salvage the *African Queen*, with the shotgun he kept on board to repel any rival claimants.

There was still much of great value on the submerged portion of the *Queen*, and once the surface stripping had been completed, the climate changed drastically. From that time on the decks of the *Queen* became a battleground for grimly determined men armed with shotguns and dreams of sudden riches. One man would die. Others, living and working under almost indescribable hardship, would face disaster so often that it became routine. The final outcome would be the most successful—and unbelievable—amateur salvage job of modern times.

This new phase in the *Queen's* history began, in early March, when two small wildcat salvage groups arrived in Ocean City and revealed plans to actually raise the two parts of the ship. One outfit was led by Gifford Warner of Connecticut, the other by Louis Bertrand, twenty-nine, of Lewes, Delaware. Warner says he went out to the *Queen's* 400-foot stern section and placed a sign in the pilothouse, claiming the entire ship in his name and warning others to keep off. Bertrand announced that he was taking possession of the partially submerged, oil-laden bow section. Ocean City boatmen, by then weary of hacking on the *Queen*, happily anticipated the taxi money these new and grandiose schemes would generate.

Bertrand, apparently believing a sign to be a tenuous claim to ownership, went aboard the bow section with food, bedding and shotgun to squat. That evening a severe southeaster arose and dislodged the bow from the shoal. As it drifted out to sea, men in Ocean City saw Bertrand flash a frantic series of SOS's with his light. A Coast Guard plane took off and flew low over the bobbing bow. Dropping brilliant parachute flares, the plane crew made a careful search, but the bow section had turned turtle. Additional Coast

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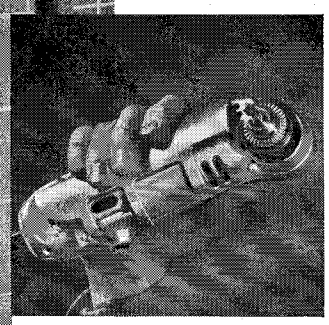

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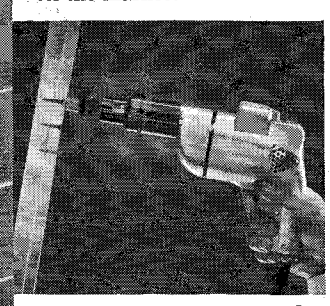

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Guard units and Navy frogmen probed the bow, but there was no sign of Bertrand.

Meanwhile, in Holland, Virginia, a small town southwest of Norfolk, I and Belden Little, thirty-six, a heavy-machinery mechanic, followed the newspaper accounts of the *Queen's* saga with growing fascination. Some weeks before Bertrand met his awful misfortune on the bow section, Little, believing the *Queen* to be a "chance of a lifetime," had proposed that the two of us go on board with shotguns and stake a claim. I was against force. I believed that so small a force of Virginians entering Maryland territory would be quickly and decisively overwhelmed.

After I read of the accounts of Bertrand's accident on the bow section, I was stirred to action. I reasoned that Bertrand's death on the *Queen* would considerably dampen the enthusiasm of the other prospective salvage groups. And, although I had never laid eyes on the *Queen* and was aware of Captain Shepherd's unsuccessful attempts to salvage her, I believed from the outset that the stern section could be raised and floated to Norfolk. With a new bow, the complete ship would bring a handsome price. If there were no buyers, I was certain the engines, turbines, generators, motors, centrifugal pumps, piping and other items, plus thousands of tons of steel plate, would bring, at the very least, $1,000,000 and very possibly $2,000,000.

Before World War II, I had been a steeple jack, and after the war I worked for many years with heavy machinery, cranes and well-drilling equipment. However, my actual experience at marine salvage was only slightly more than zero. Once, after hearing experts say it was impossible, I rigged a complicated lifting device to some trees on a riverbank in North Carolina and in fifteen days raised a 250-ton steel freighter which had been sunk in forty feet of water for nearly three decades. I was commissioned by a Norfolk firm to help scrap a Navy submarine and a landing craft, both half submerged in mud alongside a pier, but before I had gone far I was diverted to another job. I had never been to sea on a ship. I contacted Little, and he agreed to go along. Although long on ambition, we were critically short on ready cash. The total cost of the job, we naïvely calculated, would be in the neighborhood of $50,000. Of this sum $5000 would be needed immediately. The remaining $45,000, we believed, could be raised in time, by selling copper and brass scrap removed from the *Queen*. A friend of mine, Paul Brady, an electrical-appliance dealer in Suffolk, Virginia, for whom I had once successfully completed a tough construction job, agreed to put up the first $5000. The three of us formed a corporation, in which it was agreed that the spoils from the *Queen* were to be divided equally after each of us had been reimbursed for cash outlays and expenses.

Then Little and I assembled supplies, including blankets, food, portable stoves and heaters, lanterns, chainfalls and small tools, and set off for Ocean City in my truck. In Ocean City we engaged boatman Paul Russell to take us to the *Queen*. When we pulled alongside the listing hulk, I noted the gleaming white paint on the superstructure and thought, *The rust hasn't got to her yet. Why would anyone go away and leave a beautiful ship like this?* But close-up the ship was a different story. The *Queen* was stripped as clean as a hound's tooth. It was clear that additional capital for the enterprise would have to come from other sources.

Before leaving the ship we surveyed the damage. When the boatmen purloined the brass lids on the storage tanks, the oil had flowed out to sea and the tanks had filled with tons of salt water. We climbed down into the flooded engine compartment and observed the movement of water, which surged through huge holes the bow had smashed in the *Queen's* side. We calculated, roughly, that the ship held at least 40,000 tons of water. Even so I came away from the *Queen* convinced that with proper financial backing—that is to say, another $20,000 or so in cash—we could float the multimillion-dollar ship within five weeks. In Ocean City we deliberately left the impression that the salvage job was hopeless. Back in Suffolk, Brady, whose confidence in the project wavered only slightly, dug deeper into his pockets.

We reassembled our equipment, added 3000 pounds of heavy tools, a rubber life raft, sign-painting materials and a second shotgun, and returned to set up camp on the *Queen*. We did not find the sign, or any semblance of a sign, such as salvager Gifford Warner claims he left in the pilothouse. We painted our own large signs—PRIVATE PROPERTY—KEEP OFF—and prominently displayed them on the sides of the hulk. We published a statement in the local newspapers, which said, in effect, that we had laid claim to the ship and that henceforth all scavengers should stay away.

Few seamen, let alone landlubbers, have ever deliberately set up life on the water in such bizarre quarters. By then the *Queen* was a stinking, oil-soaked, wave-smashed mess. At high tide the tank deck between the bridge structure and the afterpeak was continually washed by waves. Choosing a stateroom in the afterpeak, which was drier than the bridge structure, we swept the debris into the littered passageway, and watched it float away on the next high wave. We closed off the room's portholes with pieces of heavy metal and chinked the edges with rags. Then we leveled the stove, heaters and a table on the steeply slanting deck. It was a crazy sight, like living full time in one of those slanted houses in an amusement park. You put something down on the table and you'd swear it would slide off. But it was only an optical illusion. The table was level.

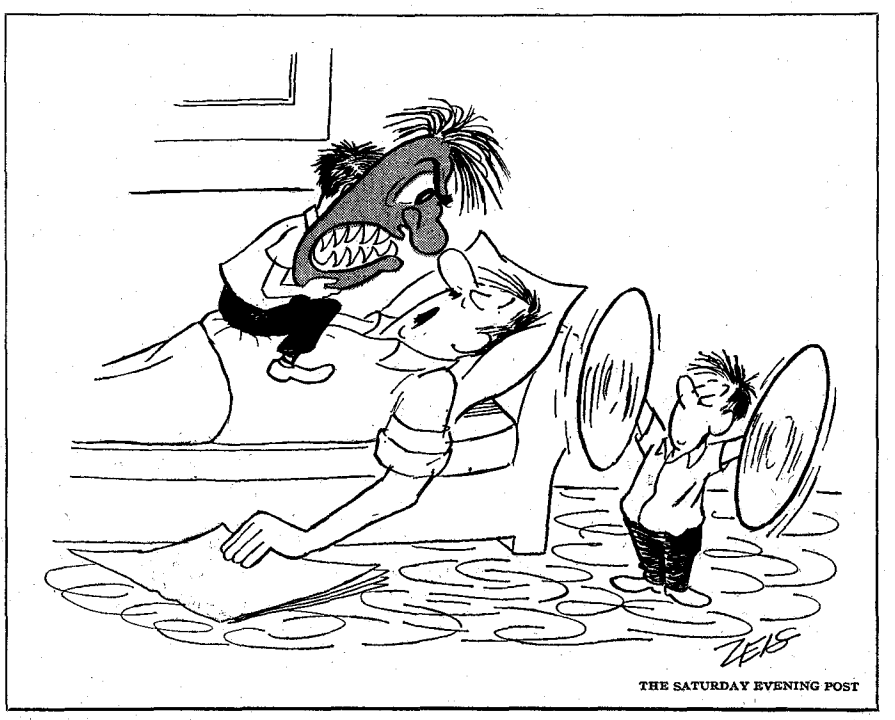
The *Queen* was firmly stuck and had weathered the hard southeaster which moved the bow and caused Bertrand's death. Even so, it was possible that in a bad storm, the heavy afterpeak, much of which was above water, might twist off and capsize, trapping us inside. With this thought in mind, we rigged a plumb line, weighted with a lead sinker, immediately above the level table top. The precise position of the weight was marked on the table. If it moved off the mark, it was a positive sign that the stern was moving. The warning might give us time to evacuate.

Neither of us is apt to forget our first night on board the *Queen*. A hard, frigid wind blew up and smashed green water across the decks. While one man tossed in the slanting, built-in bunk, the other remained on watch, tending the kerosene heaters and keeping an eagle eye on the plumb line. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't frightened. It was cold and lonely, and while we could barely see the lights on the shore, we had no communications. But the thing that really disturbed me most was the noise. The wind and sea pounded on the *Queen*. The water and air whooshed and whistled through her openings. If you listened carefully, and we always did, you heard everything in the world—a train going by, an automobile with musical horns, a jazz band playing, church bells gonging, and the Lord knows what else. The greatest sight I ever saw was sunrise that following morning.

Apprehension disappeared with the daylight, and we set about surveying our prize, foot by foot. We found many items which added to our comfort and enhanced the salvage operation. In the upper decks, we discovered a huge tank of kerosene, enough to keep the heaters and stove operating for months. Combing through the bridge deck, we noted in the ship's safe, which had been jimmied open, logbooks, pay records, radio messages and other official documents, which provided us with a day-by-day history of the vessel. Among these papers we uncovered an amateur salvager's dream: a complete set of blueprints of the ship.

After a routine inspection by the Coast Guard, we felt that our claim to the wreck had been officially recognized by the United States Government. However, since the ship lay beyond the three-mile limit, the Coast Guard was not able, even if it had been willing, to supply police protection. It was clear that if we were to maintain ownership we would have to keep armed guards on the ship for the duration of the salvage operation. An incident during the first week removed all doubt.

One morning a small boat, manned by five tough-looking characters, lay to in the lee of the *Queen*. The men threw a line on the *Queen's* deck and started to come aboard. We cast the line back and warned them to stay clear. They threatened us for a while, then changed their tone and said they were merely looking for a souvenir of the wreck. Thinking it was best to let them come on board this one time and sternly warn them not to return, we waved them up. Meanwhile, Little and I retreated to the high ground of the afterpeak deck, shotgun ready. One man tried to bully us, but we held firm. After a while the men, having collected a handful of scrap, left the ship. Subsequently we were not again threatened by boarders; uninvited sight-seers fell off to a trickle.



The fifth night of our stay on board the *Queen* an awesome storm swept the shoal. Thirty-foot seas, whipped by sixty-mph winds, crashed upon the stern section, causing it to rise and fall heavily on the sand bottom. Trapped in an inferno of noise and water, Little and I huddled in our stateroom, keeping a sharp eye on a swinging plumb line, and speculated on how long the *Queen* could withstand such brutal punishment. Then a massive wave smashed in our jerry-rigged porthole covers; an enormous spout of water poured through the holes and inundated the room.

Not unnaturally our thoughts turned to the single life raft which was inflated and lashed down on an outer deck. Sloshing out for an inspection, we saw from a distance that the raft was battered and punctured. If the ship broke and capsized or sparks set off a vapor explosion, this frail craft was our only means of survival. The raft had to be saved no matter what the price. Between breakers we raced on deck and picked at the knots with bitterly cold fingers.

After several agonizing trips, we worked it loose. Running aft to gain the comparative safety of a companionway, we were caught midway by a giant wave. Little, I and the raft were sucked underwater and pummeled toward the stern. Inches short of the fantail, clinging desperately to the raft, we grabbed a life rail and hung on. When the wave had passed we staggered to our feet and dragged the bulky raft inside the clammy, drenched stateroom. Shivering from cold and fear, we crowded close over the kerosene heater. It is possible that at that moment we would have sold all rights to the *Queen* for ten dollars.

The *Queen* survived the storm. At the end of one week we knew the hulk well. We were ready—eager perhaps—to go ashore and round up the necessary salvage equipment. Two men, Mac Duncan and Walter Hill, who agreed to guard the ship for ten dollars a day, plus a minimum $1000 bonus if she was successfully raised, relieved us. We landed in Ocean City, grimy and bearded, carrying about $200 worth of brass scrap we had removed from the wreck.

Difficult salvage operations seem to be a breeding ground for ill will and bitter personal feuds. Already the *Queen* had spawned one. I found Little petulant, hot-tempered and hard to live with. Little had no confidence in my plan to raise the ship. He said, "Let's cut her down to water level and sell the scrap." I was still stubbornly clinging to my dream. I replied, "If I can't raise her, you cut her down." When the third partner, appliance dealer Brady, sided with me, Little fell in line.

By then we had completed our list of equipment. It included a huge diesel generator, a powerful air compressor, small boats, pumps, hoses, lights, cables, shackles, electric- and air-driven hand tools, welding equipment, wooden plugs and other items. I had some of this equipment in my back yard. But most of it would have to be obtained elsewhere. Paul Brady, (*Continued on Page 134*)

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every family needs

(*Continued from Page 132*) already financially deep in the project, either could not or was reluctant to plunge deeper. We then made a deal with the Portsmouth Salvage Company. If Portsmouth Salvage furnished the equipment—estimated cost, $30,000—it would receive 25 per cent of the take—estimated minimum, $250,000. Portsmouth joined the venture without enthusiasm.

High on the list of our needs was a diver who could size up the damage to the submerged portion of the *Queen's* hull. While at Portsmouth Salvage we met Maurice Simmons, a twenty-five-year-old sheet-metal worker who was looking for work. Simmons had skin-dived occasionally for pleasure, but at that time he had never dived professionally. Nevertheless, for ten dollars a day and the bonus, Simmons agreed to go on board the *Queen* and undertake the risky underwater work. He gathered some tools, weights, secondhand diving lungs and a rubber suit to keep him warm underwater, and set off for Ocean City.

Two weeks later Portsmouth Salvage Company, on second thought, withdrew from the deal, leaving Little, Brady and me again financially stranded. However, a friend of Brady, Alvah E. Sadler, a Suffolk home builder with an adventuresome spirit, rushed to the rescue. His first contribution was relatively modest, but as time went by it grew enormously, and there were many times when Sadler wished he had never heard of the *Queen.* The four of us entered into a "joint venture."

With this shot in the arm, plus a generous loan on the equipment already committed by Portsmouth Salvage, we were able to push ahead with dispatch. Almost immediately we began to lay out big money. For about $3500 we obtained a diesel generator, which could supply power for the welding equipment, air compressor, electric submersible pumps, and lights on the ship. From Portsmouth Salvage we got two Navy surplus boats. The most expensive items were the pumps. The first twenty-six of them, secondhand, came to more than $5000.

In mid-May—two months after Little and I first boarded the *Queen*—the bulk of the equipment was shipped to Ocean City. One boat was delivered by truck. Another, loaded with the expensive pumps and diving gear, was sent by sea. It very nearly foundered when its ancient engine stopped dead in the midst of a squall far off the coast. The small, bobbing boats were used to taxi the remainder of the equipment from land to the hulk. There it was pulled on board by a chain hoist strung to a lifeboat davit. The chain hoist broke five times before the three-and-one-half-ton generator was safely on deck.

Meanwhile the "crew" of the *Queen* had grown considerably. In addition to "diver" Simmons, Tom Doughty and Henley Doughtie, forty-five, unemployed crane operators and truck drivers, had signed on at the going wage, plus bonus. The new men devoted some of their time to making the hulk more livable. They renovated quarters in the tilting afterpeak and furnished them with scraps of rugs and battered chairs, scrounged from the bridge structure. They dammed the flow of sea water through the afterpeak passageways with wooden barricades. They strung ropes to the booms, on which the men at high tide could swing Tarzanlike from afterpeak to bridge structure without getting wet. Henley Doughtie, appointed "ship's" cook, systematically tracked down the sources of the aggravating noise and eliminated much of it.

Still believing the job could be accomplished in five weeks, I explained the salvage plan to the new men. In essence it was as follows: First we would seal off the forty-foot-long afterpeak section. If the rudder and propeller had not holed its bottom, we would pump it dry. Next we would inspect the starboard side of the hull and fabricate a large steel patch to close the holes which the bow had bashed in the engine room. After that we would cap the massive oil-storage tanks and pump them with air from the top, hopefully driving the sea water out of the bottom. Finally we would pump the engine room dry. If all went well, the *Queen* should then float.

The afterpeak, which was flooded to the decks immediately below the living quarters, came first. Simmons pulled on his rubber suit and diving gear, descended a stairway inside the ship and submerged in the icy, dark water. Feeling his way about with an underwater light, he dogged the flapping porthole covers, shut off the air ducts and drove small wooden plugs in the holes where rivets had popped out. Then six pumps, which could suck at a rate of 1800 gallons per minute, were lowered into the compartment. The water level dropped rapidly, indicating that neither the rudder nor the propeller had holed the bottom. After each dive Simmons was so cold that he shook uncontrollably for two hours.

The dripping storerooms in the afterpeak compartment, which were entered as soon as they were exposed, yielded a vast treasure of goodies. In one we found a cache of tools, including chainfalls, gaskets, shackles, cable, hundreds of gallons of marine paint, spare light bulbs and other items useful in the salvage operation. Stumbling on slabs of beef, still intact despite a five months' bath in salt water, we entered the food locker, which reeked of rotted vegetables. Inside we found thousands of canned goods—peaches, pears, cherries, mushrooms, caviar—which had been purchased in ports all over the world. The paper labels had been washed off, but the cans were stamped with numbers. After sampling several dozen cans and noting the number and contents, we drew up a chart which enabled us to select what we wanted.

Now we turned our attention to the gaping holes in the engine-room hull. The first step was to measure the holes carefully—seemingly a simple task. However, the engines and a jumble of broken pipes prevented the diver from reaching the holes from the inside. Outside, the holes faced the incoming sea, making the diving, already dangerous, perilous. Simmons, restrained by a safety line to prevent his being smashed against the ship or sucked into the jagged holes, worked from one of the small boats anchored to seaward of the *Queen.* He learned the diving trade quickly: In one morning he went into the frigid, rough water ten times.

Simmons' reports on the shape and size of the holes were, to say the least, discouraging. At first he said, "It's a shambles. The whole side of the ship is out." Slightly dismayed, I sent Simmons down again for a more accurate assessment. Simmons measured carefully—altogether the pulverized area was approximately twenty by thirty feet. It was far larger than I had estimated, but I did not lose heart. I mentally revised the plan for closing the hole and pressed on.

Simmons performed ably, considering the water condition, his equipment and experience. But the job was simply too big for a single skin diver. Moreover, we felt we could work more effectively with a "hard-hat" diver, who had communications equipment inside his helmet. The deep-sea diver in turn, it was clear, would

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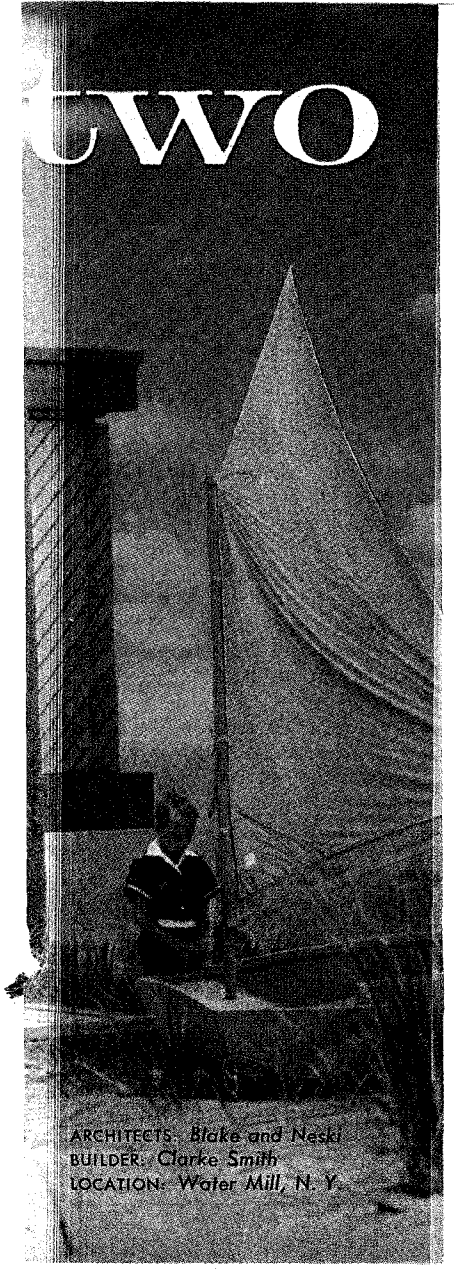

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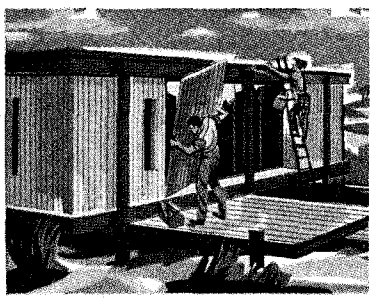

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need a working platform fixed to the side on the *Queen*.

Little volunteered to carry out the hard-hat diving, and set off to scrounge some gear. Returning to my home, I built the diving platform. It was an unusual device, of which I was quite proud. Attached to a cranelike track mounted on the side of the ship alongside the engine-room holes, it could be raised and lowered electrically like an elevator.

Little, perhaps providentially, failed to obtain a hard-hat diving rig. We then contacted a professional diving company, Crofton and Morris, in Norfolk, and inquired about hiring a seasoned hand. Duke Morris, one of the partners, said he was available. His wages—$115 a day including deep-sea gear and a tender, actually modest in the diving trade—seemed near-astronomical to us. However, an experienced salvage diver was clearly a must, no matter what the cost. Duke Morris and a tender, John Woodrow Crisp, escorted by partner Paul Brady, went aboard the *Queen* in the latter part of June.

With this expensive meter ticking we pushed ahead with all possible speed. Duke Morris donned his cumbersome gear, climbed on the elevator—which had two speeds—and descended into the water. After he had inspected the holes for the first time, Morris reported to me by telephone, "Let's go home." I retorted, "No matter how bad it is, we're going to repair it. You want to stick with us?" Morris had nothing to lose. He was paid his day rate whether the project resulted in success or failure. He agreed to stay.

Duke Morris' estimates of the damage differed considerably from those of Simmons, so I ordered both divers to recheck the holes. An error at this stage could later cause untold anguish, and possibly defeat of the entire operation. Morris and Simmons measured and remeasured. I had never dived, but I put on the rubber suit and mask and went below for a personal survey. When all the figures had been compared and correlated, to be certain I added one foot to all dimensions.

Satisfied, at last, with the survey, I laid out my carefully thought-out plan to close off the gaping holes. It would consist, basically, of a single huge patch, made of enormous sheets of three-eighths-inch steel plate, sufficient to cover the entire damaged area. The plates would be lapped, welded and reinforced with ponderous I beams. Then a harness of heavy cables would be threaded through the ship's hull and the patch. The cables would be arranged to draw the patch against the side of the hull, after it had been lowered in place. Firmly held by the cables, the patch would then be fastened to the hull with seven-eighths-inch bolts.

The patch, the real secret to the raising of the *Queen*, was at first the subject of much controversy and derision. Sample comments: "It's too heavy." "The I beams are unnecessary." "How can you drill holes through thick steel underwater?" "The cables will snarl." But I held steadfast to my plan. After long weeks on board the *Queen* I had developed a humble respect for the immense power of the sea. Out there a little extra strength goes a long way.

With some misgivings the salvage team launched the assembly of the patch. Little went ashore and bought the plate. The sheets were transported from Ocean City to the *Queen* on the small boats. There they were hoisted onto the deck of the hulk, laid out, measured, lapped and welded. In its final form the patch, which was curved to fit the configuration of the *Queen's* hull and shaped to cover all major holes, weighed about twelve tons. Soon after it was completed a storm battered the ship and mashed the patch as flat as a pancake. Accustomed by then to continuing—or rather, mounting—adversity, we simply rebuilt it.

With the patch assembled at last, we then turned to the considerable problem of making holes for the enormous bolts which would hold the patch to the hull. Laid out on the dry deck of the *Queen*, the patch itself was easy; in less than two hours we drilled 169 one-inch holes along its sides. However, drilling matching holes in the submerged hull and then threading those holes with a tap, in a vertical position, all underwater, presented a much graver challenge. Not the least of the difficulties was the fact that the divers would not be able to exert hard pressure on the big drills and taps. To overcome this difficulty, I built a Rube Goldberg rig, much too complex to explain here, which applied the required pressure with only small exertion on the diver's part.

The five-week salvaging job had dragged into its fifth month by the time the patch was ready to be lowered in place. On the *Queen* the dreary atmosphere gave way to one of excitement and tense expectation. If the patch worked, we now felt we had it made. If it failed, the project was clearly doomed.

The harness of heavy cables was secured to the *Queen's* hull, below the damaged area, threaded through holes in the patch and then cinched down on deck. Separate lifting cables were strung from the patch to one of the ship's booms which had been lengthened. Then the patch—all 24,000 pounds of it—was raised, by power from a hand electric drill, from the deck, swung over the side and lowered gently into the pounding water. There was a brief moment of apprehension when one cable snapped; otherwise the operation proceeded without incident. When the patch was precisely in place, the men put tension on the harness cables, and the patch, which fit perfectly, was drawn snug against the hull. For the first time since her accident the *Queen's* decks echoed with happy, triumphant voices.

Gaiety on the *Queen* was patently an incongruity. It was replaced soon enough by the usual routine: grief, drudgery and crisis. In fact, shortly after this long-sought patch triumph—perhaps even because of it—the smoldering dispute between Little and me reached a climax. As is so often the case in trying circumstances, it was an infinitesimal, inexplicable matter that caused it.

One morning Ocean City boatman Kin Reed, who ran errands for us in return for goodies from the wreck, came on board with a load of supplies. Among these should have been my clean laundry. However, when I asked about it, Reed said, "Sorry. I must have forgotten it. I'll get it on the next trip."

Little came forward and tore open one of the cardboard cartons Reed had placed on the deck. Little cursed and said, "Here's the laundry right here."

I bawled Little out for using salty language and then bent over to inspect the carton. It did, in fact, contain my laundry. Thereupon Little, without warning, landed a haymaker on my face. Stunned, I reeled back with a badly cut

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eye. Before I could retaliate, the other men grabbed us and held our arms.

It was clear then that the *Queen* was too small to hold both of us. The crew fell in solidly behind me. "If Deir goes, we go," they said. Partner Sadler, who by then had a small fortune in the venture, came aboard the *Queen* at that very moment. When Sadler had heard out both sides, he persuaded partner Little to leave the ship. Paul Brady put his appliance business in the hands of his wife and came aboard the *Queen* full time. Sadler, letting his real-estate business go, worked day and night to keep supplies rolling.

We were now well into the hurricane season, but so deeply committed in the project that no force on earth could frighten us. We built a massive wooden breakwater around the equipment. Then, for two agonizing weeks, while one hurricane report followed hard on the next, rough water made diving operations impossible. During the delay we rigged the compressor and air systems which would force the water out of the oil-storage tanks. The preliminary tests followed the usual pattern on the *Queen*—discouraging. Of eleven tanks, only six would hold air. Moreover, there was an alarming imbalance: Of the six only one was on the starboard side.

At last the *Queen* was blessed with calm water, and the divers were able to begin work with the drills. Four men dived: Simmons, Pearley Strait, thirty-one, an experienced crane operator who had joined the project in July, and the two professionals, Duke Morris and his able tender, Woody Crisp, who were still aboard and being paid the $115 a day whether they dived or not. The divers alternated on the deep-sea rig, the diving lungs and a shallow-water "John Brown" outfit, supplied air by a compressor which continuously pumped oil slime and fumes down the hose. My drilling tools worked well enough, but underwater the pace was near-glacial. Every hole drilled, every bolt driven tightly in place with an impact wrench was a monumental achievement. On a good day we were lucky to complete a dozen bolts.

The good days were rare. Down below it was usually trouble and danger. The rough water had cracked the unbolted patch. The divers withheld this demoralizing fact from me and kept on drilling. Next the patch shifted slightly, shearing off a row of bolts representing a week's work. All this, plus the usual hazards of the sea—strong currents and sharks.

One day when Simmons was down alone an enormous man-eating shark nosed alongside and bared its teeth. Simmons yanked an emergency signal on the diving line. Later he said, "I've never been so scared in my life. I kept saying to myself, 'Oh, my God, won't they ever pull me up?' The happiest minute of my life was when I got back on top of the ship. It took me about half a day before I could get up enough nerve to go back down again."

Actually, except for one occasion, the presence of sharks did not significantly delay the project. The exception, like everything else on the *Queen*, was extraordinary. One day, quite suddenly and unaccountably, the waters around the *Queen* were alive with literally thousands of sharks of every size and species. Diving operations were suspended while we stared awe-struck at this phenomenon. The sharks, apparently mating or migrating, thrashed about the *Queen* for three days. Then they disappeared as abruptly as they had appeared.

With only twenty bolts remaining to be put in place on the patch, I turned my mind to tidying up a few last-minute details which were necessary before we could begin raising the ship. One of these, a minor matter at that, was welding a plate over a pipe protruding from the cofferdam, a void space between the after section and the engine compartment. The *Queen* was filled with highly volatile oil fumes. For this reason, welding and smoking had been carefully policed from the beginning. However, the cofferdam was believed to be free of fumes. Thus I set about my task with small concern.

Holding my eyeshield in place, I touched my electric welder to the plate. The bead was but an inch long when a tremendous explosion shook the *Queen*. The plate was hurled high onto an upper deck; I was thrown against a bulkhead. As I fell to the deck, blood matted my hair and trickled down my face. My arm, burned raw, brushed against the bulkhead, which, like all bulkheads on the *Queen*, was covered with a film of oil. The pain was unimaginable—like pouring iodine into an open wound. Half-crazed by the pain, I rushed to the tank deck to thrust my arm into cold sea water. I had forgotten that it was low tide; the deck was dry.

The men on the *Queen* hailed a passing boat, which sped me to Ocean City, where a doctor, alerted by radio, was waiting. From the dock I was hurried to a hospital in Salisbury, Maryland. After a bath in ether, my arm was treated for second-degree burns. Fourteen stitches were required to close my head wounds. One week in that antiseptic environment was enough. Although my arm was far from healed, I rushed back aboard the grimy *Queen*. There I found we had only two bolts to go.

Children who take after their parents ought to be made to go back home.

HOMER PHILLIPS

Now, finally on the verge of success, we received the dreadful news that a new hurricane—Gracie—was making up in the southern latitudes. Preliminary reports indicated a strong possibility that Gracie, or her skirts, might strike the *Queen*. Should we wait and weather it or proceed with the raising? Either way it was an enormous gamble of lifetime savings and six months of work. The seemingly indefatigable crew voted to proceed. From then on the salvage operation turned into a sleepless, nerve-binding race against time.

There was only one major job left to do before raising the ship: test the engine room to see if it was watertight, or nearly so. Twenty-two electric pumps were lowered into the patched compartment. While the pumps sucked at an enormous rate, we hung over the hatch coaming, watching the water level with an anxiety that cannot be translated into words. At last it began to inch down. The compartment was tight!

If crisis had dogged us in the past, it was nothing compared to what happened then: Nine of the precious pumps burned out. Nearly frantic from worry and lack of sleep, partner Brady, who had done the work of three people since he came on board, rushed ashore. A day and a half later he was back on board with fifteen additional expensive pumps, a feat I considered a near-miracle. Partner Belden Little, who had been apprised of progress on the *Queen* through other sources, came back on board. Stony-faced and silent, he joined the race.

On Sunday, September twentieth, six months and five days after Little and I

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first boarded the *Queen*, the climactic struggle began. It was delicate in the extreme. The thin engine-room patch was not designed to withstand strong outside sea pressure. Thus the water inside the compartment could not be lowered below patch level until the ship itself had been raised considerably by forcing thousands of tons of water out of the bottoms of the six major oil-storage tanks. Cautiously—lest the ship crack under the strain imposed by the tremendous load of water she still carried—air was fed into the top of the oil tanks. Slowly the stern of the broken *Queen* began to rise.

By 0600 Monday the ship was up far enough to allow full-scale pumping in the engine room. The new pumps were lowered and touched off. The water level dropped rapidly. Gradually, for the first time in nine months, the decks of the *Queen* began to level. Keeping pace, we continually realigned the huge generator and air compressors which had been adjusted to the *Queen's* list. Three hours later, at 0910, the impossible had been achieved. The *Queen* was afloat! Hoarse cheers echoed through the rusty hulk.

The *Queen*, stern riding high, turned and pointed due east, moving with the current. We deliberately let her drift until she cleared the mass of metal which had accumulated by her bottom on the shoal. Then we tossed over the side a $500 anchor we had purchased weeks before specifically for this purpose. While pumps, generators and air compressors whirred, keeping the *Queen* afloat and in precarious balance, we proudly awaited Coast Guard inspectors and a tow tug from Norfolk. For once fortune blessed the *Queen*: hurricane Gracie stalled off the coast of Florida.

Even so, the next three days were a sleepless nightmare for all of us. On Tuesday heavy seas arose and pushed the *Queen* up and down like a titanic rocking horse. She very nearly capsized before we finally arrested her motion by desperately shifting air from tank to tank. On Wednesday the Coast Guard arrived. Fearful that the *Queen* might sink at any second and block the heavily traveled coastal sea lanes, they refused to allow her to be towed into port until the safety margin was greater. We manned the pumps, working without rest. Hurricane Gracie, meanwhile, began moving north.

Finally, on Thursday, after we vowed that we would keep pumping all the way to port, the Coast Guard gave the green light. Dazed from fatigue, we made final preparations. The massive rudder, jammed at full left, was rammed into neutral with two twelve-ton hydraulic jacks, a saga in itself. The propeller was shackled fast to prevent it from turning and ripping the turbine machinery. A special nylon towline, flown from New York, was strung from the *Queen's* stern to the tug. Then, without a second's thought, we chopped loose the *Queen's* $500 anchor, which had fouled on the bottom.

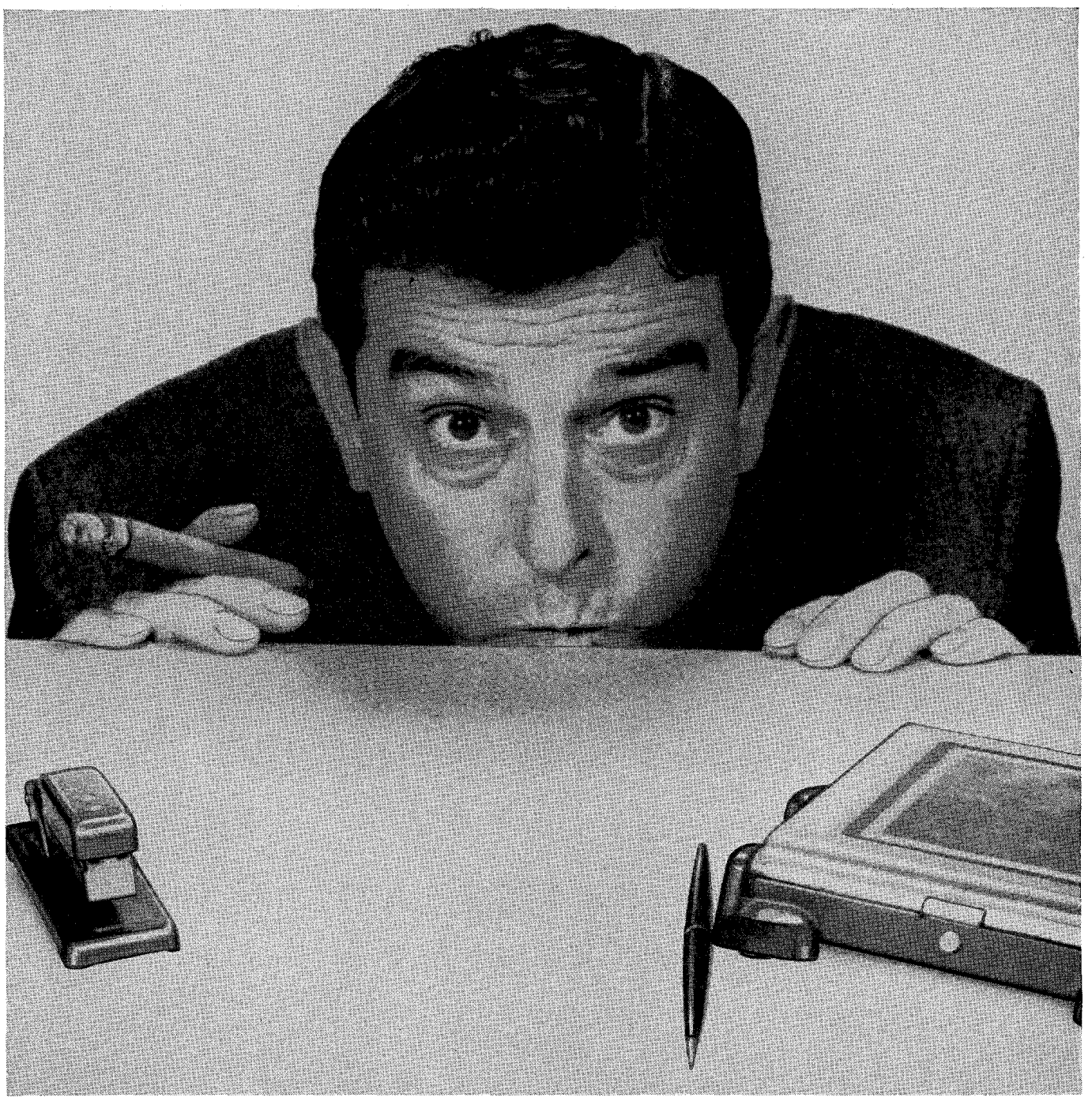
At 1610 on September twenty-fourth the *Queen* got under way in tow, stern first, making about two knots. An American flag was flown at one yard; two five-gallon cans, signifying "ship out of control," at the other. The Coast Guard cutter *Marion*, ready to rescue the *Queen's* crew should the hulk sink, steamed in escort. On the 103-mile run to Norfolk, the seas were unusually calm; a mild wind kept the *Queen* cocked slightly against her towline. Although no one slept, we made good my promise to the Coast Guard. En route, the pumps brought the *Queen* up another three feet. When she entered Hampton Roads forty-four hours later, her draft was only twenty-two feet. Gracie was still far to the south.

A swarm of tugs, Coast Guard vessels and small boats closed in to cheer the *Queen* on her course. But all of us, filthy, bearded and without sleep for five days and nights, were too numb to care. At 0140 on Sunday, nearly a week from the day she began to rise, the *Queen* was warped into a berth at the Norfolk Shipbuilding and Drydock Corporation. Our wives burst through police lines, ran on the dock and, oblivious to the grime and dirt, wildly embraced us in the glow of newsreel lights. Sailors on nearby vessels stared unbelievingly at the hulk. Belden Little, grim and silent, walked off the gay dock and disappeared into the darkness of the yard.

In a dry dock a couple of days later, all the partners, who together had invested considerably more than $100,000 in the *Queen*, surveyed the prize. We found only "minor" damage to the bottom of the hull. Before this could be safely repaired, we had first to clean the ship of any oil fumes. After that we would scrape the barnacles from her decks, clean and preserve her machinery and offer the ship for sale. The *Queen* can be had for $2,500,000—but we might take less. If there are no buyers, I am certain that she will bring a minimum of $1,000,000, sold piecemeal for scrap.

The life of a salvager, I found, is full of hardship and surprises. No one could deny that on the *Queen* we had had our full share. But there was one more surprise to come—a stunning blow from United States Government customs officials. They informed us that, since the *Queen* was a foreign import, if she were sold as scrap, we would have to pay duty.

THE END



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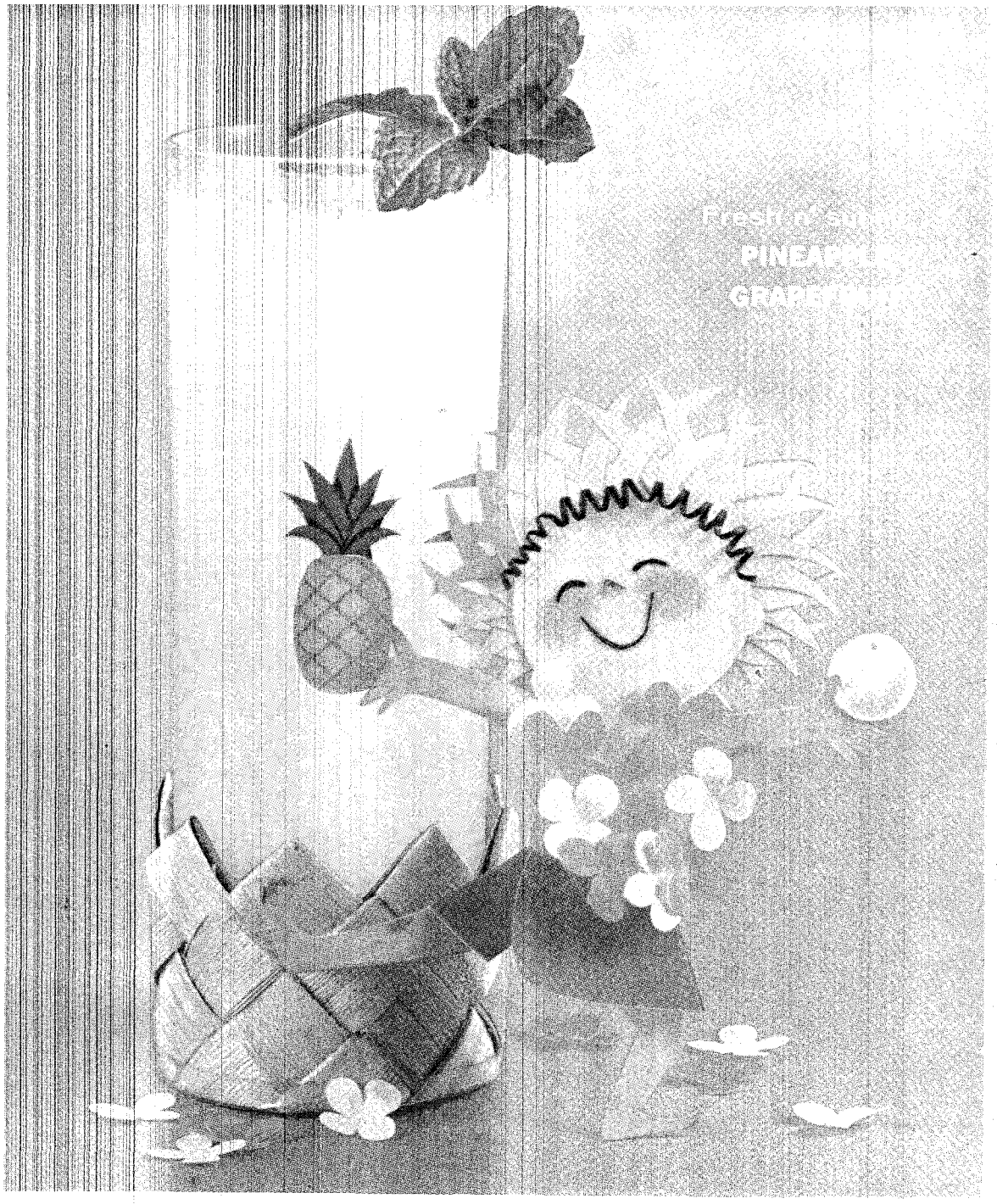

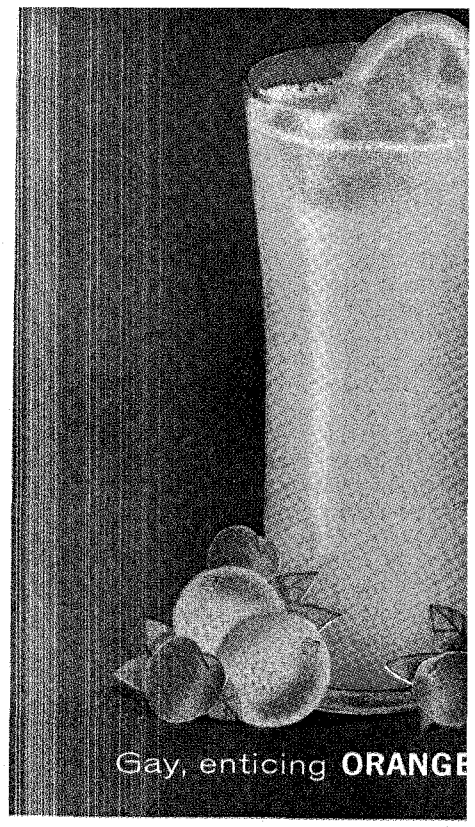

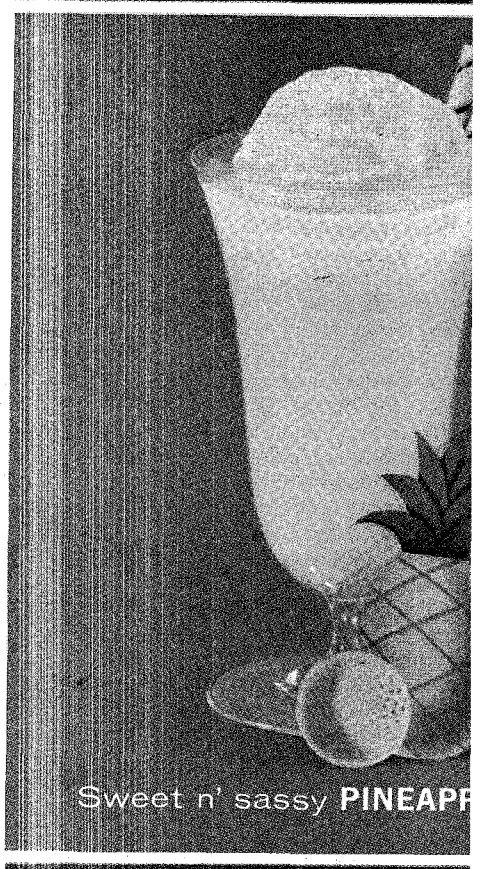

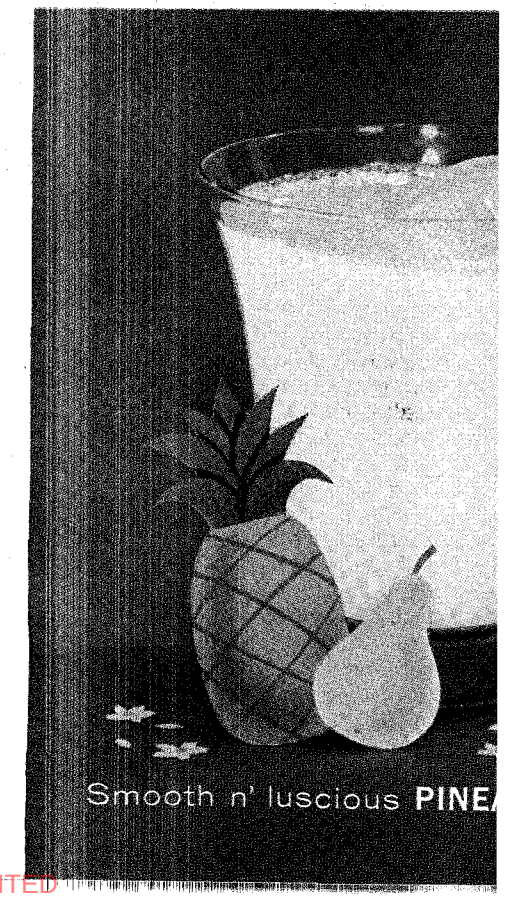

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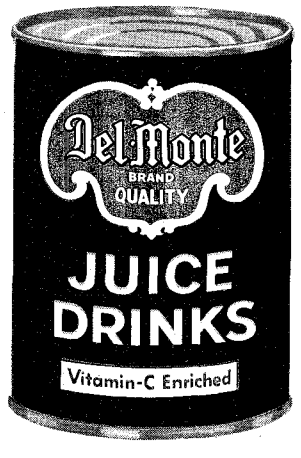

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A Primer for Chumps (Continued from Page 31)

The incident confirmed my melancholy opinion of gamblers, based on twenty years of research in connection with my work in statistics at the University of Wisconsin's School of Commerce. People who bet with bookies, or in legal deadfalls such as race tracks, and casinos in Nevada, are chumps because they are ignorant of the insuperable odds against them.

Although the computations for working out odds are often intricate, the basic principles can be grasped by laymen. The formula for the birthday game reads like this:

$$\frac{365}{365} \times \frac{364}{365} \times \frac{363}{365} \times \frac{362}{365}$$

and so on, according to the number of players. The top number of the fraction (dividend) decreases by one for each player added to the game. The bottom number (divisor), representing the days in the year, remains constant. Now then: when two numbers less than one are multiplied, the product always is less than either of the numbers. For example: 1 x .9 = .9; .9 x .8 = .72; .72 x .7 = .504. As the probabilities of different birthdays decrease with more players added to the game, the likelihood of hitting the same birthday in the group obviously increases. Expressed mathematically, the odds are exactly even when the product of a series of multiplications is .500. And .500 lies between twenty-two and twenty-three steps in the birthday formula.

The birthday gambit is a typical example of betters' gullibility. Fourteen men trained in scientific techniques and familiar with the laws of probability fell for a variation of an ancient come-on. It is not surprising that the public squanders an estimated $20,000,000,000 annually on hopeless gambling propositions.

No one who bets regularly on horses or other sports with bookies, or bucks the house percentage in craps, roulette and slot machines, has the slightest chance of winning in the long run. The longer he plays, the more staggering are the odds against him. This statement does not apply to card games involving skill and psychological factors. I am discussing only games of chance where the odds are fixed before the action begins—though it might be clearer to say the odds are stacked against the player; he is up against percentages which make it impossible for him to win.

Before I am deluged with sure-fire winning "systems," let me point out that I have studied most schemes ever concocted, and I never have seen one that gave the player a remote chance to break even in an honest game, much less show a profit. I have read some 500 books rehashing fanciful stories of spectacular killings in gambling houses and, with rare exceptions, I do not believe they represented more than temporary conditions.

I have seen documented proof of consistent winnings over an extended period only twice. One came from a student, and it is significant that he didn't know what he was doing. He simply was fortunate in running across bigger chumps than he was. This student had been an enlisted man in the Army. He returned to college after World War II and told me he had won $20,000 in crap games overseas. To rout my skepticism he produced bankbooks and receipts for money sent home while he was serving in Europe.

When I asked how he had amassed the nest egg, he said he had simply hung around the fringes of crap games and bet five dollars at even money that the shooter would not make his point whenever it was 6 or 8. He never handled the dice himself. His action was confined to betting against 6's and 8's. Why? Well, a buddy had told him it was a good deal, and after winning for a while he stuck to the system.

My rich scholar didn't know why he had won until I gave him a lesson in simple arithmetic. There are five possible ways to make a 6 (1–5, 2–4, 3–3, 4–2, 5–1) or an 8 (2–6, 3–5, 4–4, 5–3, 6–2). But there are six combinations for making a 7 (1–6, 2–5, 3–4, 4–3, 5–2, 6–1). Therefore, it is a 6-to-5 bet that the shooter will throw a 7 and crap out before he hits a 6 or an 8. The chumps who took even money were giving this student a margin of 9.1 per cent on every five-dollar bet. He had the same edge that has enriched gambling houses.

The glamour of Monte Carlo has inspired many romantic yarns of fortunes won at roulette, but only one stands up under rigorous investigation. In 1883 Edward Jaggers, an English engineer, hired a staff of clerks to keep a record of winning numbers at all the tables in the casino, until he found a wheel with a mechanical defect that tended to cast the ball into a particular section of slots. Jaggers concentrated on those numbers and won £60,000 in a few weeks. The management, becoming suspicious, moved the wheel to another table; but Jaggers' men soon spotted it, and he boosted his profits to £70,000, the equivalent of about $350,000. The house then introduced new wheels with interchangeable parts, and Jaggers had the good sense to go home and deposit his loot in the bank.

In 1891 Charley Wells, another Britisher, achieved world-wide notoriety as the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Wells won £40,000 at roulette in July, and £10,000 more in November. Most historians neglect to add that Wells lost practically all his winnings two months later, was sentenced to eight years in prison in 1893 for obtaining £29,800 on phony inventions, was convicted for fraud again in 1906, and died penniless in 1926 at the age of eighty-five.

Gambling houses love to report big winnings by customers; the publicity stimulates business. It is a matter of record that Monte Carlo enjoyed an extraordinarily profitable year in 1891, when Charley Wells made the headlines. In 1947 two University of Chicago students, Albert Hibbs and Roy Walford, were reputed to have won between $7000 and $18,000 playing roulette in Reno. I have been told that the newspaper stories brought a sharp increase in tourists, lasting eight months. Several years later a crap shooter made twenty-seven successive passes at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. The dice now are enshrined in the lobby of the hotel and draw thousands of reverent votaries, heartened by the thought that the age of miracles has not yet passed.

When a jack pot is hit on a slot machine in a Nevada saloon, attention is directed to the feat by loud-speakers, and a pretty girl delivers to the fortunate player a bonus of 100 coins—140 for a dollar jack pot—to the accompaniment of a loud fanfare. During peak hours it seems this scene is enacted every minute or two. Small wonder: the big houses have from 200 to 700 machines, and each one can be played on the average twelve times a minute. Of course, the chumps don't stop to figure that one jack pot in some thousands of plays a minute is a murderous percentage against them. They are too busy feeding coins to the one-armed bandits.

Although it is a trivial distinction, I am something of an authority on slot-machine payoffs. I have analyzed more than 200,000 plays on two machines given to me for scientific research by our county sheriff, Ace Fischer, who seized them in a raid on a country club in 1940. The machines are in my office at the University of Wisconsin, where I have been giving courses in statistics and business ethics since 1926. That's a strange parlay, but I like to think that statistics keep my feet on the ground and ethics my head in the clouds.

When I got the machines Wisconsin ranked immediately behind Nevada with the largest number of these licensed booby traps. Wisconsin banned them in 1948, and I'm happy to say I helped the campaign by writing an editorial exposing these contraptions. My interest in gambling was aroused during World War II, when ex-G.I.'s returned to school and told me they had lost heavily in crap games. Experts assigned by the armed forces to spot cheats assured me that virtually all the games were on the level. Smart boys cleaned up on sucker bets. Since then I have been trying to alert students and civic groups to the misleading odds given by professional gamblers, but I haven't made much headway. Thirty million Americans who bet regularly seem determined to remain chumps.

I have no strong feelings about the morality of gambling. I am opposed to organized betting, whether it is run by the state or by bookies, for two reasons: (1) I dislike seeing anyone take advantage of chumps; (2) most of the take on the $20,000,000,000 wagered annually winds up in the hands of racketeers who use the illicit income to corrupt police and public officials. And I can't help reflecting that this sum of $20,000,000,000 is more than the United States will spend on education in 1959.

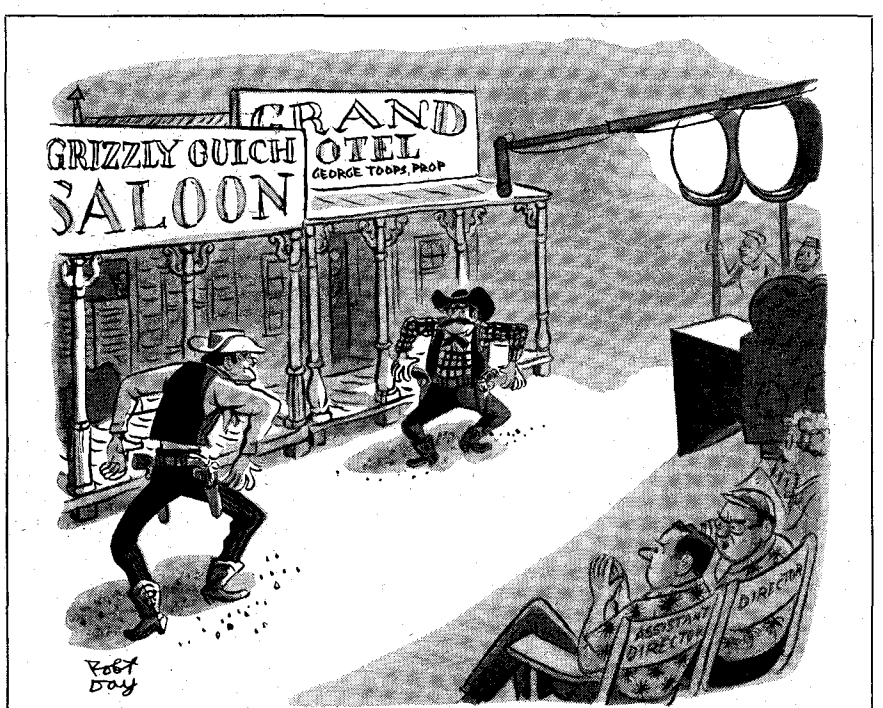
People who know I never have bet on a horse, shot dice, put a nickel in a slot machine or played anything but an occasional game of penny-ante poker are amused to learn that I studied gambling as an academic pursuit. The explanation is simple. Betting odds have interested mathematicians for 350 years. In fact, a gambling problem led the great Galileo to the first experiment with permutations and combinations in the seventeenth century. As a result, Galileo formulated the first statements of the theory of probability, the basis of the statistical principles which govern today such vital services as insurance rates, long-range weather predictions and census projections.

An Italian nobleman had asked Galileo why the numbers on three dice added up to ten oftener than nine, an even bet in seventeenth-century gambling dens. Galileo demonstrated that there are 216 combinations for three dice, with twenty-seven chances for ten, against twenty-five chances for nine. Several years later Pascal, the famous French philosopher and scientist, was confronted with a similar poser by the Chevalier de Méré, who had been winning steadily by betting he could throw a six at least once in four casts with a single die. He reasoned, by extension, that he could hit a double six once in twenty-four throws with two dice, but it hadn't worked out too well. The chevalier was remarkably close to the true odds, playing them off the cuff. Pascal showed he had an edge of 3.6 per cent with one die, but 24.6 throws were needed with two dice to stand an even chance of making double six. The chevalier presumably demanded one more throw on the proposition and cleaned up.

Another high-born sharpie was Lord Yarborough, who gave all comers 1000-to-1 that a whist hand would contain at least one card higher than a 9-spot. Since no sporting gentleman would refuse to risk a quid at such juicy odds, his lordship got plenty of action. He should have given 1828-to-1. It pains me as a teacher to confess that our educational system has effected no reduction in the number of suckers. But Americans are not unique in this respect. The per-capita incidence of betting in England is the highest in the world; a major source of revenue to the Swedish Government is a football pool which returns only half the proceeds to the participants, and the sale of lottery tickets is a booming business in Italy, Mexico and Cuba.

Inveterate gamblers must go broke because most of them start from a false premise. They go through life with implicit faith in what is known as the law of averages, which they misinterpret. Most people believe that luck tends to even up in the long run. If you are losing, they say sit tight until the tide turns in your favor. If you are winning, you'd better quit before the percentages catch up with you.

Nonsense. The "law" says you are equally likely to get into a better or a worse position whether you are winning or losing. The most definite axiom it propounds is that the natural probabilities



"This is their last chance. If they get the giggles this time, they're through."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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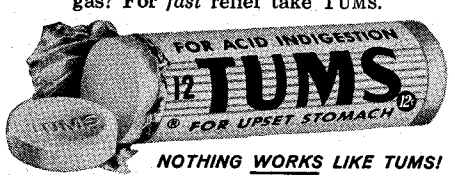

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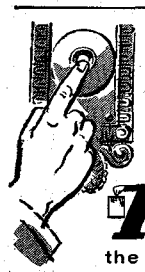

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must prevail. If you start with the odds against you, you must lose in the long run.

What are your chances of winning in a given game? The question cannot be answered until it is known how many times you intend to play. That is the definitive factor, and it should be spelled out in neon lights. The table below illustrates how a player's chances worsen the longer he opposes fixed odds in crap shooting, roulette and horse racing.

The house's edge in craps is only 1.41 per cent when the shooter bets on his own pass. (The odds on points are completely out of line.) In American roulette, where there are two zeros on the wheel, the house edge is 5.26 per cent for even-money bets on red-or-black and odd-or-even numbers. European wheels with one zero give the house an advantage of 1.35 per cent, but casinos in Reno and Las Vegas prefer a fatter margin. In pari-mutuel racing, the state and track deduct from 12 to 18 per cent before the payoff prices are posted. My figures are for a 16 per cent "take."

Following are a player's chances of finishing a winner at the end of a series of bets, assuming he puts up the same amount each time:

NO. OF BETS	CRAPS (To Pass)	ROULETTE (Even Bets)	RACING (16% Take)
1	.493	.473	.420
10	.359	.314	.201
50	.388	.311	.099
100	.381	.272	.043
500	.359	.110	.000

The figures apply whether the bets are made in one sitting or in a player's lifetime. Horse racing, which offers the worst odds, is the chief gambling activity in America. In 1958 the pari-mutuel handle exceeded $3,000,000,000, and people who should know tell me four times as much was bet with bookies; yet steady players have only one chance in twenty-five of making a profit after 100 bets. In the numbers racket prevalent in all big cities, the payoff for picking three digits between 000 and 999 is 600-to-1. The true odds, of course, are 999-to-1. In sporting events bookies rig the odds so they cannot lose regardless of the outcome. Football pools are the worst swindles of all. The syndicates have an edge ranging from 53 to 92 per cent.

It is difficult for laymen to grasp the principle governing a series of bets at adverse odds, because it is an abstraction involving infinity. People lose the ability to discriminate when they are confronted by vast numbers. They have no concept of what 1,000,000 really means. Maybe I can dramatize the difficulty by pointing out that 1,000,000 days since the birth of Christ will not have been recorded until A.D. 2738. We pay taxes to support a Federal budget running into billions of dollars, but how much is 1,000,000,000? Using the same analogy, only a little more than 1,000,000,000 minutes have passed since Christ was born.

It is hardly necessary to consider such extremes to expose a common fallacy. Betters who take fliers on 100-to-1 shots insist "you got to like any bet at that price." Rubbish! Odds have no meaning unless they are associated with the risk involved. Assume the worst marksman in an infantry regiment can hit a man-sized target only once in 100 tries at 100 yards. Would you bet him $100 to $1 he can't hit you with one shot?

One of the most futile pastimes of gamblers is dreaming up betting systems for circumventing the odds. The commonest device is the martingale, in which bets are doubled progressively. It dates back to the sixteenth century, but every year, regularly, some student "invents" the martingale system.

"Look!" he cries rapturously. "I bet a buck at even money and double up until I cash in. How can I miss? I must win eventually, no?"

No! He cannot assume that he will escape a bad run that can wipe him out. It is more likely he will reach the end of his bankroll—or the house limit that knocks out the possibility of placing one more bet. In Nevada the craps limit is $500 on the line and $1000 on numbers. This means that a man starting with a dollar can double on the line seven times, or on a number eight times. And with eight successive doubles he will be risking $512 to win one measly dollar. The limit in roulette is low too: twenty-five dollars for a number played on the nose, $250 for combinations of numbers and $500 for even-money bets.

If a man opens with one dollar in the martingale system, what are his chances of remaining solvent? Let's look at four games suitable for the martingale bait: tossing coins, betting on the line in craps, even bets in American roulette, and backing horses to win. It is an even proposition that a better with the indicated capital will not survive beyond the following number of plays:

BANKROLL:	$31	$63	$127
	NUMBER OF PLAYS		
Tossing coins	26	49	94
Craps	24	45	86
Roulette	21	37	68
Racing	14	23	37

Naïve adherents of the martingale system err by assuming that even bets follow a pattern of regular fluctuation. So-called rare occurrences are not as unusual as most people believe. If 1000 players each toss a coin ten times, it is a predictable cinch that one man will flip ten straight heads and another ten straight tails. Yet the odds remain exactly even that a head or a tail will appear on their next toss. Coins, dice and roulette wheels have no memory and no mercy. They are not influenced by any force other than the laws of probability.

Gamblers were thunderstruck when twenty-eight consecutive even numbers turned up on a roulette wheel at Monte Carlo in 1931. It can be calculated that this sequence should occur about once in 190,000,000 spins. Just for fun I computed the annual average of plays at Monte Carlo and estimated that twenty-eight consecutive even bets should be won about once in 100 years. Since the casino was opened in 1863, the run came in the sixty-eighth year of operation. The event was not so remarkable, after all.

In 1944 a big splash was made in the newspapers by Martin Shurin Jr., an aircraft executive, who accused George Raft, the movie actor, of winning $18,500 from him in a crooked crap game. The fact that Raft had borrowed the New York apartment of Leo Durocher, then the manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, for the game gave an added fillip to the story. The basis of Shurin's charge, which he later dropped, was that Raft had made thirteen consecutive passes. He implied, of course, that Raft must have used loaded dice on his long roll. My computing machine reveals that thirteen straight passes should come up about once in 10,000 games. If there are 10,000 crap games in the United States tonight—and who will suggest there are fewer?—someone will likely make a similar killing.

Any system designed to reduce the hazards of pure chance has no more effect on a gambler's prospects than the body English a bowler puts on his shots. I've never seen a system worth the pencil used to work out the calculations. Horse players, of course, are the most ardent devotees of systems. When I see a "student" of form poring over a dope sheet, I recall a remark made by the late Col. Edward R. Bradley, who bred four Kentucky Derby winners. "There are fifty-four different ways the best horse in a race can lose honestly," Bradley said.

The most popular system at race tracks since the invention of tip sheets is playing the favorite to win. Over the years about 35 per cent of the horses that look best on paper have been finishing first in Thoroughbred races. It would appear that a shade better than one winner in every three races should bring a tidy profit if the favorites pay off at average odds of 2-to-1, certainly a modest figure. They seldom pay that well, though. The state's and track's "take" cuts deeper and deeper into a better's profits as the favorites get stronger backing from the public.

During the first three weeks of the Belmont Park meeting which began on May 11, 1959, sixty favorites won in 162 races, a nice average of 37 per cent. Belmont's prestige and (*Continued on Page 142*)

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO GET STARTED EARLY...

BUT TIME'S A-WASTIN'!
ORDER YOUR
SATURDAY EVENING POST
GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS
NOW AND YOU CAN RELAX
THROUGH THE COMING WEEKS
WHILE THE LATE STARTERS
ARE SCURRYING AROUND.

The POST is a perfect Christmas gift for everyone who enjoys good reading . . . and it reminds folks of your thoughtfulness every week, right through the year. Save money by ordering more than one gift at a time—two or more 1-year POST gifts cost only $5 each. There's no need to pay now—we'll gladly bill you in January. And at Christmas we'll send a beautiful gift card, hand-signed in your name. Use the handy blank bound in this issue to order your POST Christmas gifts today!

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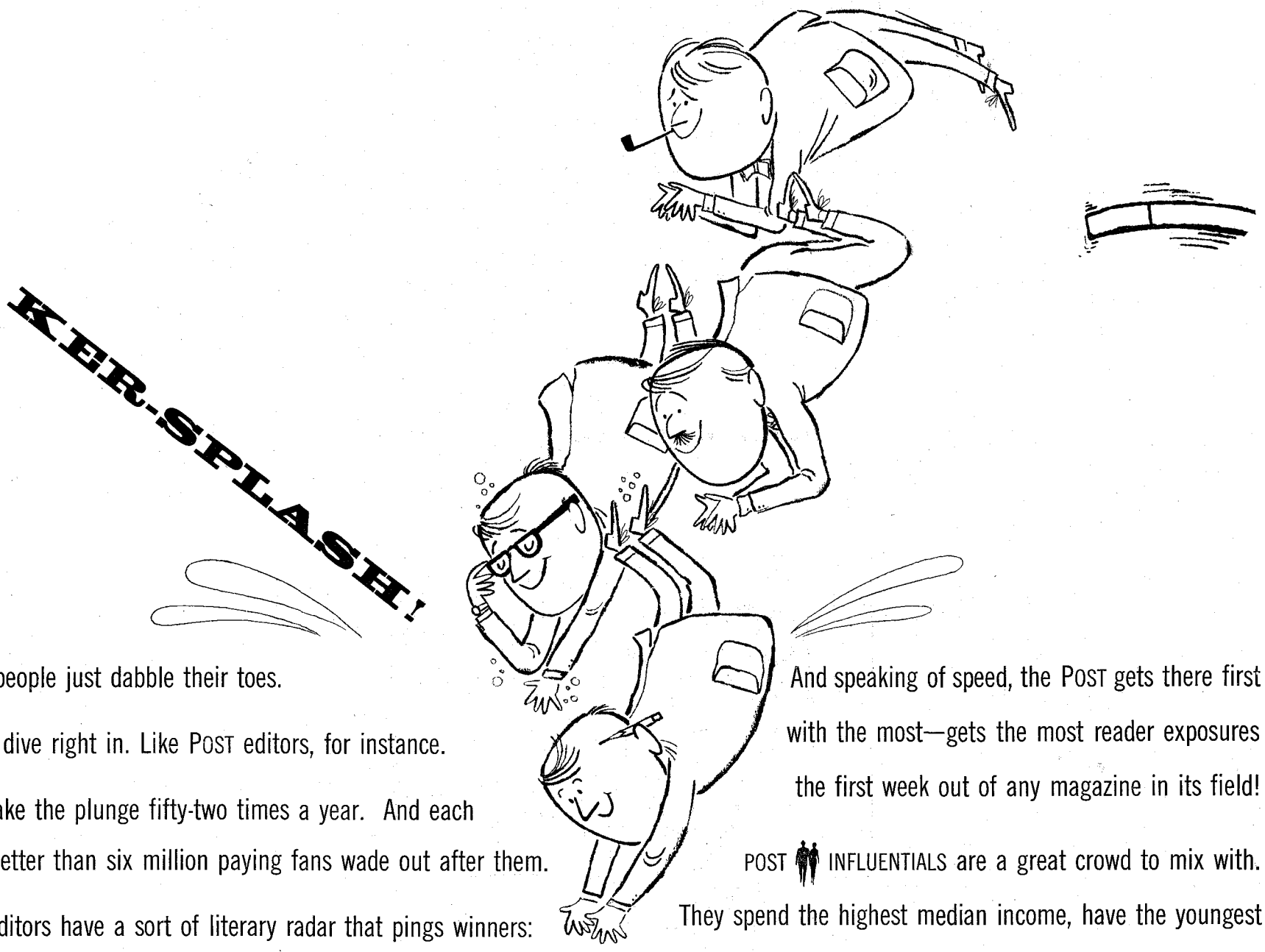


Some people just dabble their toes.

Others dive right in. Like POST editors, for instance.

They take the plunge fifty-two times a year. And each week better than six million paying fans wade out after them.

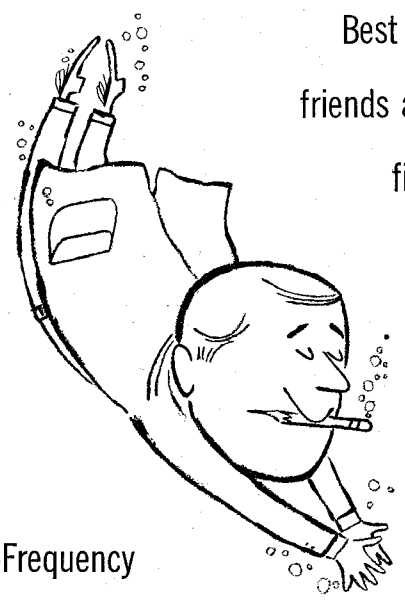
POST editors have a sort of literary radar that pings winners: Faulkner, Saroyan, Lindbergh, and Short—Cozzens and Guthrie, Nathan, "Out" Smith—O'Faolain, Bradbury, Thurber, and Kersh.

Storybook names.

And articles to quote from.

Quickened with wit, banter, and yaks.

Here's where readers can really get to know advertisers—get to meet them face to face **more than** 29 million times each issue. This Hi-Frequency **Ad Page Ex**posure gets your advertisement fast action everywhere.



And speaking of speed, the POST gets there first with the most—gets the most reader exposures the first week out of any magazine in its field!

POST INFLUENTIALS are a great crowd to mix with. They spend the highest median income, have the youngest median age of any group of readers in the general weekly field.

Best of all, the POST figures high in their conversations with friends and associates on every level. POST INFLUENTIALS are first to buy and try the new, first to pass on and recommend the things they've picked up through the POST.

In short, that's why they're POST INFLUENTIALS.

They have helped the POST build more famous-name brands than any other medium in America.

The Saturday Evening Post can be your springboard.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening **POST**

the HI-FREQUENCY medium

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(*Continued from Page 140*) rich purses attract larger fields than most tracks, thereby spreading the betting and producing longer odds on winners. The average price paid by winning favorites was $4.79, including the better's ante of two dollars. This breaks down to $1.40 for one dollar—under optimum conditions. With sixty favorites returning a total of $287.20, a two-dollar bet on the No. 1 choice in 162 races would have resulted in a net loss of $36.80.

Trying to get off the hook, many players bet the favorite to place—finish second—a scheme that seems to promise steadier, if smaller, returns. But it doesn't work. According to Dan Parker, sports editor of the New York *Mirror*, 55 per cent of the horses come in, but average only $3.50. At that rate the better loses $7.50 on 100 races. Playing the favorite to capture third-place show money is slow suicide. The better will cash 70 per cent of his tickets at an average payoff of $2.80. In 100 races he will lose four dollars, plus the cost of admission to the track, transportation, and aspirin for sweating out photo finishes. Betting the second choice to win is another lost cause. Twenty per cent of the horses win and average $8.50. The player must collect ten dollars to break even.

It is impossible to win on the horses over an extended period, because the state and the track skim so much off the betting pool. Nearly every player thinks a 17 per cent take, which is common in most large states, is the only handicap he must overcome. That is true if he bets on only one race. When he and the entire crowd rebet winnings through the parimutuel machines, the take is closer to 60 per cent for eight races. In a daily handle of $2,000,000, the public actually puts up only about 30 per cent of the total, because winnings are reinvested constantly. The following table illustrates the bite of a 17 per cent take in eight races:

RACE	TOTAL BETS	NEW MONEY
1	$200,000	$200,000
2	260,000	94,000
3	240,000	24,200
4	300,000	100,800
5	250,000	1,000
6	235,000	27,500
7	225,000	29,950
8	290,000	103,250
	$2,000,000	$580,700

RACE	83% TO WINNERS	17% TAKE
1	$166,000	$34,000
2	215,800	44,200
3	199,200	40,800
4	249,000	51,000
5	207,500	42,500
6	195,050	39,950
7	186,750	38,250
8	240,700	49,300
	$1,660,000	$340,000

Summary:

Invested by public:	$580,700
State, track take:	340,000
Returned to public:	240,700

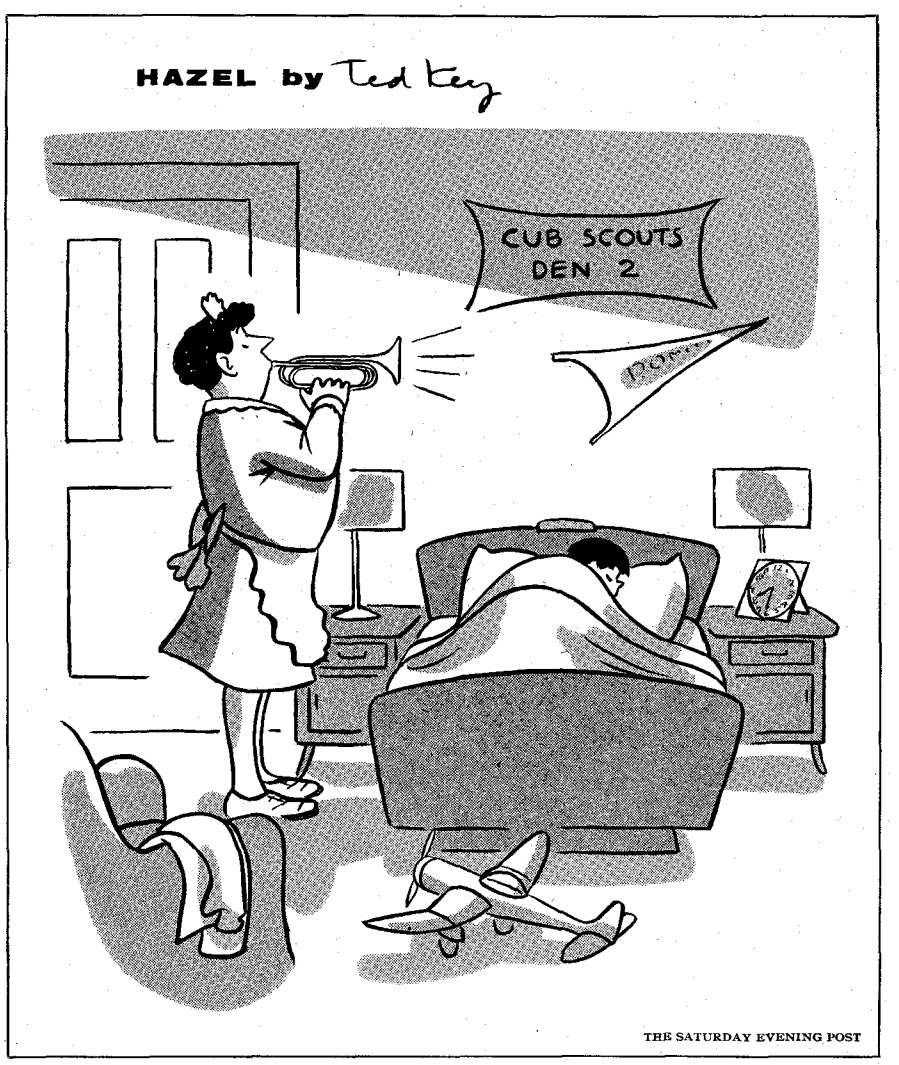
Please note that the public takes home only the money paid off on the last race. In the example above, the players were left with 41.45 per cent of their original stake. Are you still interested in the fourth race at Bankrupt Downs?

The beating a player takes when he bucks fixed odds is demonstrated conclusively by the ten-cent slot machine in my office. It is geared to give a 25 per cent profit to the house, and it has been paying off at that rate with remarkable precision since 1940. In more than 200,000 recorded plays the machine never has deviated from the theoretical expectancy by more than one half of 1 per cent.

My controlled experiments with the one-armed bandit meet the most rigorous scientific standards. Since there are twenty symbols on each of three dials, there are 8000 possible combinations (20x20x20) in a cycle. Students under my supervision have compiled an imposing sample of twenty-five complete cycles. The machine is adjusted so that no coin is needed to give it a whirl. That's why I'm still working for a living.

This is how the dials are set up on the machine:

	I	II	III
Bars	1	3	1
Bells	1	3	3
Plums	5	1	5
Lemons	3	0	4
Oranges	3	6	7
Cherries	7	7	0
	20	20	20



The following chart shows what can be expected in a complete cycle of 8000 plays:

WINNING COMBINATION	PAYOFF IN COINS	PROBABILITIES IN 8000 PLAYS	TOTAL COINS PAID OUT
Bar Bar Bar (Jack pot)	20+65	1x3x1 — 3	255
Bell Bell Bell	18	1x3x3 — 9	162
Bell Bell Bar	18	1x3x1 — 3	54
Plum Plum Plum	14	5x1x5 — 25	350
Plum Plum Bar	14	5x1x1 — 5	70
Orange Orange Orange	10	3x6x7 — 126	1260
Orange Orange Bar	10	3x6x1 — 18	180
Cherry Cherry Lemon	5	7x7x4 — 196	980
Cherry Cherry Bell	5	7x7x3 — 147	735
Cherry Cherry	3	7x7x13— 637	1911
		1169	5957

A total of 5957 coins paid out in 8000 spins gives the house a margin of 25.5 per cent—and the machine delivers it with the consistency of the official clock in the Greenwich Observatory. Since the average payoff is 5.10 coins, it would cost a player $6.83 to "win" $5.10 on my dime machine. This comes to thirty cents a minute or eighteen dollars an hour; on a dollar machine it adds up to $180 an hour. I have seen dozens of women shovel silver dollars into the machines at Reno for more than an hour at a stretch.

For some reason I can't fathom, 80 per cent of the slot-machine players in gambling houses are women. Maybe they consider it unladylike to root for ten the hard way at the crap table. Perhaps roulette and blackjack are too complicated for them. Or it could be that women are peculiarly susceptible to the psychological lure of slot machines. I'm told the three dials clicking to a series of stops build up suspense far more effectively than the simultaneous halting of all dials. A glance at the arrangement of the symbols, given above, reveals the devilish cleverness of the setup. There are three bars on the second dial to raise hopes of a jack pot, but only one bar on the last dial. On the second dial there are no lemons, which ruins a player; but four lemons on the third reel lower the boom on him.

Another sucker game is the business of betting with bookies on contests between two teams or individuals. The bookies accept bets on both sides of the fence, but rig the odds so that they can't lose, regardless of the outcome. Take a typical "line" on a football game between Wisconsin and Illinois:

ODDS OFFERED
6-to-4 on Wisconsin in Madison.
Even money in Urbana.

SYNDICATE BETS
$40 to $60 on Illinois in Madison.
$50 to $60 on Wisconsin in Urbana.

IF WISCONSIN WINS
Lose $40 in Madison. Win $50 in Urbana.
Net Profit: $10.

IF ILLINOIS WINS
Win $60 in Madison. Lose $50 in Urbana.
Net Profit: $10.

The syndicate's book is balanced by equalizing bets in Madison and Urbana—or New York and Los Angeles. If one team is backed too heavily, the syndicate refuses to accept further bets.

The worst gambling gyp is the football-pool racket that flourishes on college campuses. Some idea of the traffic in this swindle was suggested last November when five students, put on probation at the University of Michigan for selling cards on the pools, testified that the syndicate employing them as agents collected $10,000 a week in Ann Arbor alone.

Chumps who enrich these racketeers are required to pick from three to twelve straight winners on a weekly slate of games. A tie counts as a defeat and costs the player his bet. All games on the card are rated even affairs, or are handicapped (Harvard plus 13 points vs. Yale) so that they figure to be tossups. The odds offered for the parlays are outrageous compared with the true odds that should be given. The following analysis of a card recently peddled at Cornell shows how the players were taken to the cleaners:

GAMES BET	ODDS GIVEN	TRUE ODDS VS. WINNING ALL
3	4 for 1	7 to 1
4	8 for 1	15 to 1
5	13 for 1	31 to 1
6	21 for 1	63 to 1
7	37 for 1	127 to 1
8	55 for 1	255 to 1
9	80 for 1	511 to 1
10	150 for 1	1923 to 1
11	200 for 1	2047 to 1
12	300 for 1	4095 to 1

Expressed in percentages, the racketeer's advantage over the football-pool chump amounts to these juicy bites:

GAMES BET	THE SYNDICATE'S EDGE
3	57.2%
4	53.4
5	61.3
6	68.8
7	71.7
8	78.8
9	84.6
10	85.5
11	90.3
12	92.6

Our products of higher education may be pardoned for not knowing much about gambling propositions, but they should be able to recognize the difference between "to" and "for." Those two words tip off a con game. When a bookie offers 3-*for*-1 he really is giving only 2-*to*-1. It seems that students need courses in grammar as well as in simple arithmetic.

From the maze of statistics in my files I can offer only one bit of useful advice to gamblers: quit while you're ahead. Don't ask me how you ever achieve this happy position. The question has stumped keener intellects than mine. I recall when Dr. Edwin Witte, professor of economics at Wisconsin, gave summer courses in Southern California in 1952. One weekend Witte and six colleagues went to the races in Tijuana for a little relaxation. To show the folks back home they were real cut-ups, they decided that at least one dignified professor had to win a bet. It was a cinch. All they had to do was bet on different horses to insure a winner.

The race they selected had eight entries. The seven financial experts placed their bets—and you guessed it. The horse unencumbered by their money won the race.

THE END

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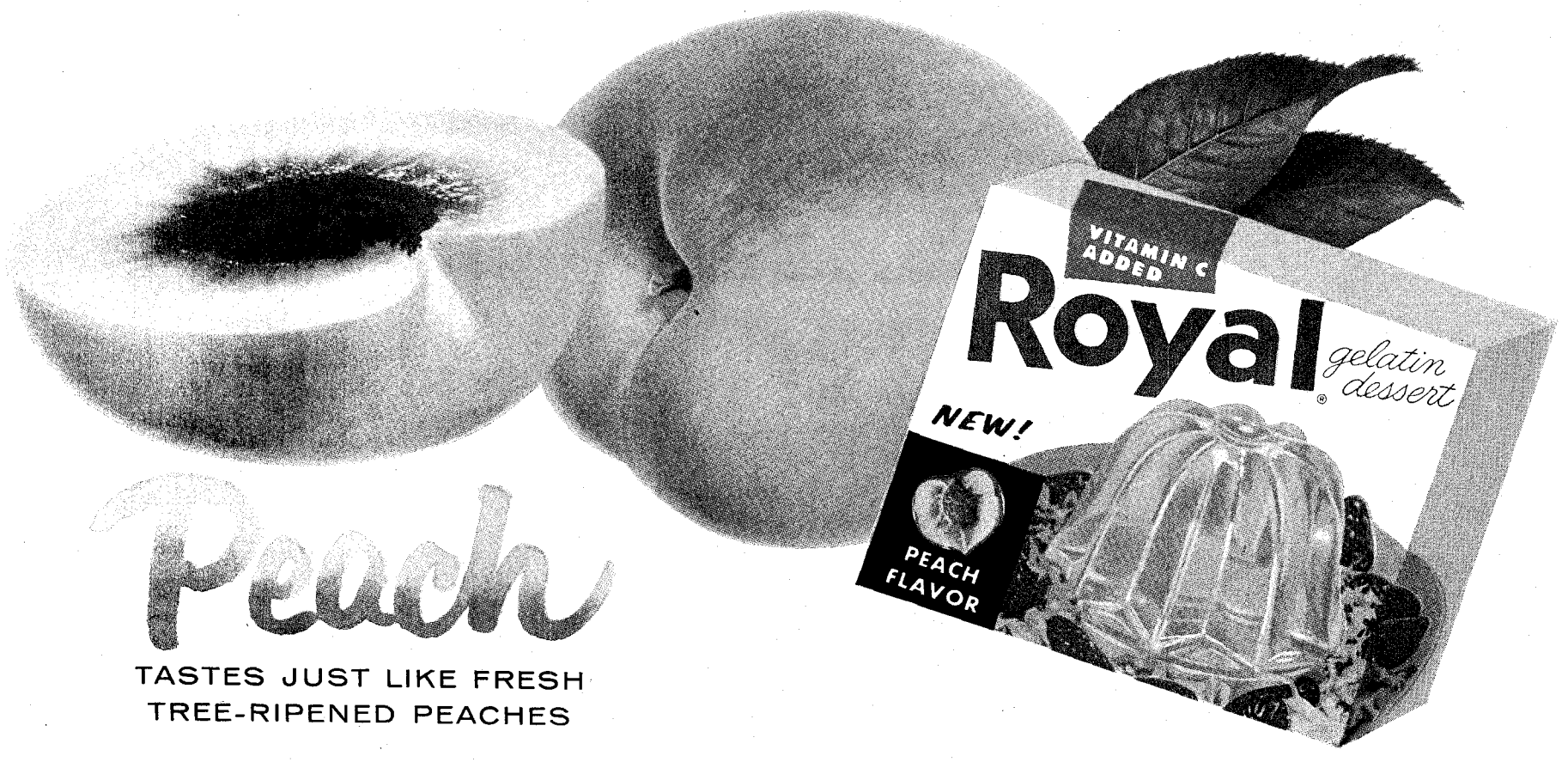
2 New Exciting Royal Flavors*!

Watermelon

YOU HAVE TO TASTE IT TO BELIEVE IT...
THE ONLY THING MISSING IS THE SEEDS



Peach

TASTES JUST LIKE FRESH
TREE-RIPENED PEACHES

They're Exclusive with Royal and only Royal Gelatin gives you "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"-C

Two Fine Products of Standard Brands Inc.

*Natural fresh-fruit flavors enhanced with artificial flavors.

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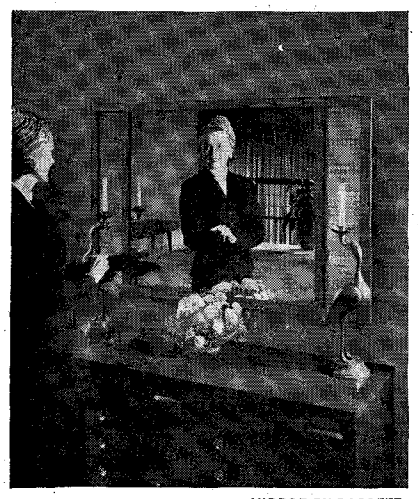
Holiday tips from Garry Moore

Set a festive mood with mirrors. These are party days . . . turkey-dinner-days . . . drop-in-to-say-hello days. You'll want your home to rise to the occasion. Mirrors are a marvelous way to bring a special glow to every room. They can make a small room look larger. Make a holiday feast look twice as tempting. They can pick up a reflection of light from your precious silver and



MIRROR BY BASSETT

send it winking back with warm friendliness. Add a special zest to your home for the holidays—or any other time—with mirrors. And make sure they are High-Fidelity Mirrors, made with Twin-Ground Pittsburgh Plate Glass.

THIS IS A HIGH-FIDELITY® MIRROR OF TWIN-GROUND PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company

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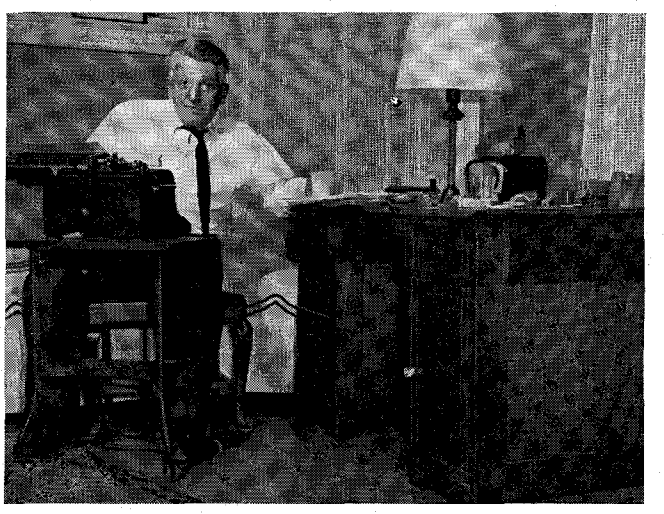
Keeping Posted

Petroleum Nasby's Nephew

Charles O. Locke, whose Western novel opens on page 34, long has lived in the nonwestern town of Boonton, New Jersey, but he comes from Ohio. His novel *The Hell Bent Kid* received the Ohioana Library Association award for the best fiction published by an Ohioan in 1957, was named the best 1957 Western published in England and evolved into the movie *From Hell To Texas.* Locke is naturally proud of the fact that his Uncle Dave—David Ross Locke, editor of the *Toledo Blade*—was the famous political satirist "Petroleum V. Nasby," one of Abraham Lincoln's favorite writers. Uncle Dave had three desks parked at handy spots in the *Blade* building, and his nephew, who was a *Blade* reporter in the '20's, got one of them when the newspaper was sold to Paul Block. That's the desk in the photo. Committing one of Nasby's grammatical atrocities, Locke says, "Your serial was wrote on it."



Charles Locke—his desk is enjoying its second literary career.

All's Well That Ends Well

When our Washington office learned that amateur salvagers had raised the wrecked tanker *African Queen* nine miles off the Maryland coast (page 26), associate editor Clay Blair Jr. and photographer Ollie Atkins hastily rendezvoused at a Virginia airport. They hired a pilot and his single-engine plane and headed out to sea; and a hair-raising time presently was had by all.

The pilot was a huge man, around 300 pounds. Blair is a big fellow himself; and the assembled avoirdupois evidently stepped up the small plane's gas consumption inordinately. Wandering around above a grim sea under a heavy overcast, with a three-hour-old Coast Guard report on the *Queen's* position, the searchers found no *Queen.* So they put in at a little Eastern Shore air strip, took on more gas—which wasn't the proper octane—made another pass at the ocean and soon were enshrouded not only by pea-soup fog but by the sable robes of early nightfall. While they strove grimly to pick up the beacon of the Salisbury, Maryland, airport, Blair's duty was to make frequent gas-gauge readings with a flashlight, his reports cheering nobody. When they finally did make Salisbury, the gauge read three gallons. "Five minutes more," our correspondent quavers, "and we would have had it."

Next day the two *Post* men and a friend of Blair's, salvage expert Bob Marx, went down to Norfolk, hired another plane, easily located the *Queen* on a sun-sparkled sea and got pictures. Later they rented a boat and met the battered ship as it was being towed into Hampton Roads, at approximately the spot where the *Monitor* fought the *Merrimac.* They had a devil of a time getting aboard—had to make leaps for a short ladder. On the deck of the smelly, oily hulk there was some rapid-fire interviewing of salvager Deir and his crew. Of course there was much fill-in work to do on succeeding days, but Blair and Atkins had the good story mostly wrapped up before the *African Queen* was docked—and while our men's health was still intact.

Tales of the Authors

Domestic scene featuring Paul Darcy Boles.

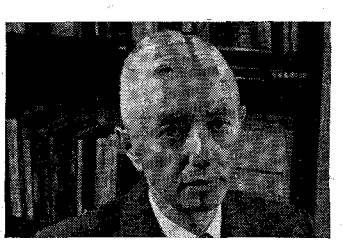
Ralston in hobby attire.

Paul Darcy Boles (page 37), who at last report was in the process of rewriting his sixth novel, lives with his family in a lovely old house in Atlanta which is slightly haunted. The ghost, which both Paul and his wife claim they have seen several times, strolls into the living room late in the evening, smiles and disappears. Mr. and Mrs. B. say they don't mind this genial chap a bit.

Gilbert Ralston (page 30), a CBS-TV writer, producer and director, specializes in what is called the "risk areas" of location work, in remote areas of the Congo, Peru, the Arctic, and so forth. He enjoys mountain climbing, iceboating, bobsledding, white-water boating, skin diving and other violent activities "which my good wife considers reckless and undignified."

Prof. Philip G. Fox, who argues statistically on page 31 that you can't come out a winner at gambling, says he demonstrated his thesis at Las Vegas one night. He gave Mrs. Fox five dimes to play the slots, and she wound up dead broke.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:



"The World of the Uneducated"

"Too many of our schools are glittering workshops," says Vice Adm. H. G. Rickover.

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